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THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
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1817

Sixth Edition of

Michigan's Favorite College Songs

Adopted by the

Student Council

as the

Official Song Book

of the

University of Michigan

Sixth Edition
Copyright 1921 by Mrs. Minnie Maes Root

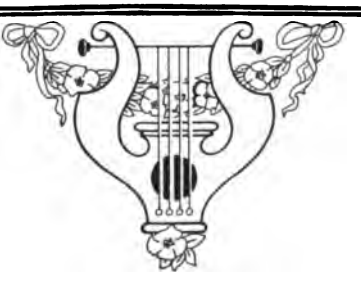
Michigan's Favorite College Songs

Edited by
Roy Dickinson Welch 1909
and
Earl Vincent Moore 1912

Published by
University Music House
Ann Arbor Mich.

Foreword

THERE is no tribute of eloquence to Alma Mater so genuine or so lasting as the songs we sing to her. After the mass meeting with its fiery speeches is over, after the cap night bonfire has burned out; after we have banqueted and toasted, it is the songs we have sung that remain longest with us, renewing our enthusiasm and loyalty. There is some song associated with every activity of college days, like a kind of perfume, and when the old songs are sung the mind is stirred to a thousand memories. It is, then, a great pleasure to possess a book like this in which one may find so much more than the mere songs which are printed here; more intimately than any other relic of college days do these pages record old times, old friends, and all those fine associations which make up the sum of the proud years spent at Michigan.



M
1958
.M62
1921

James R. Angell

GL
Gift
3-2-93
add cop.

Dedicated to the memory of

James Burrill Angell

President

University of Michigan

From 1871 to 1909

President Emeritus

From 1909 to 1916

Hill Auditorium

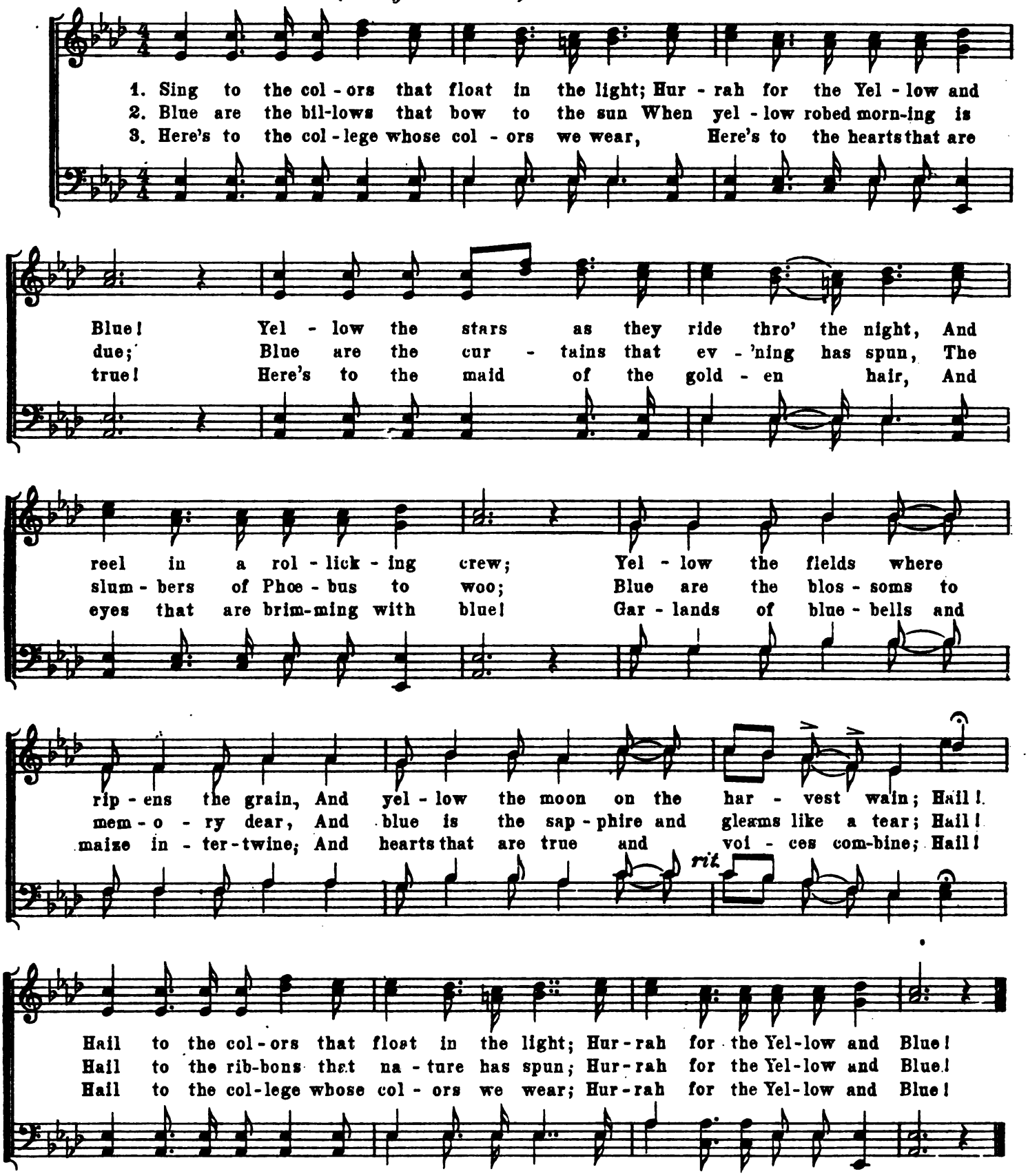
Albert A. Stanley

Harry B. Hutchins Marion LeRoy Burton

The Yellow And Blue

CHARLES M. GAYLEY, '78 BALFE

With animation (*Melody in 2d Tenor*)


1. Sing to the col - ors that float in the light; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and
2. Blue are the bil-lows that bow to the sun When yel - low robed morn-ing is
3. Here's to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear, Here's to the hearts that are
Blue! Yel - low the stars as they ride thro' the night, And
due; Blue are the cur - tains that ev - 'ning has spun, The
true! Here's to the maid of the gold - en hair, And
reel in a rol - lick - ing crew; Yel - low the fields where
slum - bers of Phœ - bus to woo; Blue are the blos - soms to
eyes that are brim-ming with blue! Gar - lands of blue - bells and
rip - ens the grain, And yel - low the moon on the har - vest wain; Hail!
mem - o - ry dear, And blue is the sap - phire and gleams like a tear; Hail!
maize in - ter-twine; And hearts that are true and voi - ces com-bine; Hail!
rit.
Hail to the col - ors that float in the light; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!
Hail to the rib-bons that na - ture has spun; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!
Hail to the col - lege whose col - ors we wear; Hur - rah for the Yel - low and Blue!

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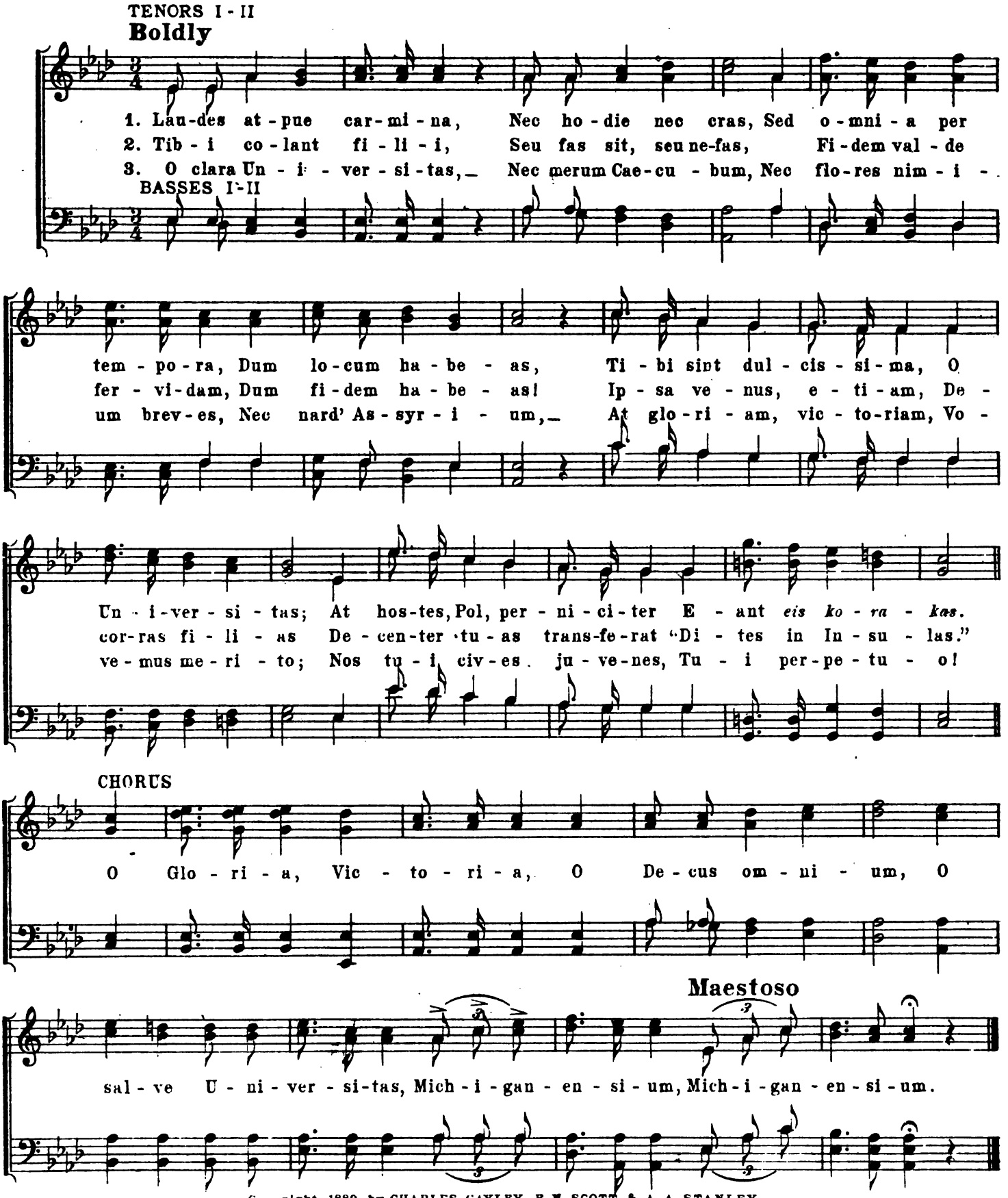
Laudes Atque Carmina

CHARLES M. GAYLEY, '78 — A. A. STANLEY


TENORS I - II
Boldly
1. Lau-des at - pue car-mi - na, Nec ho - die nec cras, Sed o - mni - a per
2. Tib - i co - lant fi - li - i, Seu fas sit, seu ne-fas, Fi-dem val - de
3. O clara Un - i - ver - si - tas, Nec merum Cae-cu - bum, Nec flo-res nim - i -
BASSES I-II
tem - po - ra, Dum lo-cum ha - be - as, Ti - bi sint dul - cis - si - ma, O
fer - vi-dam, Dum fi-dem ha - be - as! Ip - sa ve - nus, e - ti - am, De -
um brev-es, Nec nard' As - syr - i - um, At glo - ri - am, vic - to-riam, Vo -
Un - i-ver - si - tas; At hos-tes, Pol, per - ni - ci - ter E - ant eis ko - ra - kas.
cor-ras fi - li - as De - cen-ter tu - as trans-fe-rat "Di - tes in In - su - las."
ve - mus me - ri - to; Nos tu - i civ-es ju - ve-nes, Tu - i per-pe - tu - o!
CHORUS
O Glo - ri - a, Vic - to - ri - a, O De - cus om - ni - um, O
Maestoso
sal - ve U - ni - ver - si-tas, Mich - i - gan - en - si - um, Mich - i - gan - en - si - um.

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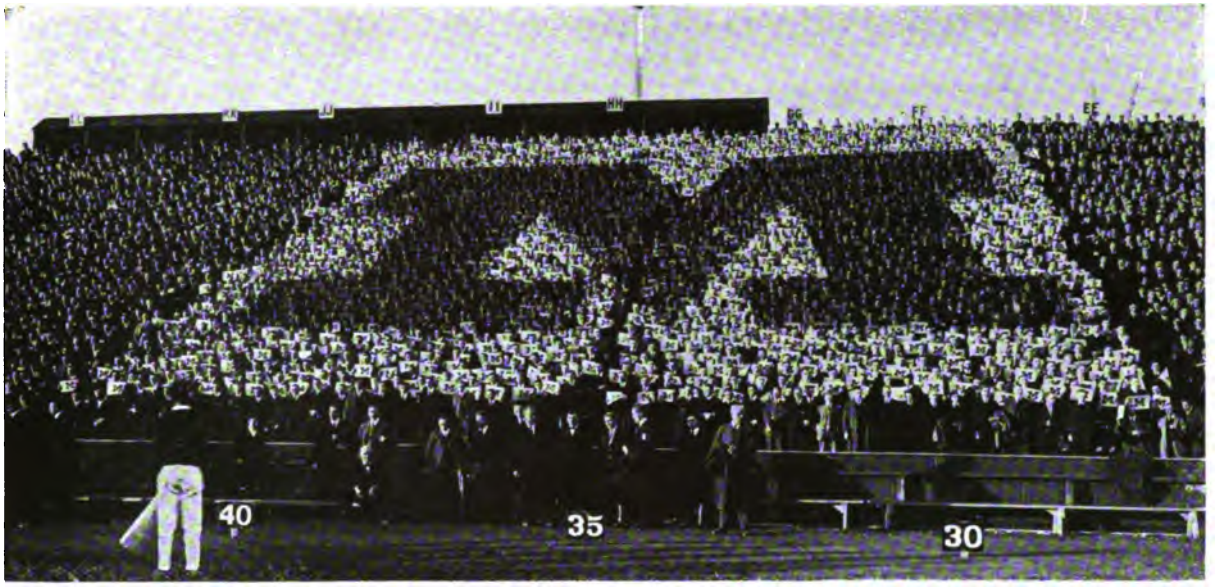

Respectfully dedicated to Fielding H. Yost
and Michigan's Foot-Ball Teams.

VARSITY

J. FRED LAWTON '11

EARL V. MOORE '12

Marcia

Men of Mich - i - gan on to vic - to - ry, Ev - 'ry man in ev - 'ry play; Mich - i - gan ex - pects her Var - si - ty to win to - day.

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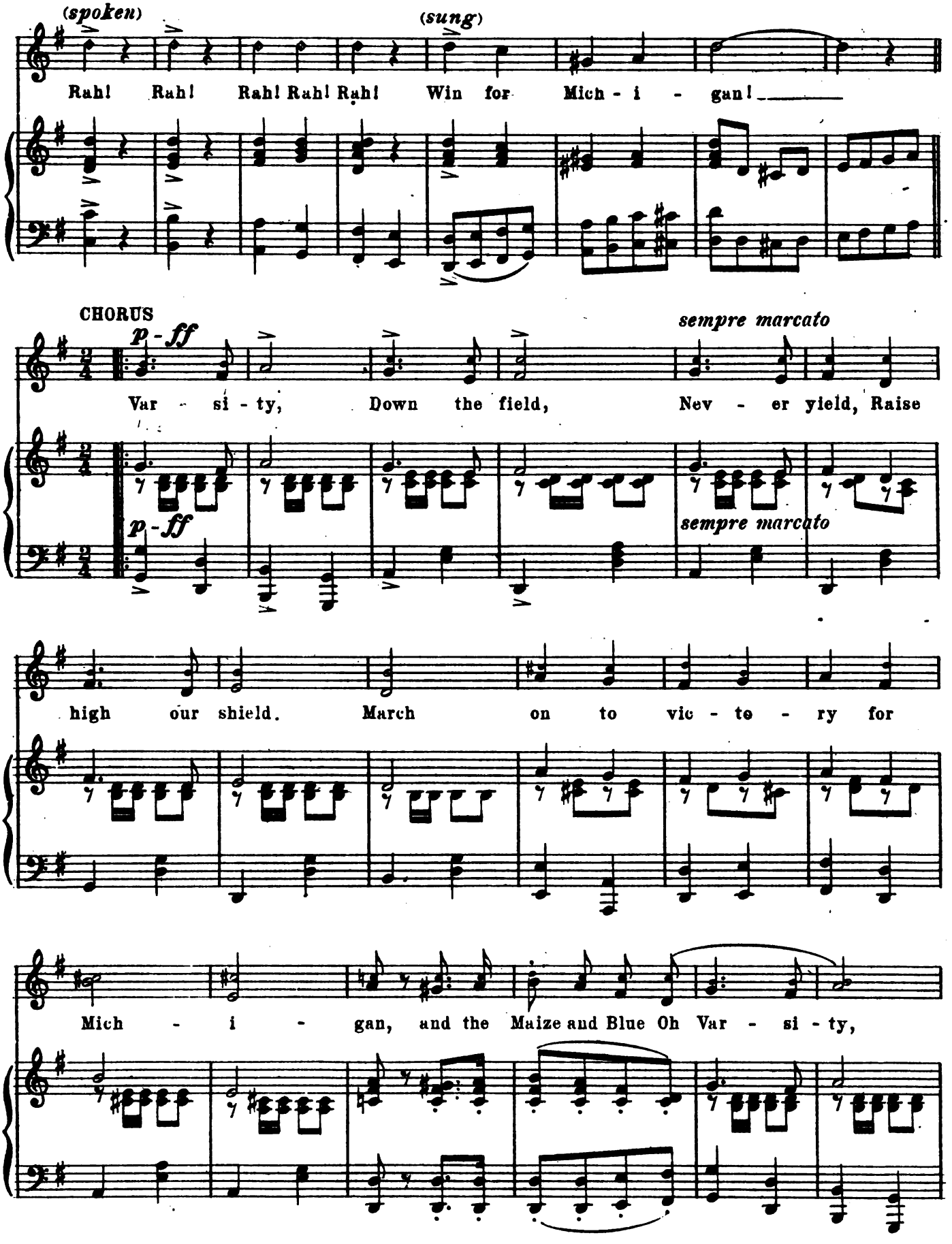
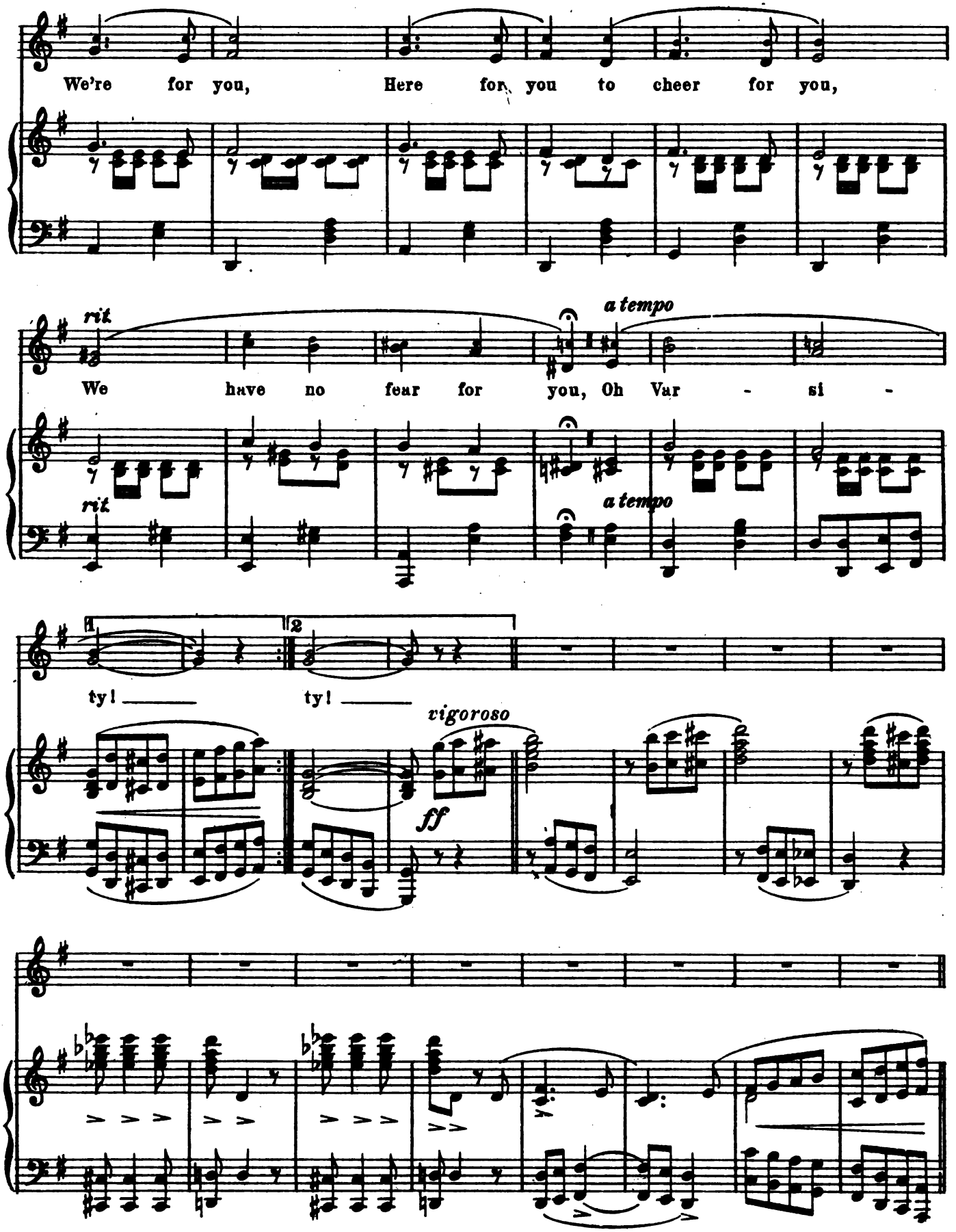
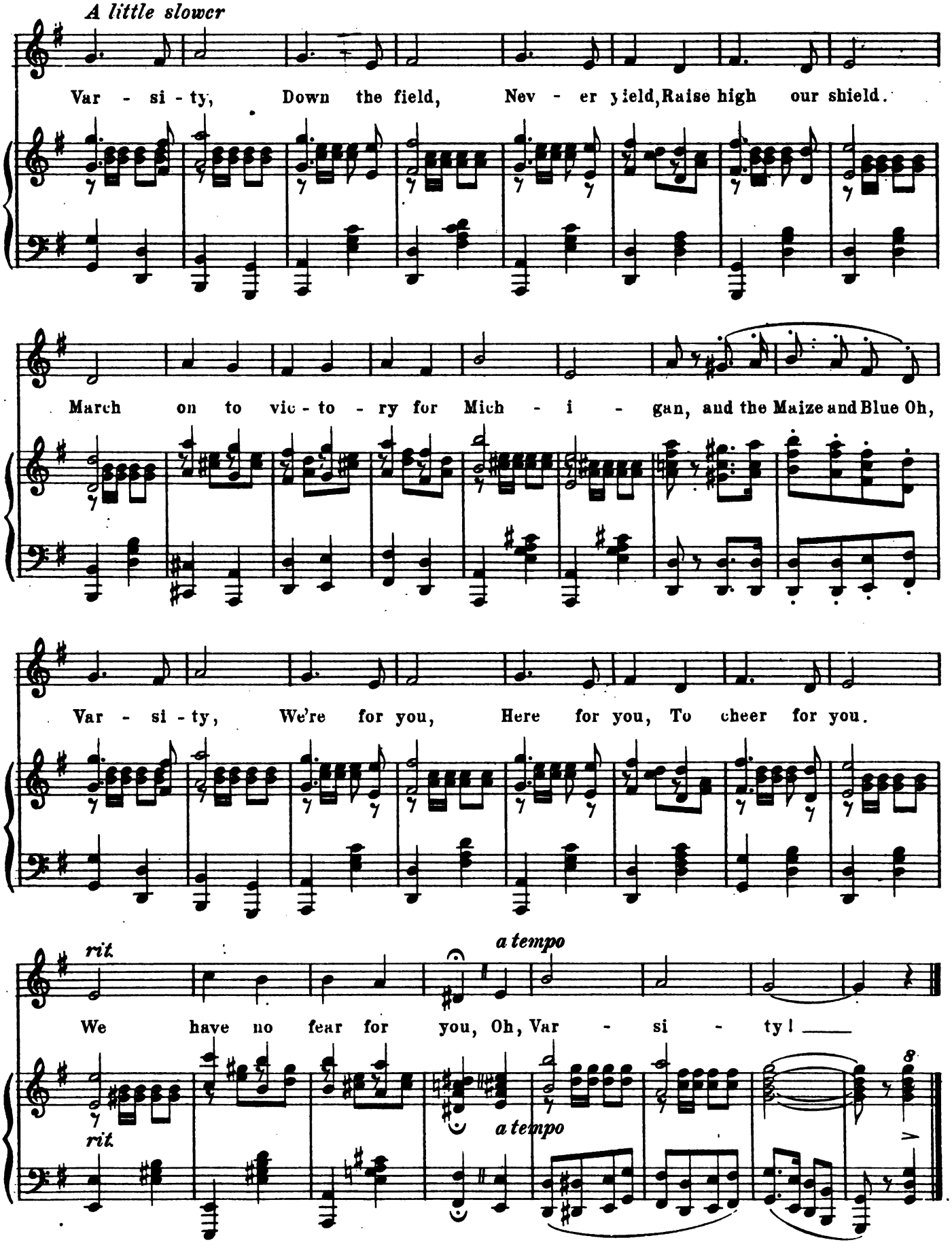
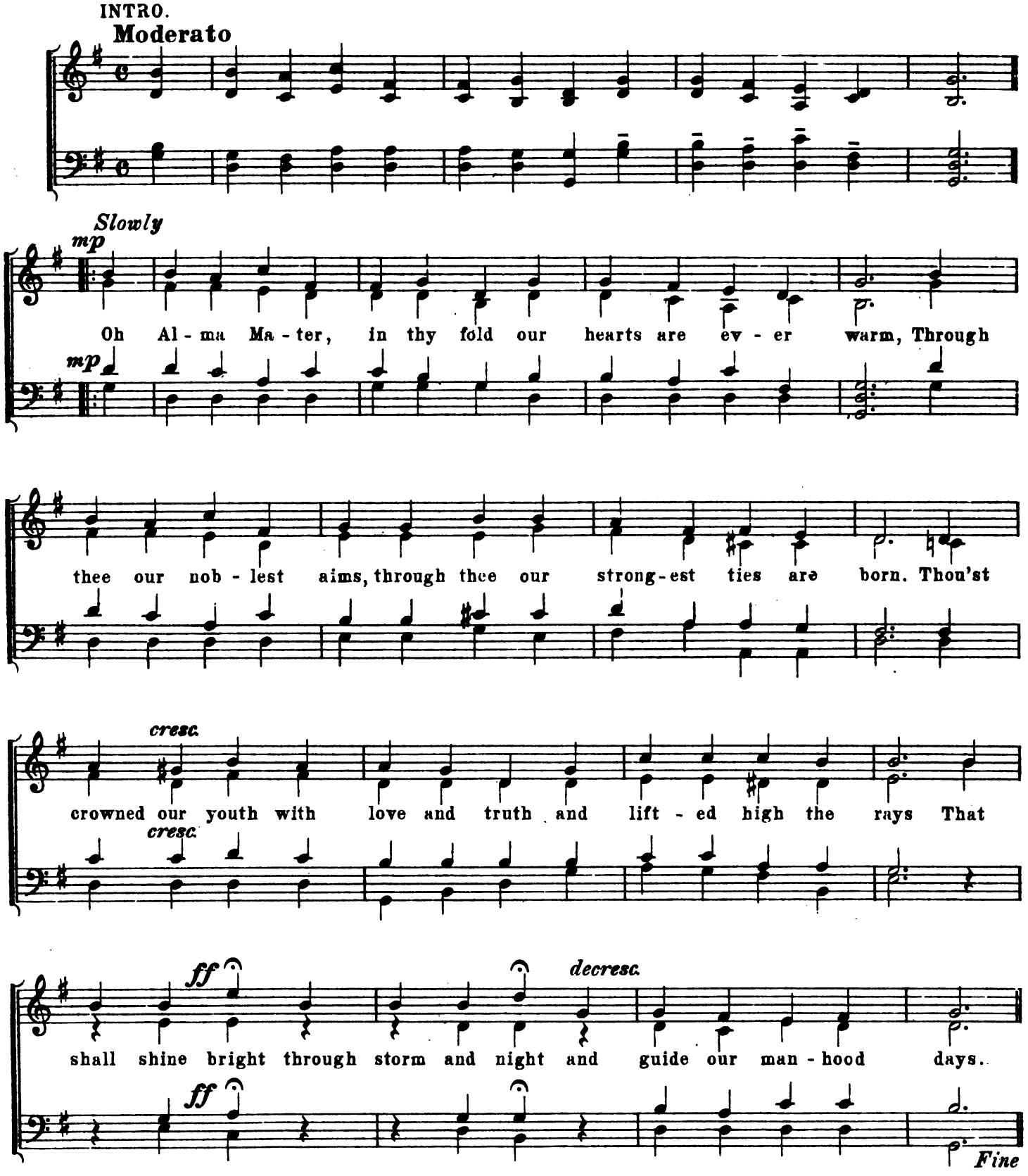

(spoken)
(sung)
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Win for Mich - i - gan!
CHORUS
p - ff
sempre marcato
Var - si - ty, Down the field, Nev - er yield, Raise
p - ff
sempre marcato
high our shield. March on to vic - to - ry for
Mich - i - gan, and the Maize and Blue Oh Var - si - ty,

We're for you, Here for you to cheer for you,
rit
a tempo
We have no fear for you, Oh Var - si -
rit
a tempo
1
2
ty! ty!
vigoroso
ff

A little slower
Var - si - ty, Down the field, Nev - er yield, Raise high our shield.
March on to vic - to - ry for Mich - i - gan, and the Maize and Blue Oh,
Var - si - ty, We're for you, Here for you, To cheer for you.
rit.
a tempo
We have no fear for you, Oh, Var - si - ty!
rit.
a tempo

Oh Alma Mater

MICHIGENDA

Words and Music by
ROY DICKINSON WELCH

INTRO.
Moderato
Slowly
mp
Oh Al - ma Ma - ter, in thy fold our hearts are ev - er warm, Through
mp
thee our nob - lest aims, through thee our strong-est ties are born. Thou'st
cresc.
crowned our youth with love and truth and lift - ed high the rays That
cresc.
ff
decresc.
shall shine bright through storm and night and guide our man - hood days.
ff
Fine

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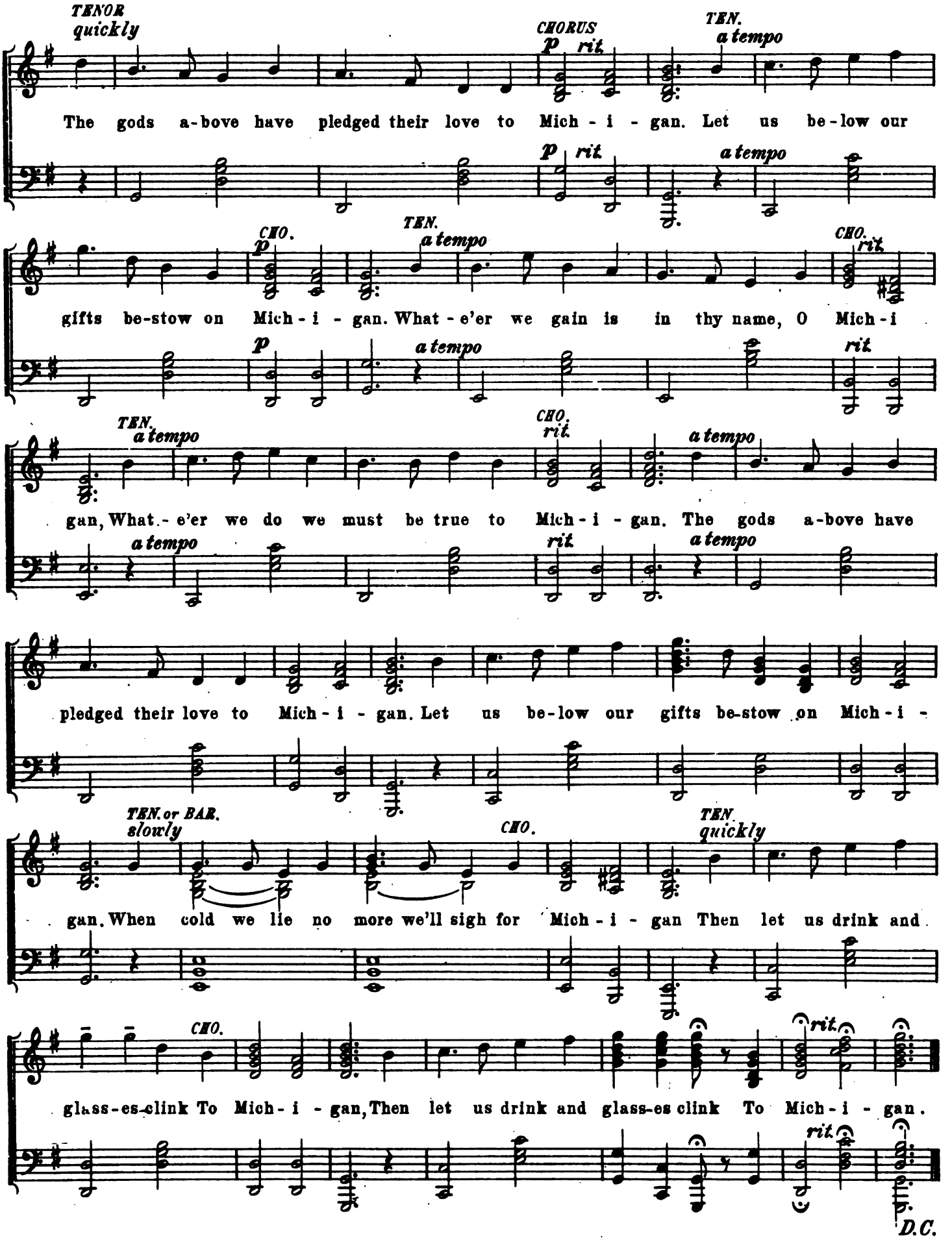
TENOR
quickly
CHORUS
p
rit.
TEN.
a tempo
The gods a-bove have pledged their love to Mich - i - gan. Let us be-low our
p
rit.
a tempo
CHO.
p
TEN.
a tempo
CHO.
rit.
gifts be-stow on Mich - i - gan. What - e'er we gain is in thy name, O Mich - i
p
a tempo
rit.
TEN.
a tempo
CHO.
rit.
a tempo
gan, What - e'er we do we must be true to Mich - i - gan. The gods a-bove have
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
pledged their love to Mich - i - gan. Let us be-low our gifts be-stow on Mich - i -
TEN. or BAR.
slowly
CHO.
TEN.
quickly
gan. When cold we lie no more we'll sigh for Mich - i - gan Then let us drink and
CHO.
rit.
glass-es-clink To Mich - i - gan, Then let us drink and glass-es clink To Mich - i - gan.
rit.
D.C.

College Days

"KOANZALAND"

DONALD A KAHN — EARL V. MOORE

Maestoso

slowly *rit.*

Ped.

Allegro con spirito

Let's sing a song of our col - lege days, and live them o'er a -
In fu - ture years when mem - o - ry brings us back our col - lege

new — Let's sing a song for Mich - i - gan, And
day — We'll raise a song for Mich - i - gan, The

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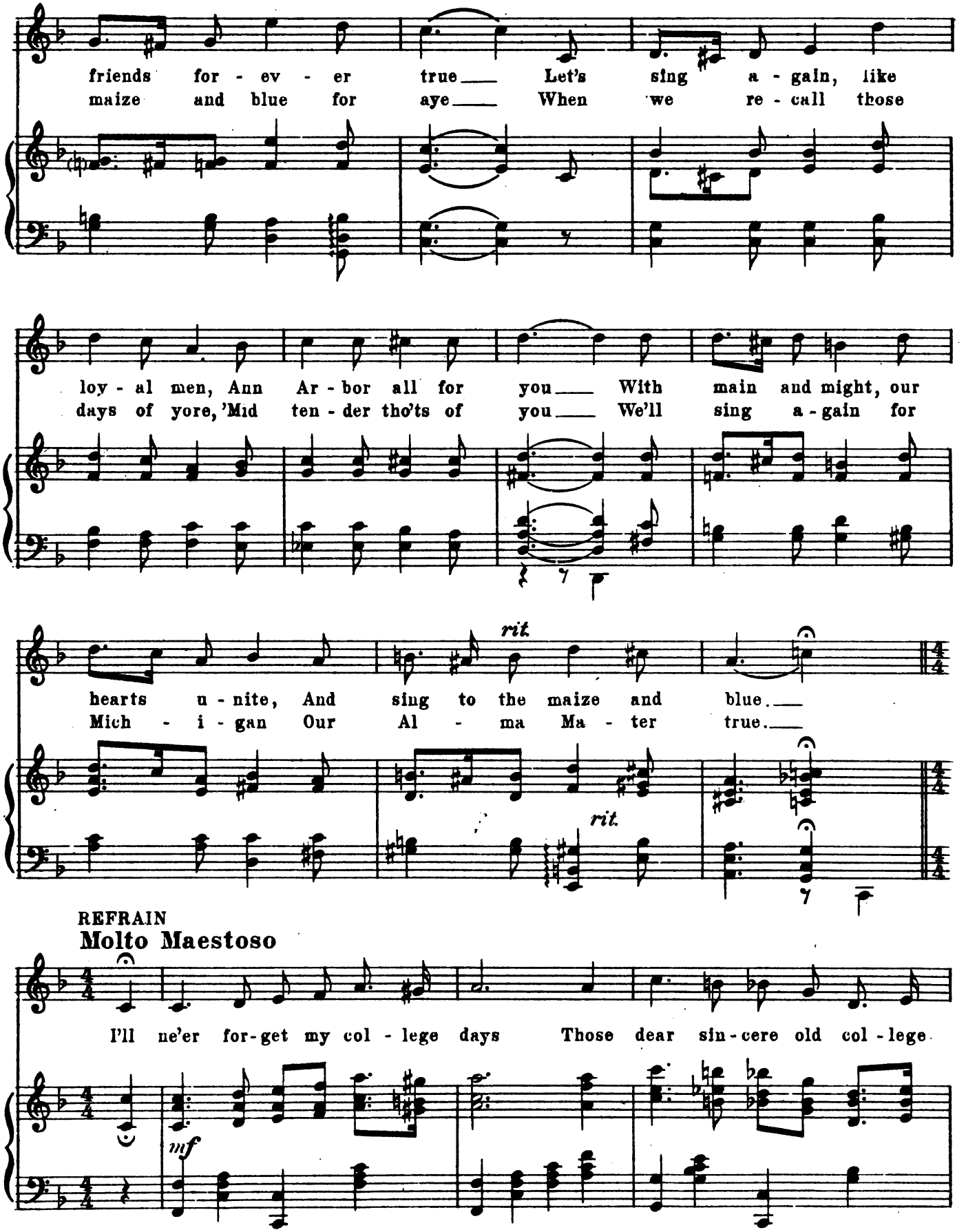
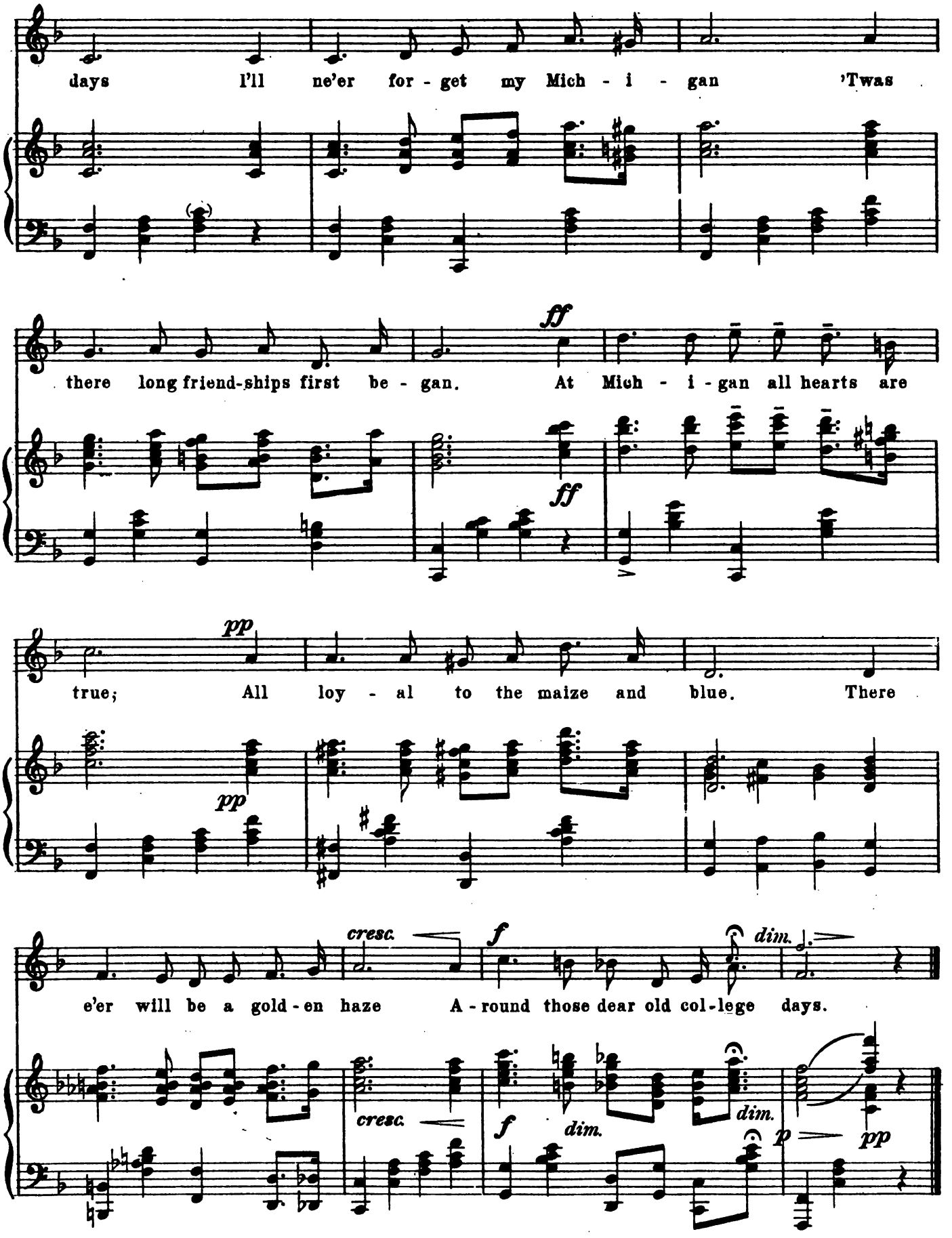
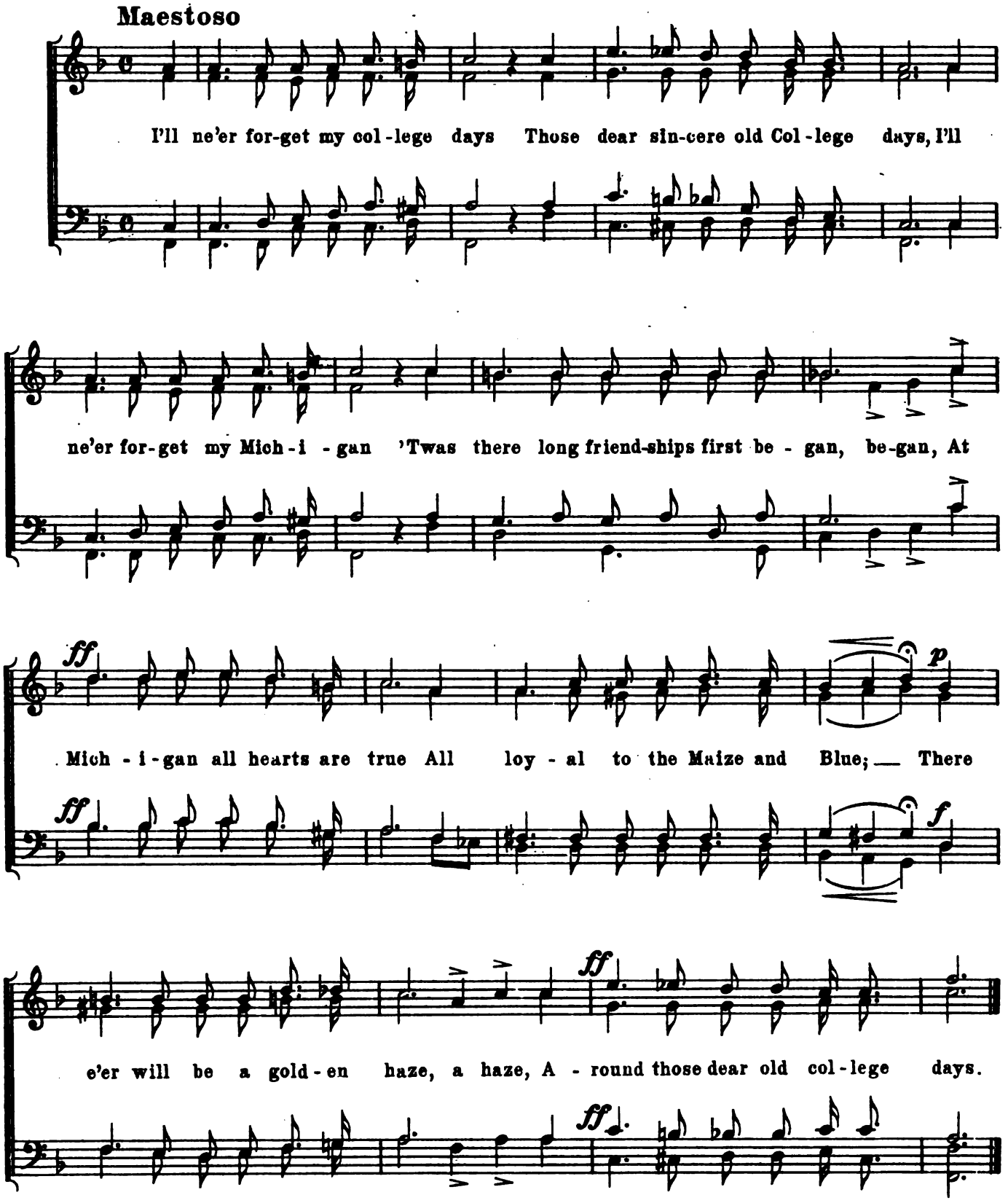

friends for - ev - er true Let's sing a - gain, like
maize and blue for aye When we re - call those
loy - al men, Ann Ar - bor all for you With main and might, our
days of yore, 'Mid ten - der tho'ts of you We'll sing a - gain for
rit.
hearts u - nite, And sing to the maize and blue.
Mich - i - gan Our Al - ma Ma - ter true.
rit.
REFRAIN
Molto Maestoso
I'll ne'er for-get my col - lege days Those dear sin-cere old col - lege
mf

days I'll ne'er for - get my Mich - i - gan 'Twas
there long friend-ships first be - gan. At Mich - i - gan all hearts are
true; All loy - al to the maize and blue. There
e'er will be a gold - en haze A - round those dear old col - lege days.
ff
ff
pp
pp
cresc.
f
dim.
cresc.
f
dim.
dim.
p
pp

College Days

Arr. by E. V. M.


Maestoso
I'll ne'er for-get my col-lege days Those dear sin-cere old Col-lege days, I'll
ne'er for-get my Mich-i-gan 'Twas there long friend-ships first be-gan, be-gan, At
ff
p
Mich-i-gan all hearts are true All loy-al to the Maize and Blue; There
ff
f
ff
e'er will be a gold-en haze, a haze, A-round those dear old col-lege days.
ff

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Dedicated to my friend, Mr. Joel Henry Prescott.

When Night Falls, Dear

"MICHIGENDA"

ROY DICKINSON WELCH

Mod^to Andante

p

dolce

When night falls, dear, and all is still 'Tis then I
It was eve - ning I saw you last The hours of

f *p* *dolce*

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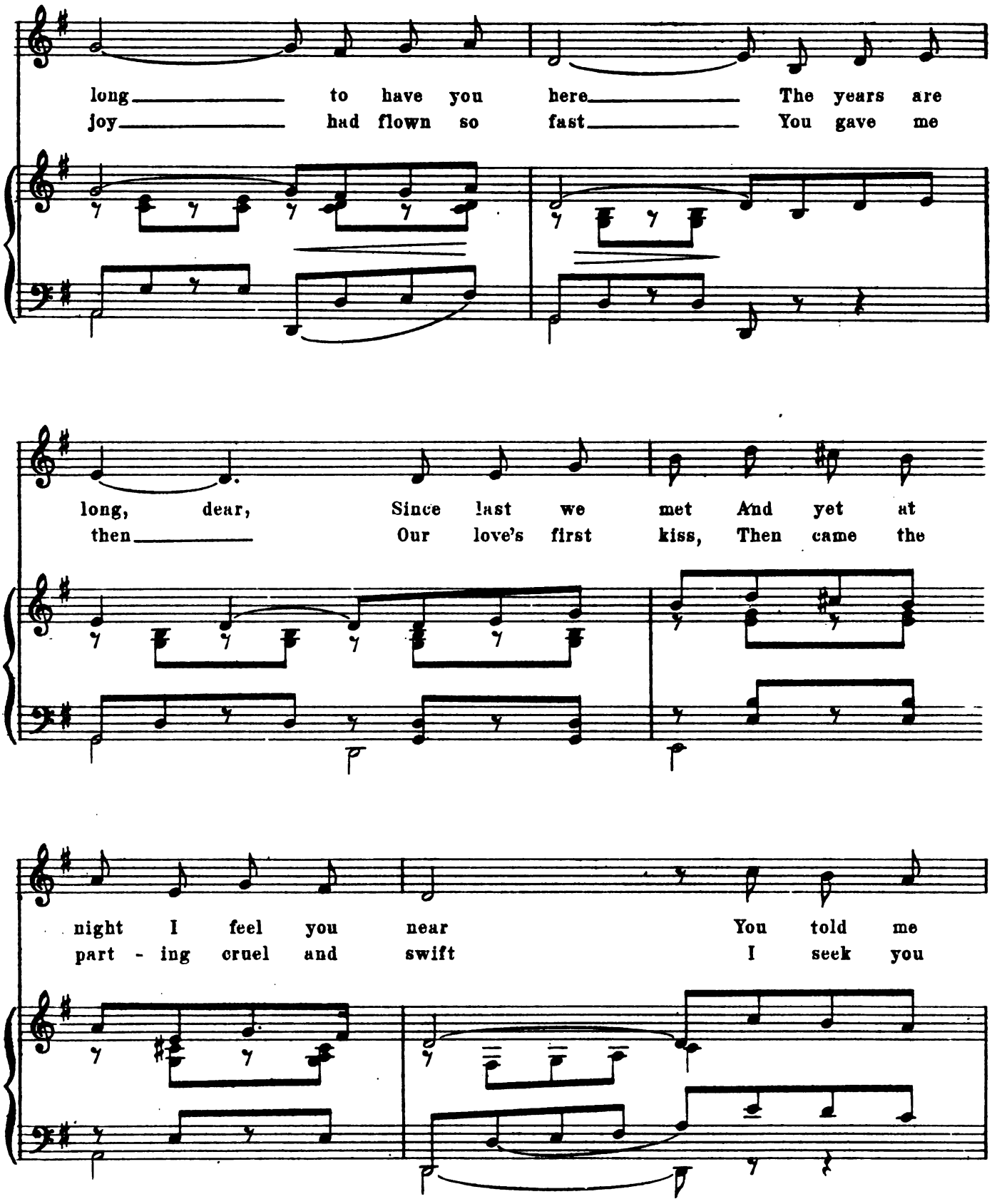
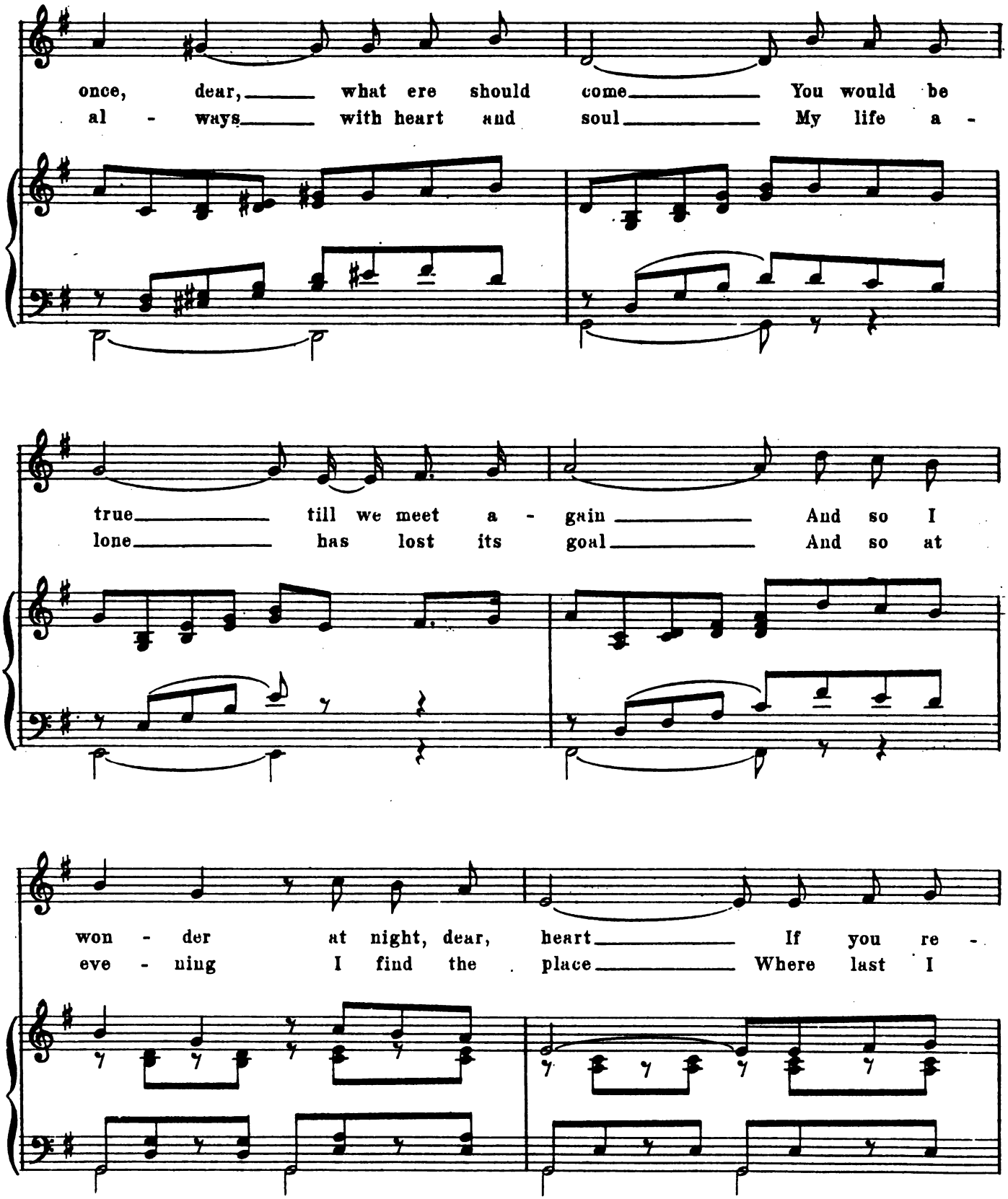
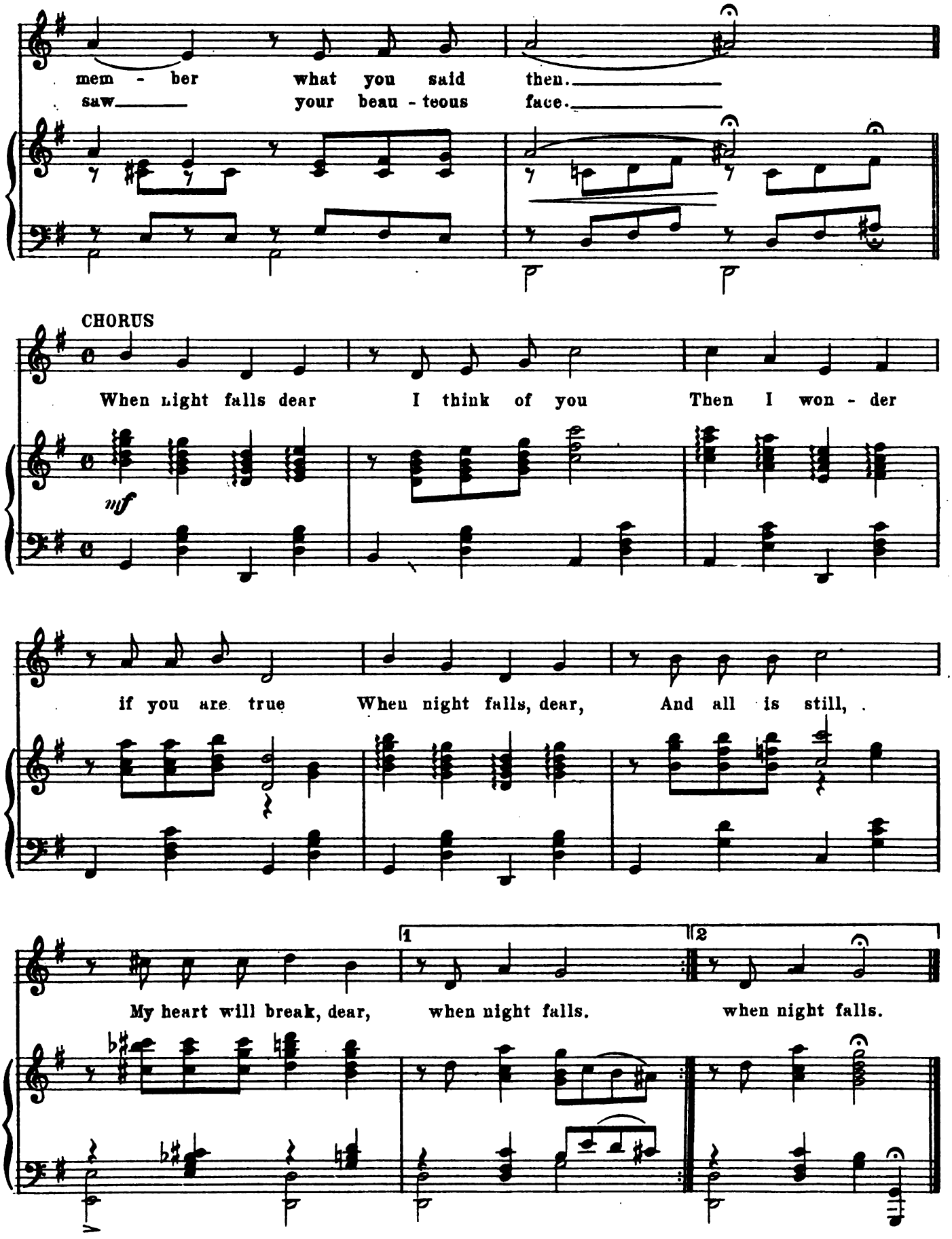
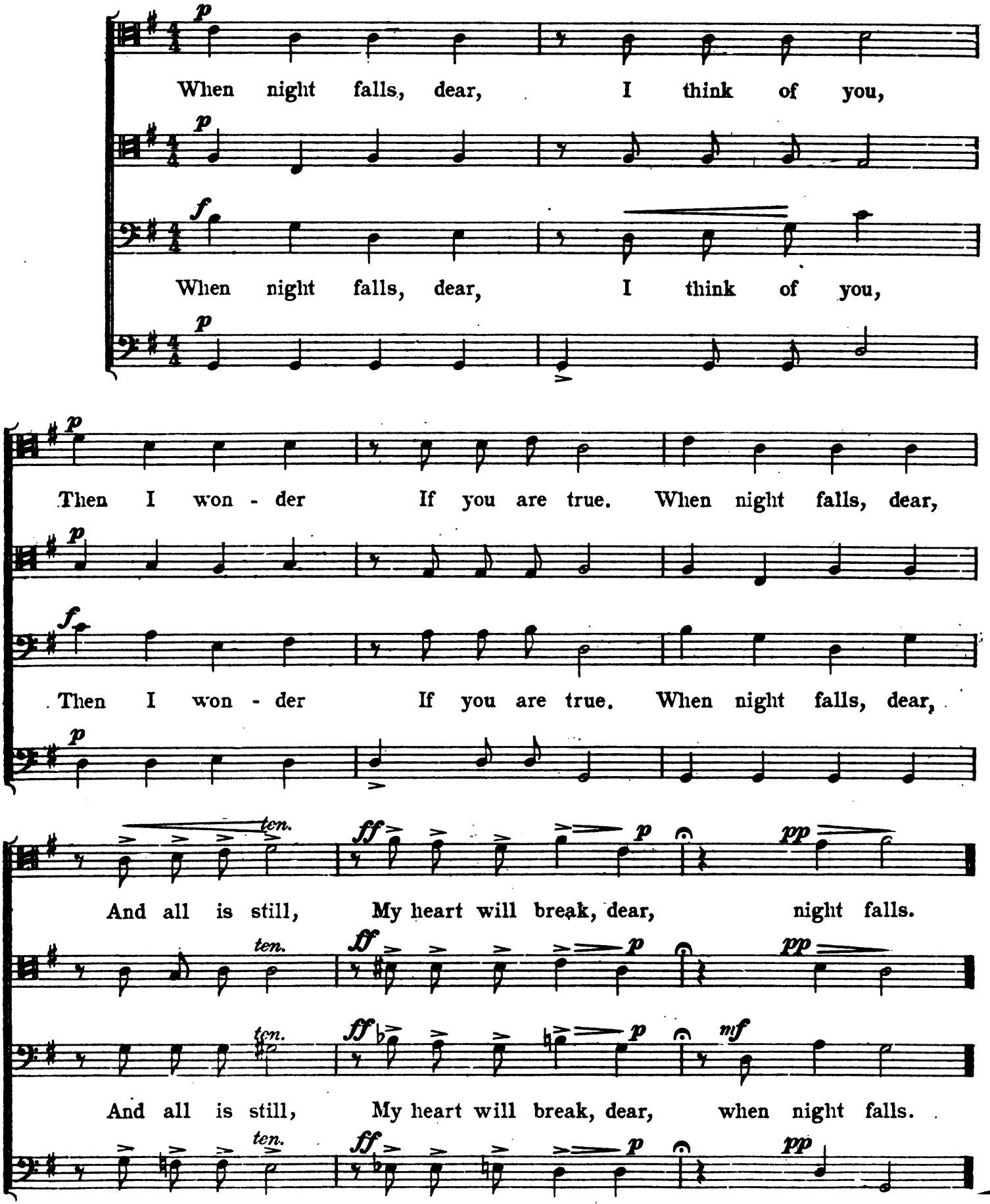
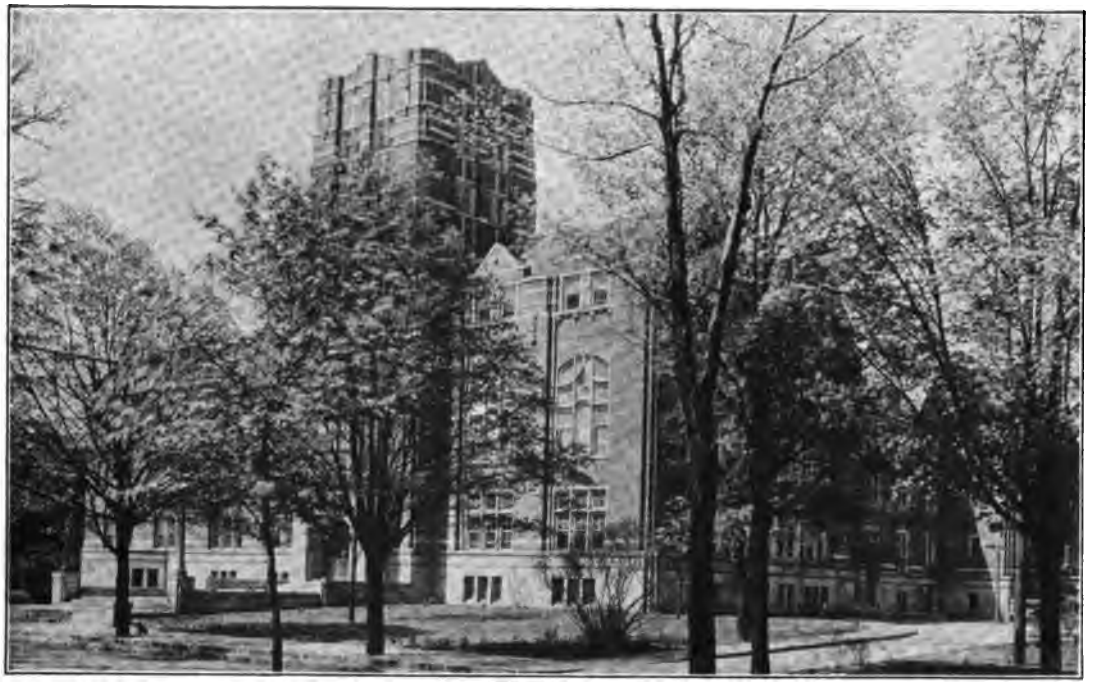

long to have you here The years are
joy had flown so fast You gave me
long, dear, Since last we met And yet at
then Our love's first kiss, Then came the
night I feel you near You told me
part - ing cruel and swift I seek you

once, dear, what ere should come You would be
al - ways with heart and soul My life a -
true till we meet a - gain And so I
lone has lost its goal And so at
won - der at night, dear, heart If you re -
eve - ning I find the place Where last I

mem - ber what you said then.
saw your beau - teous face.
CHORUS
When night falls dear I think of you Then I won - der
mf
if you are true When night falls, dear, And all is still,
1
2
My heart will break, dear, when night falls. when night falls.

When Night Falls, Dear

Arr. by E. V. M.

When night falls, dear, I think of you,
When night falls, dear, I think of you,
Then I won - der If you are true. When night falls, dear,
Then I won - der If you are true. When night falls, dear,
ten.
And all is still, My heart will break, dear, night falls.
And all is still, My heart will break, dear, when night falls.



Back Again At Michigan

Lyrics by
E. E. PARDEE

Music by
A. J. GORNETZKY

Moderato

f

Say, boys, talk a-bout your home-town, Say, boys,

mp

talk a-bout your col-lege, One spot I will al-ways praise,

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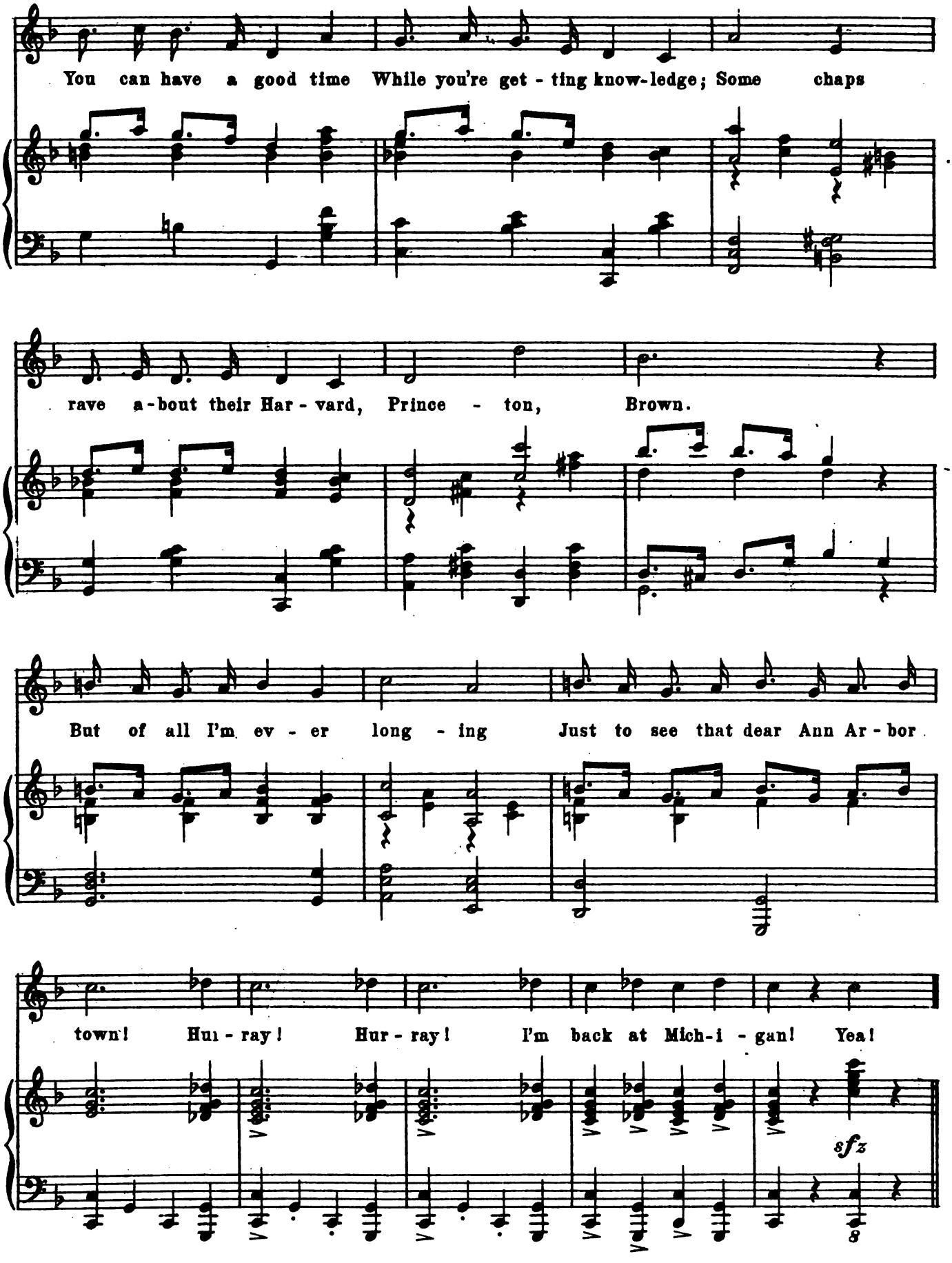
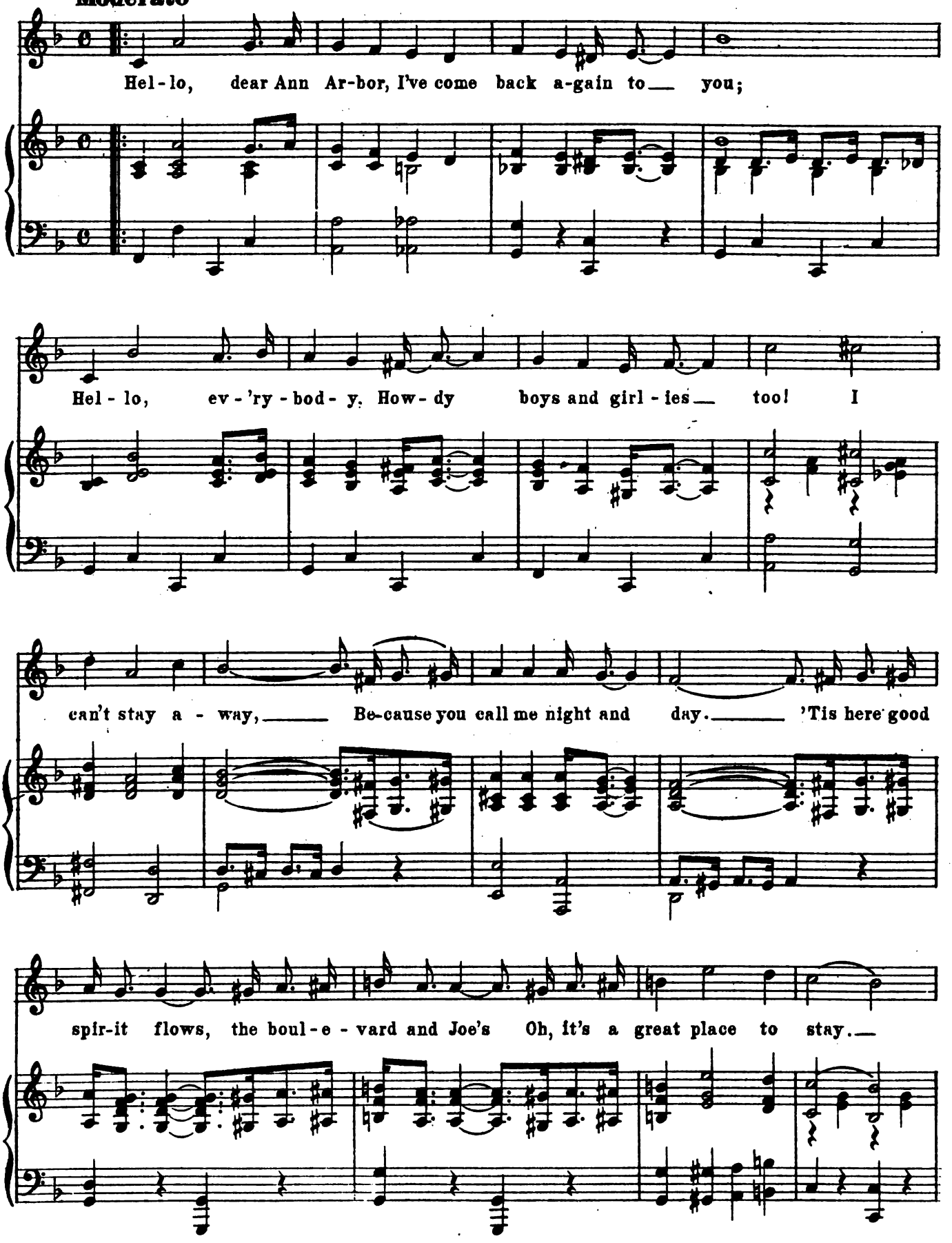
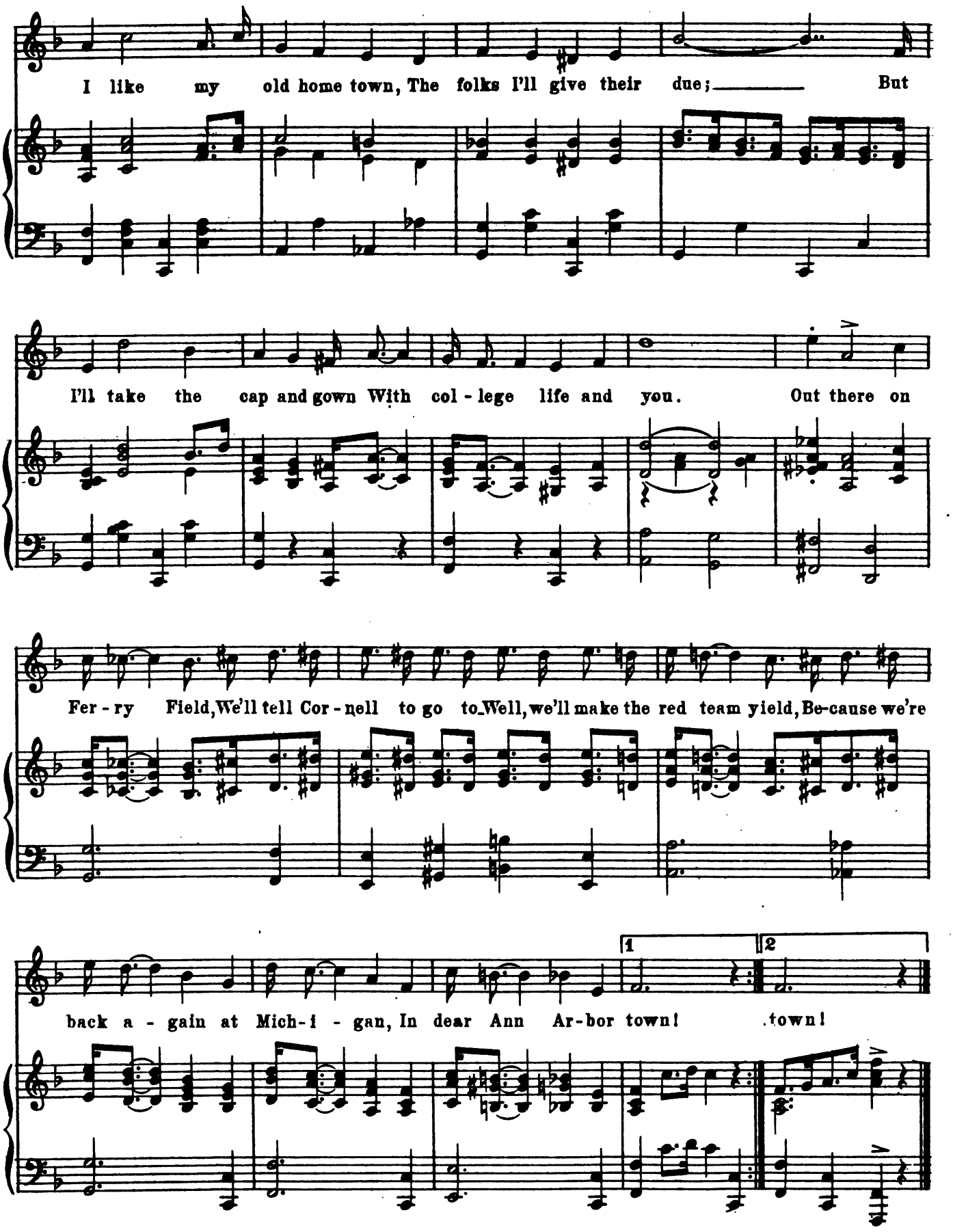

You can have a good time While you're get - ting know-ledge; Some chaps
rave a-bout their Har - vard, Prince - ton, Brown.
But of all I'm ev - er long - ing Just to see that dear Ann Ar - bor
town! Hur - ray! Hur - ray! I'm back at Mich-i - gan! Yea!
sfz
8

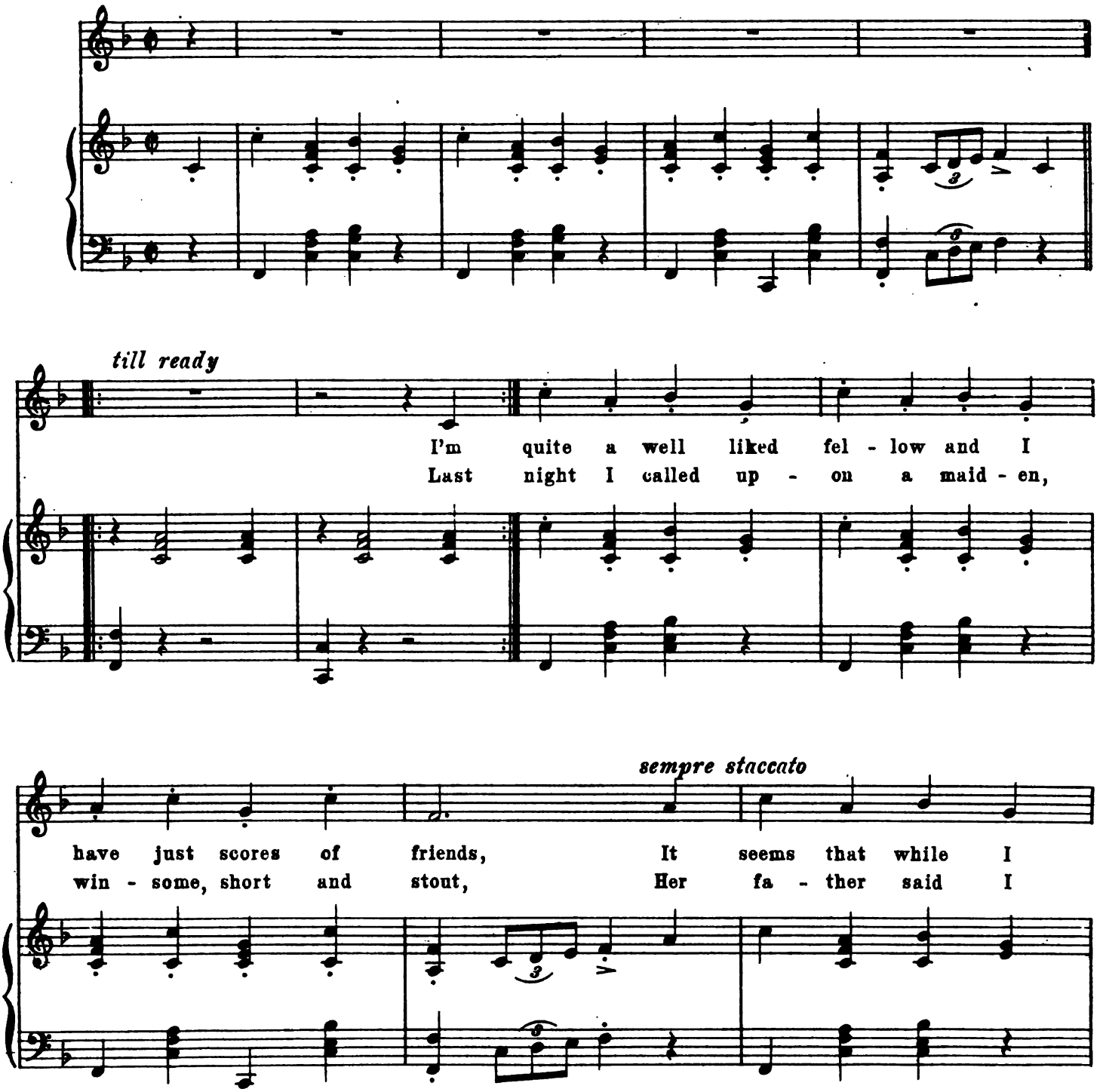
REFRAIN

Moderato

Hel-lo, dear Ann Ar-bor, I've come back a-gain to you;
Hel-lo, ev-'ry-bod-y. How-dy boys and girl-ies too! I
can't stay a-way, Be-cause you call me night and day. 'Tis here good
spir-it flows, the boul-e-vard and Joe's Oh, it's a great place to stay.

I like my old home town, The folks I'll give their due; But
I'll take the cap and gown With col - lege life and you. Out there on
Fer - ry Field, We'll tell Cor - nell to go to. Well, we'll make the red team yield, Be-cause we're
1
2
back a - gain at Mich-i - gan, In dear Ann Ar-bor town! town!

I Might

KOANZALAND

J. FRED LAWTON

ROBERT T. MORELAND

till ready
I'm quite a well liked fel - low and I
Last night I called up - on a maid - en,
sempre staccato
have just scores of friends, It seems that while I
win - some, short and stout, Her fa - ther said I

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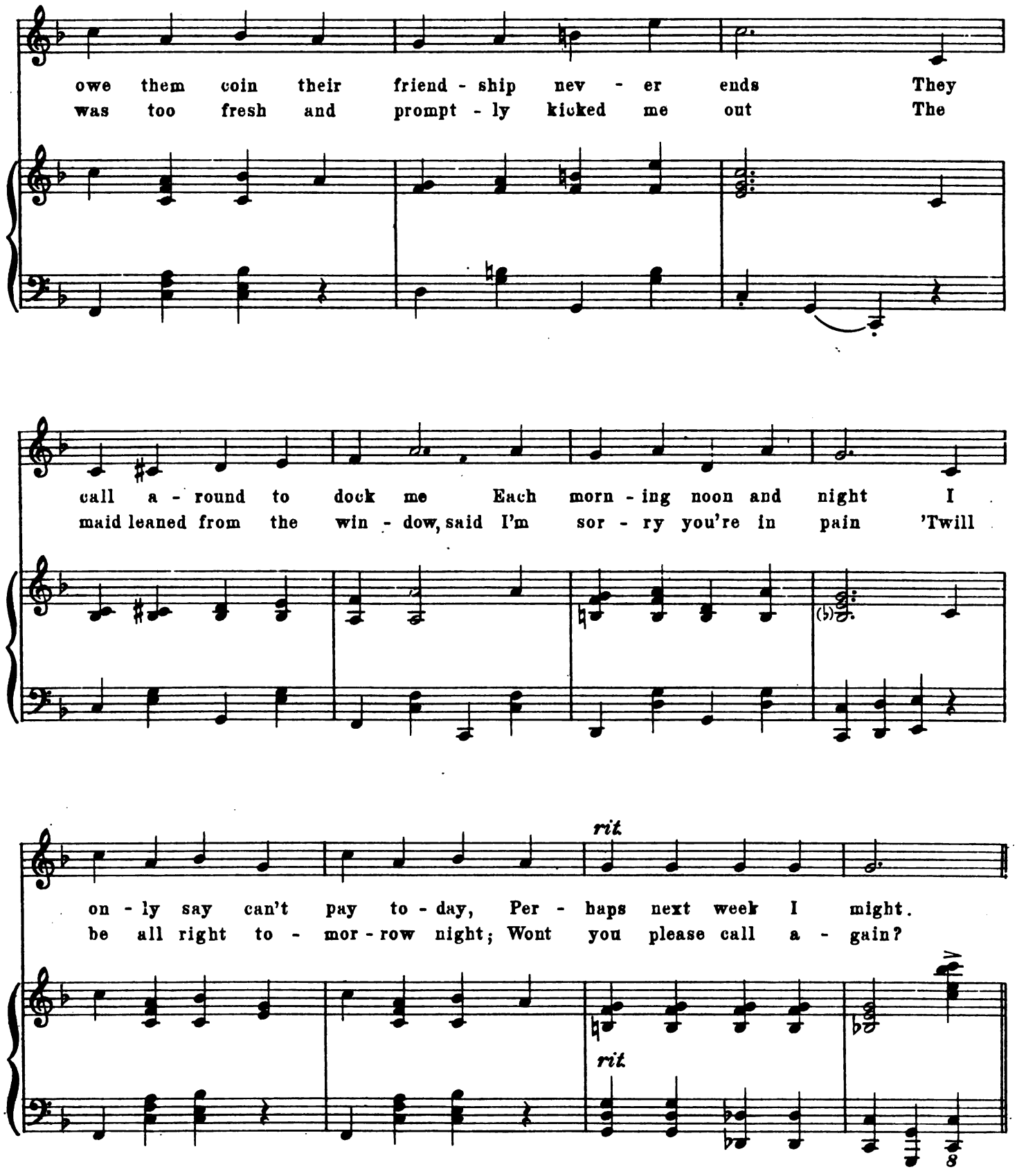
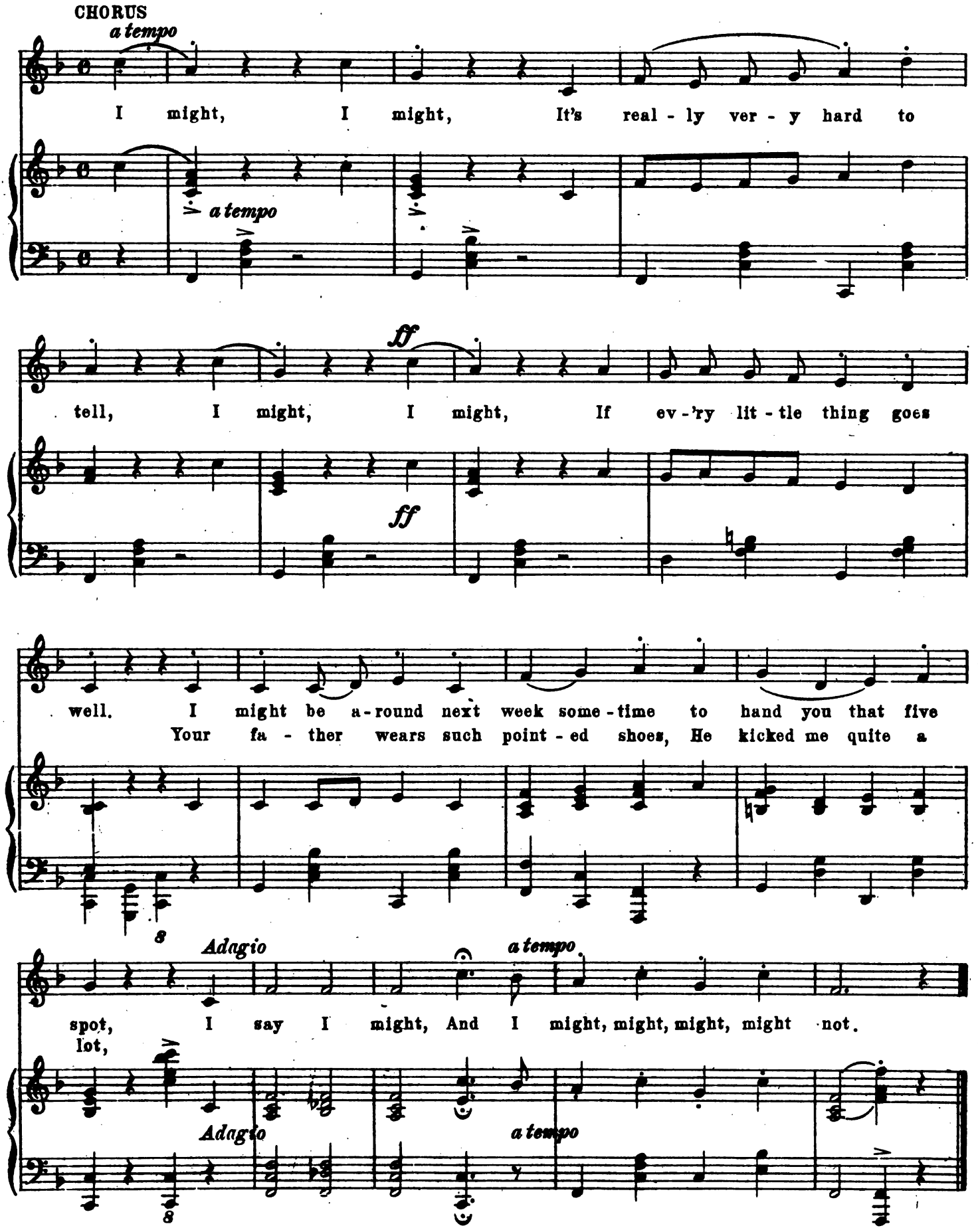

owe them coin their friend - ship nev - er ends They
was too fresh and prompt - ly kicked me out The
call a - round to dock me Each morn - ing noon and night I
maid leaned from the win - dow, said I'm sor - ry you're in pain 'Twill
rit.
on - ly say can't pay to - day, Per - haps next week I might.
be all right to - mor - row night; Wont you please call a - gain?
rit.

CHORUS
a tempo
I might, I might, It's real - ly ver - y hard to
a tempo
ff
tell, I might, I might, If ev - 'ry lit - tle thing goes
ff
well. I might be a - round next week some - time to hand you that five
Your fa - ther wears such point - ed shoes, He kicked me quite a
8
Adagio
a tempo
spot, I say I might, And I might, might, might, might not.
lot,
Adagio
a tempo
8

Extra Verses

1.

I'm quite a well liked fellow and I have just scores of friends.
It seems that while I owe them coin their friendship never ends.
They call around to dock me
Each morning, noon and night;
I only say, "can't pay today
Perhaps next week I might."

I might be around next week sometime
To pay you that five spot.

2.

Last night I called upon a maiden winsome, short and stout.
Her father said I was too fresh and promtply kicked me out.
The maid leaned from the window,
"I'm sorry you're in pain,
Twill be all right tomorrow night,
Won't you please call again?"

You father wears such pointed shoes
He kicked me quite a lot.

3.

I thought I'd ask my Profs about my college work today.
They said I had just C-O-N and P-L-U-C-K
Next term I may not be here
I've not decided quite
My Profs all say I may not stay
But I'm quite sure I MIGHT.

I might stick around in this old town
And bluff and not get caught.

4.

I went out walking with a College girl the other night
And told her of my love beneath the stars and moon so bright.
I told her all I'd do to win
her heart but she said, "Stop
If you're no fake you'll surely take
Me to the Junior Hop."

My sweetheart down in my home town
I'm sure would be quite hot.

5.

I joined the scrubs to play against the Varsity last fall,
And all went well, yes, very well, till they handed me the ball,
When Coach had set my nose and jaw
And bandaged up my ear
Said he "You're through, skidoo for you
Report again next year."

I might get out and let them kick
Me round and round the lot.

9.

I asked Dean Reed to let me take a holiday last week;
I said, "Please, Dean, I have an enga-ga-gement, so to speak."
He saw I was embarrassed
And looked quite hard at me
Then scratched his head and slowly said,
"Hum-hum, just let me see."

I said, I'm to be married, Sir."
The Dean cried out, "Great Scott!"

10.

This morning I received a call that filled me full of joy;
Some girlie called me up and said, "Hello, there, Bill, old boy!
I sure could learn to love you
I'd like you for my pard
Let's take a walk and have a talk
Out on the Boulevard."
I might (I said) I might (What's that)
It's really very hard to tell
I might (Oh, yes) I might (I guess)
If every little thing goes well;
I might take a walk tomorrow night
At eight or nine o'clock,
I say I might. Oh, stop your ticklin' Jock!

11.

Last week I lost my foothold on a street-car step somewheres,
A lady tried to stop the car and rang up fifty fares.
At last when I got seated
The con-man said to me:
"It's up to you to make good to
The street-car company."

I said to him, "Go chase yourself;
A quarter is all I've got."

12.

This afternoon a buxom lass, whose form was far from slim,
Cried, "Save me, sir!" then slipped and fell, said I, "Let Barber Jim.
She sat there on the sidewalk
Where she seemed in awful fright.
"Please pick me up and take me home,"
She sobbed——I said, "I might."
"You must weigh two hundred pounds
Two hundred's quite a lot."

13.

At last year's Union dinner Mr. Barbour was a treat.
He said he'd build some dormitories down on Maynard Street.
A speech he made, his plans were laid;
He even named the site.
When we ask Bar-bour where they are
He only says, "He might."

We might have dormitories here
I really think we ought.

15.

I vent to dental students vonce,
My face was all in pain;
De vay doze chumps grabbed onto me
You'd thot I vas insane.
Dey tied a vait around my feets
Von sat down on my lap
Anodder shook his tongs and yelled:
"Now open up your trap!"

I might let you pull my teeth all out
To show you vat I got;
I said I might, und I————

16.

Last fall the silly Sophomores seemed to have it in for me;
Dey took me for a Freshman—und dey put me up a tree.
Dey painted me—rolled up my pants
Und egg-shampooed my head,
Den asks, "Will you attend de rush?"
Und in reply I said——

Dey hit me vonce, dey hit me twice;
De vacks felt pretty hot
I said I might——

A Faithful Pipe To Smoke

"CULTURE"

DONAL H. HAINES ROY DICKINSON WELCH

Not too fast

p

A fel - low rolls a cig - ar - ette, In mo - ments of dis - trac - tion, And
A maid - en's "no" can make a chap For - get that life's worth while, Can

in it's air - y smoke wreaths finds a pass - ing sat - is - fac - tion; But
sour his lot and rob him of the ver - y pow'r to smile. Yet

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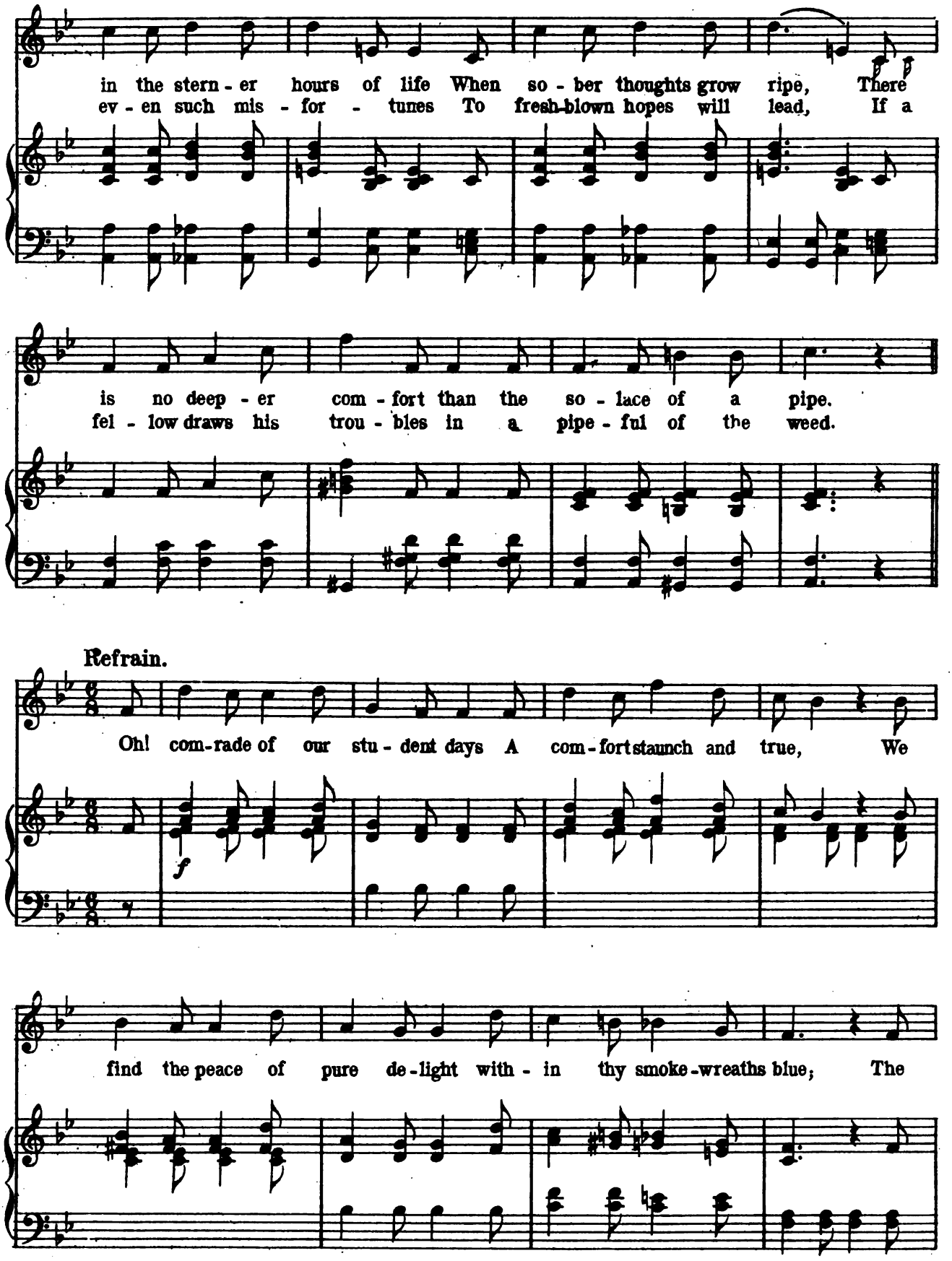
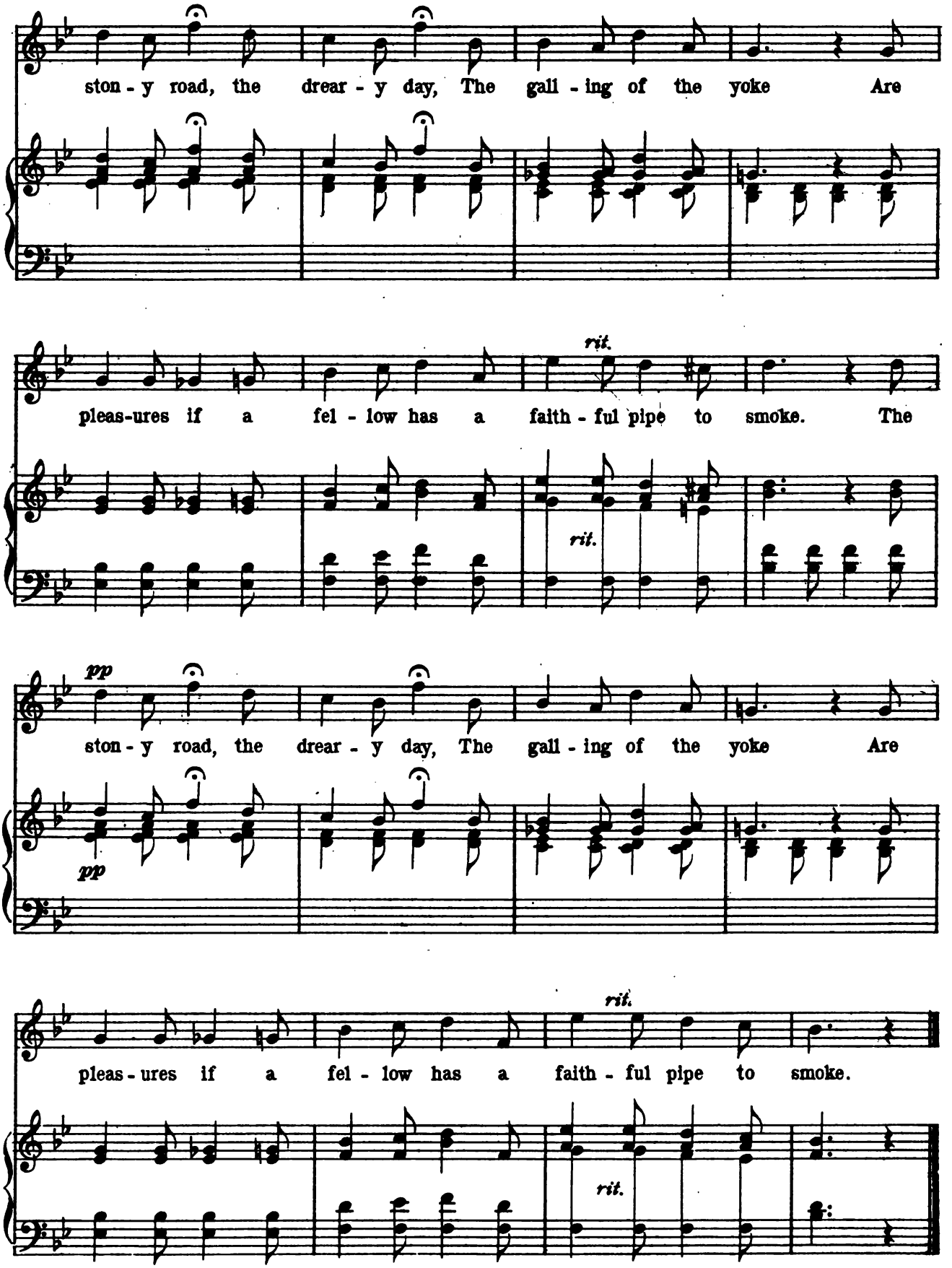
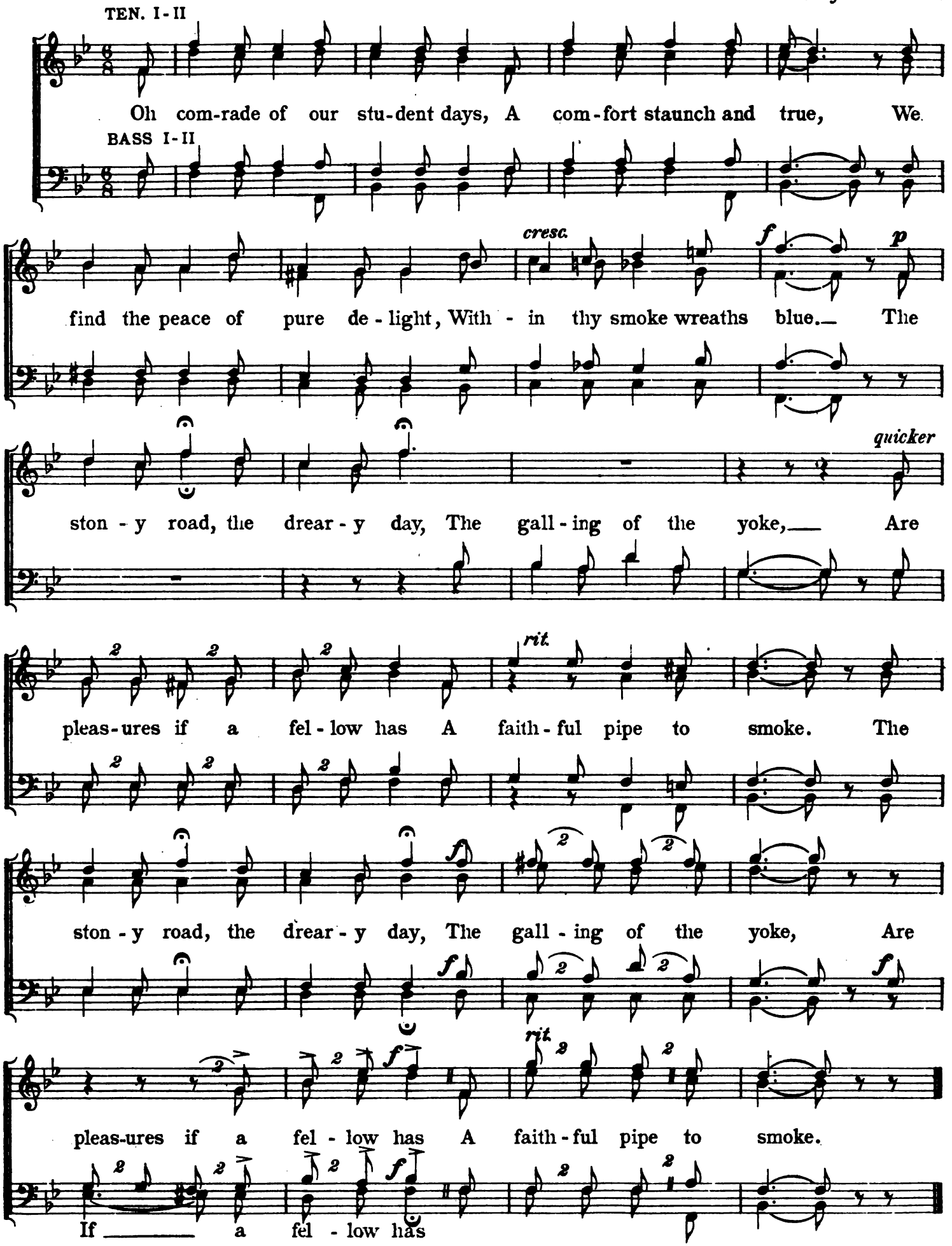

in the stern - er hours of life When so - ber thoughts grow ripe, There
ev - en such mis - for - tunes To fresh-blown hopes will lead, If a
is no deep - er com - fort than the so - lace of a pipe.
fel - low draws his trou - bles in a pipe - ful of the weed.
Refrain.
Oh! com-rade of our stu - dent days A com - fort staunch and true, We
f
find the peace of pure de-light with - in thy smoke-wreaths blue; The

ston - y road, the drear - y day, The gall - ing of the yoke Are
rit.
pleas-ures if a fel - low has a faith - ful pipe to smoke. The
rit.
pp
ston - y road, the drear - y day, The gall - ing of the yoke Are
pp
rit.
pleas - ures if a fel - low has a faith - ful pipe to smoke.
rit.

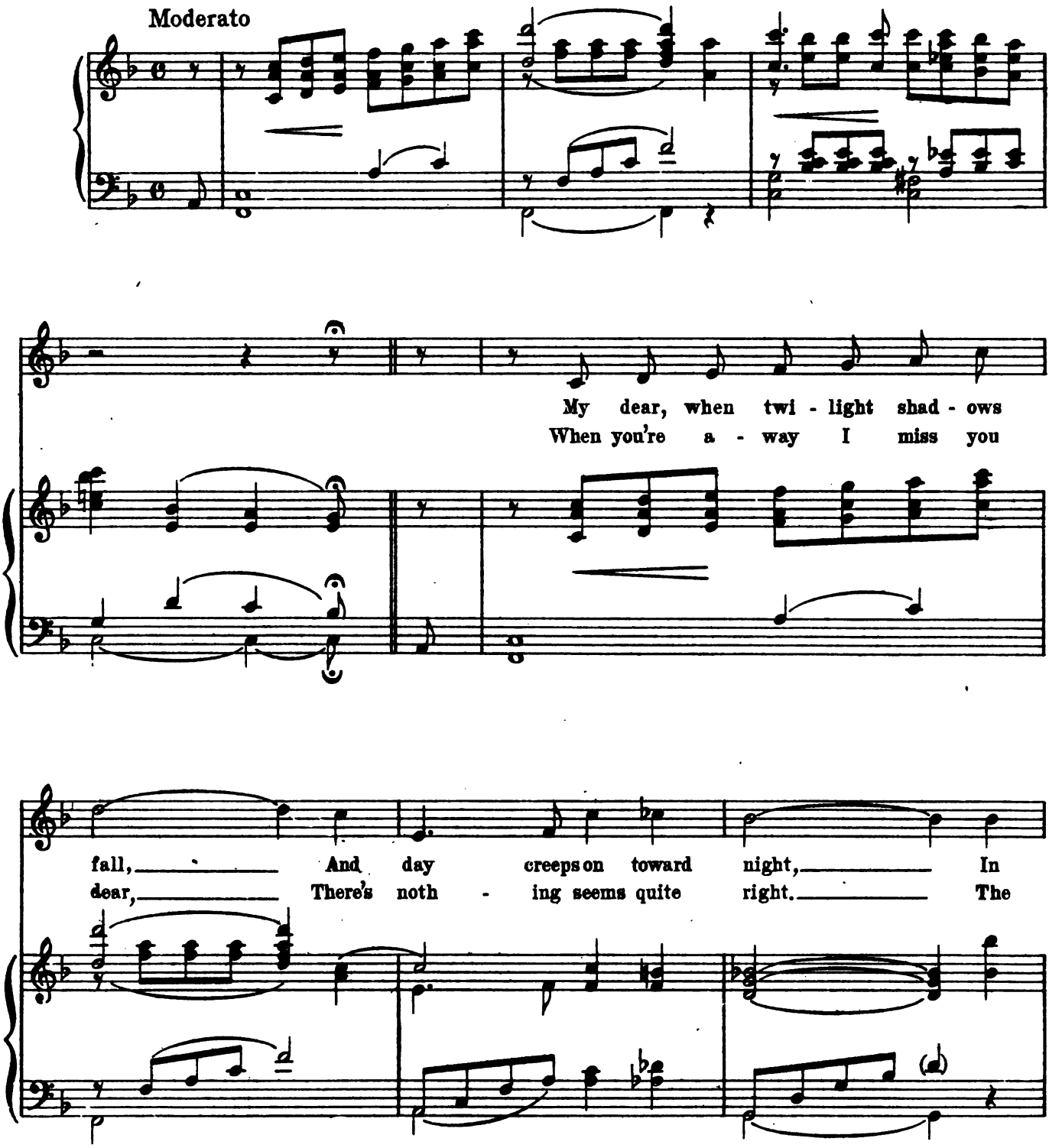
A Faithful Pipe To Smoke

Arr. by E. V. M.

TEN. I-II
Oh com-rade of our stu-dent days, A com-fort staunch and true, We
BASS I-II
cresc.
f
p
find the peace of pure de-light, With-in thy smoke wreaths blue. The
quicker
ston-y road, the drear-y day, The gall-ing of the yoke, Are
rit.
pleas-ures if a fel-low has A faith-ful pipe to smoke. The
ston-y road, the drear-y day, The gall-ing of the yoke, Are
rit.
pleas-ures if a fel-low has A faith-ful pipe to smoke.
If a fel-low has

To Miss Marjorie C. Newton

My Dear

"CRIMSON CHEST"

J. FRED LAWTON — ARTHUR M. FOURNIER

Moderato
My dear, when twi - light shad - ows
When you're a - way I miss you
fall, And day creeps on toward night, In
dear, There's noth - ing seems quite right. The

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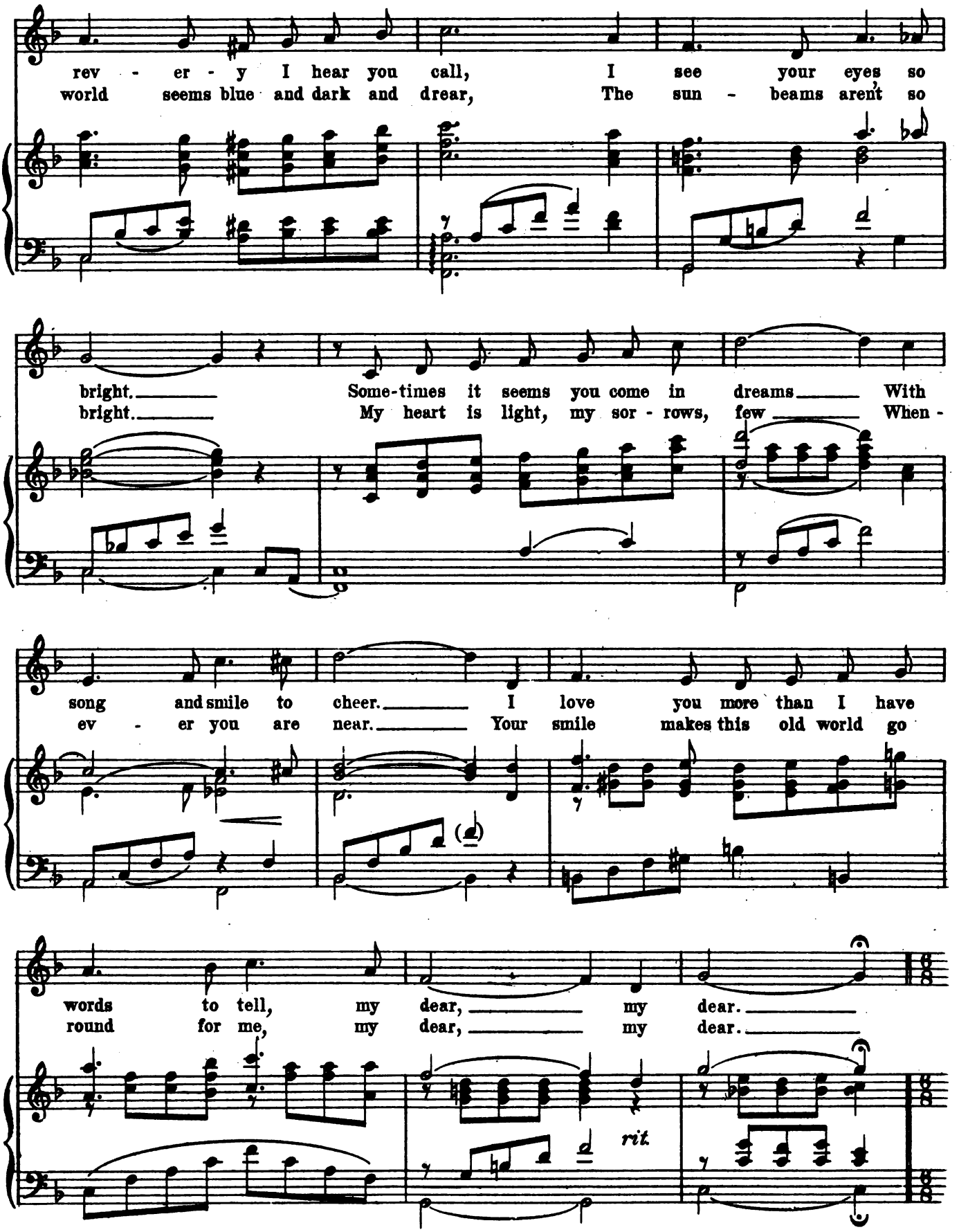
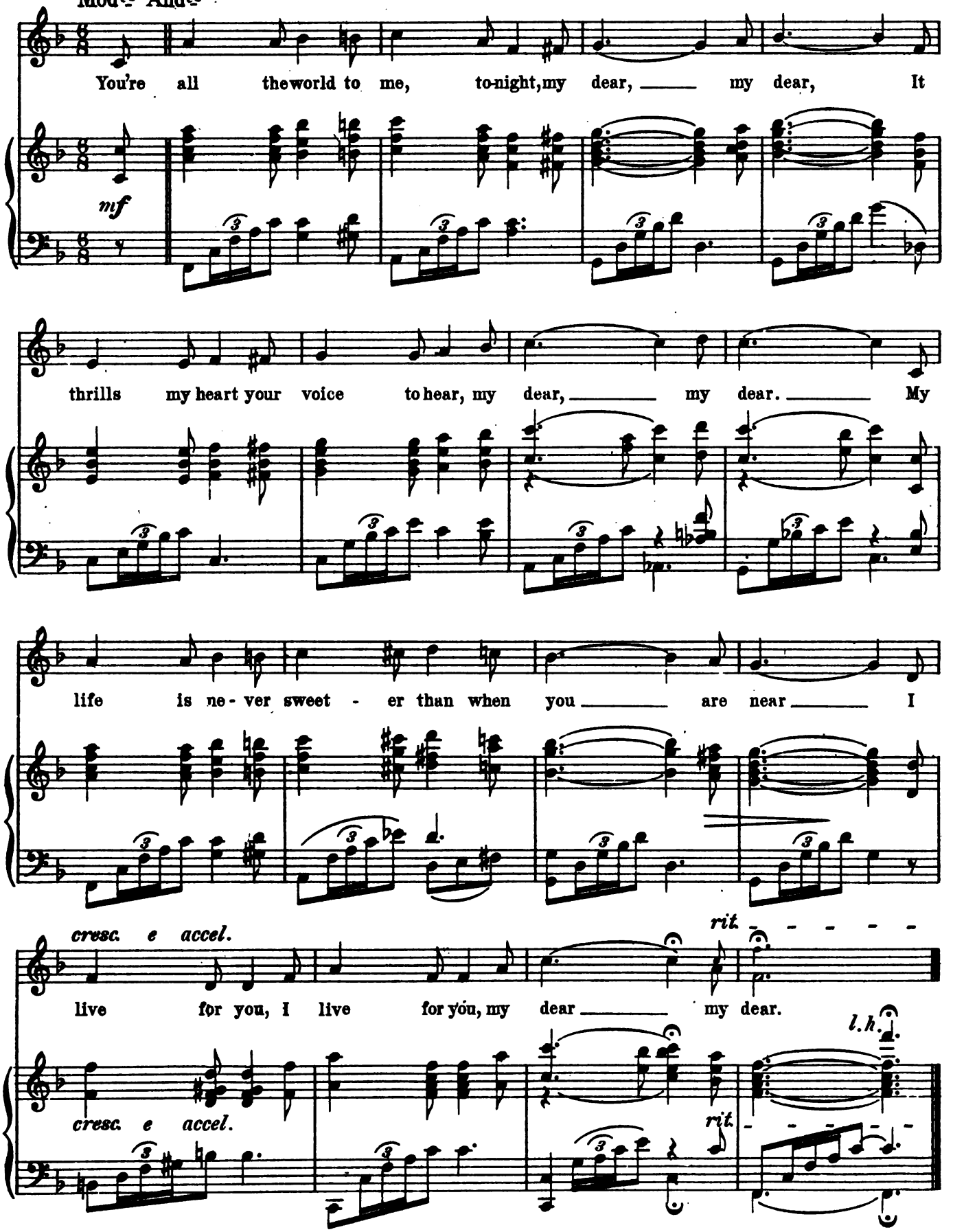

rev - er - y I hear you call, I see your eyes so
world seems blue and dark and drear, The sun - beams aren't so
bright. Some-times it seems you come in dreams With
bright. My heart is light, my sor - rows, few When -
song and smile to cheer. I love you more than I have
ev - er you are near. Your smile makes this old world go
words to tell, my dear, my dear.
round for me, my dear, my dear.
rit.

REFRAIN

Mod^to And^te

You're all the world to me, to-night, my dear, my dear, It
mf
thrills my heart your voice to hear, my dear, my dear. My
life is ne - ver sweet - er than when you are near I
cresc. e accel.
rit.
live for you, I live for you, my dear my dear.
l.h.
cresc. e accel.
rit.

Elixir Juventatis

Words by F. N. SCOTT

Music by A. A. STANLEY

Vigoroso

mf

1. A health! clink! clink! and now we drink No juice of grape or grain, But we
2. When men are old their hearts grow cold In life's tu-mul-tuous storm; But
3. 'Tis time to part, the tear-drops start And turn our drink to brine; Good -

mf

p *mf*

sip, for sooth, the wine of youth That leaps from heart to brain; We're young! We're young! let
ours still glow a - midst the snow, And keep our bos-oms warm; The laugh-ing lip, the
bye, old friend, may Heav-en send Good hap to thee and thine; And when we're gray and

BASS II *marcato*

rit. *pp* *a tempo* *rit. e dim.*

ev - 'ry tongue In - tone the cho-ral hymn, While mem - 'ry swings her si-lent wings A
hands that grip, When friend-ly hands are wrung, Some day must die and pow'r-less lie Let's
round the way The dark-ling shad-ows creep, Up - on our knees we'll drink the lees, And

BASS I *marcato*

rit. *rit. e dim.*

CHORUS

bove each bead-ed brim.
use them while they're young.
gent-ly fall a - sleep.

Clink! clink! clink! clink!

Here's health, Here's wealth,

f

clink! clink! clink! clink! Here's wealth! clink! clink!

much as we can spend, Clink! clink! Here's a

As much as we can spend,

wife, Long life, clink! clink, long life And weal to ev - 'ry friend.

A wife, clink! clink! Clink!

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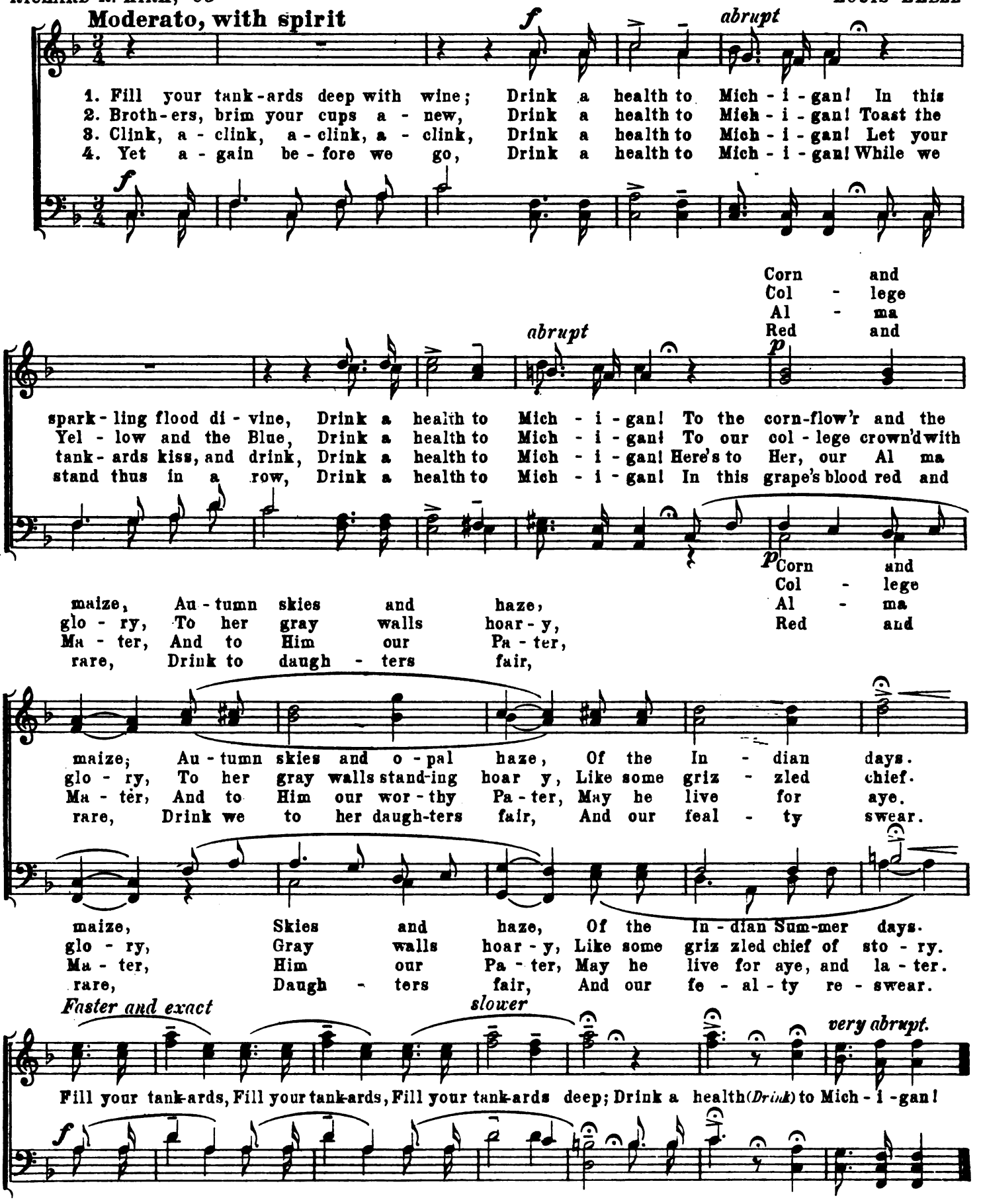
A Toast To Michigan

RICHARD R. KIRK, '03 — LOUIS ELBEL

Moderato, with spirit
f
abrupt
1. Fill your tank-ards deep with wine; Drink a health to Mich - i - gan! In this
2. Broth-ers, brim your cups a - new, Drink a health to Mich - i - gan! Toast the
3. Clink, a - clink, a - clink, a - clink, Drink a health to Mich - i - gan! Let your
4. Yet a - gain be - fore we go, Drink a health to Mich - i - gan! While we
spark - ling flood di - vine, Drink a health to Mich - i - gan! To the corn-flow'r and the
Yel - low and the Blue, Drink a health to Mich - i - gan! To our col - lege crown'd with
tank - ards kiss, and drink, Drink a health to Mich - i - gan! Here's to Her, our Al ma
stand thus in a row, Drink a health to Mich - i - gan! In this grape's blood red and
Corn and
Col - lege
Al - ma
Red and
p
maize, Au - tumn skies and haze,
glo - ry, To her gray walls hoar - y,
Ma - ter, And to Him our Pa - ter,
rare, Drink to daugh - ters fair,
maize; Au - tumn skies and o - pal haze, Of the In - dian days.
glo - ry, To her gray walls stand-ing hoar y, Like some griz - zled chief.
Ma - ter, And to Him our wor - thy Pa - ter, May he live for aye.
rare, Drink we to her daugh-ters fair, And our feal - ty swear.
maize, Skies and haze, Of the In - dian Sum-mer days.
glo - ry, Gray walls hoar - y, Like some griz zled chief of sto - ry.
Ma - ter, Him our Pa - ter, May he live for aye, and la - ter.
rare, Daugh - ters fair, And our fe - al - ty re - swear.
Faster and exact
slower
very abrupt.
Fill your tank-ards, Fill your tank-ards, Fill your tank-ards deep; Drink a health (Drink) to Mich - i - gan!
f

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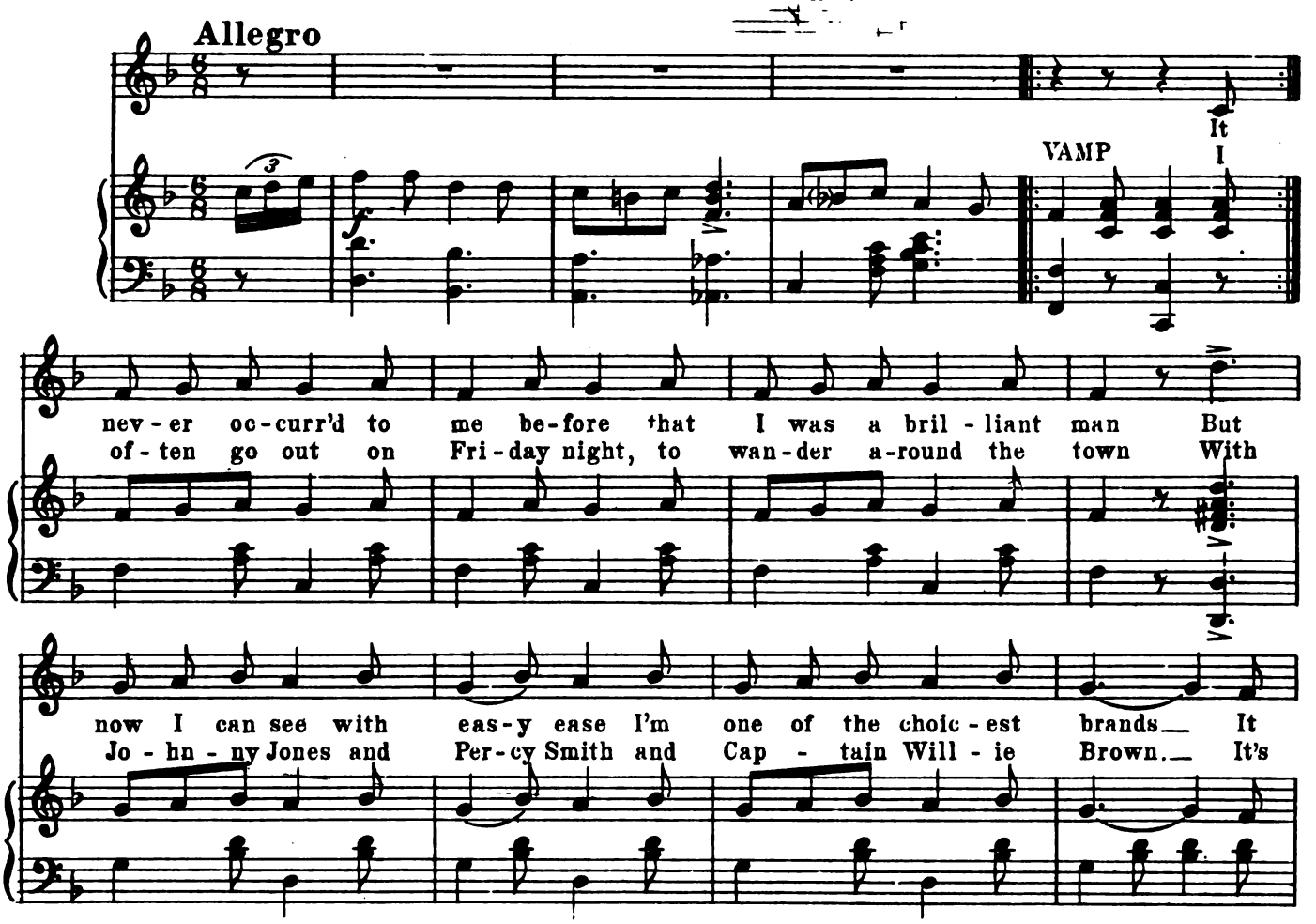
I'm A College Man

"KOANZALAND"

J. FRED LAWTON

ROBERT T. MORELAND

Allegro
VAMP
It
I
nev - er oc - curr'd to me be - fore that I was a bril - liant man But
of - ten go out on Fri - day night, to wan - der a - round the town With
now I can see with eas - y ease I'm one of the choic - est brands It
Jo - hn - ny Jones and Per - cy Smith and Cap - tain Will - ie Brown. It's

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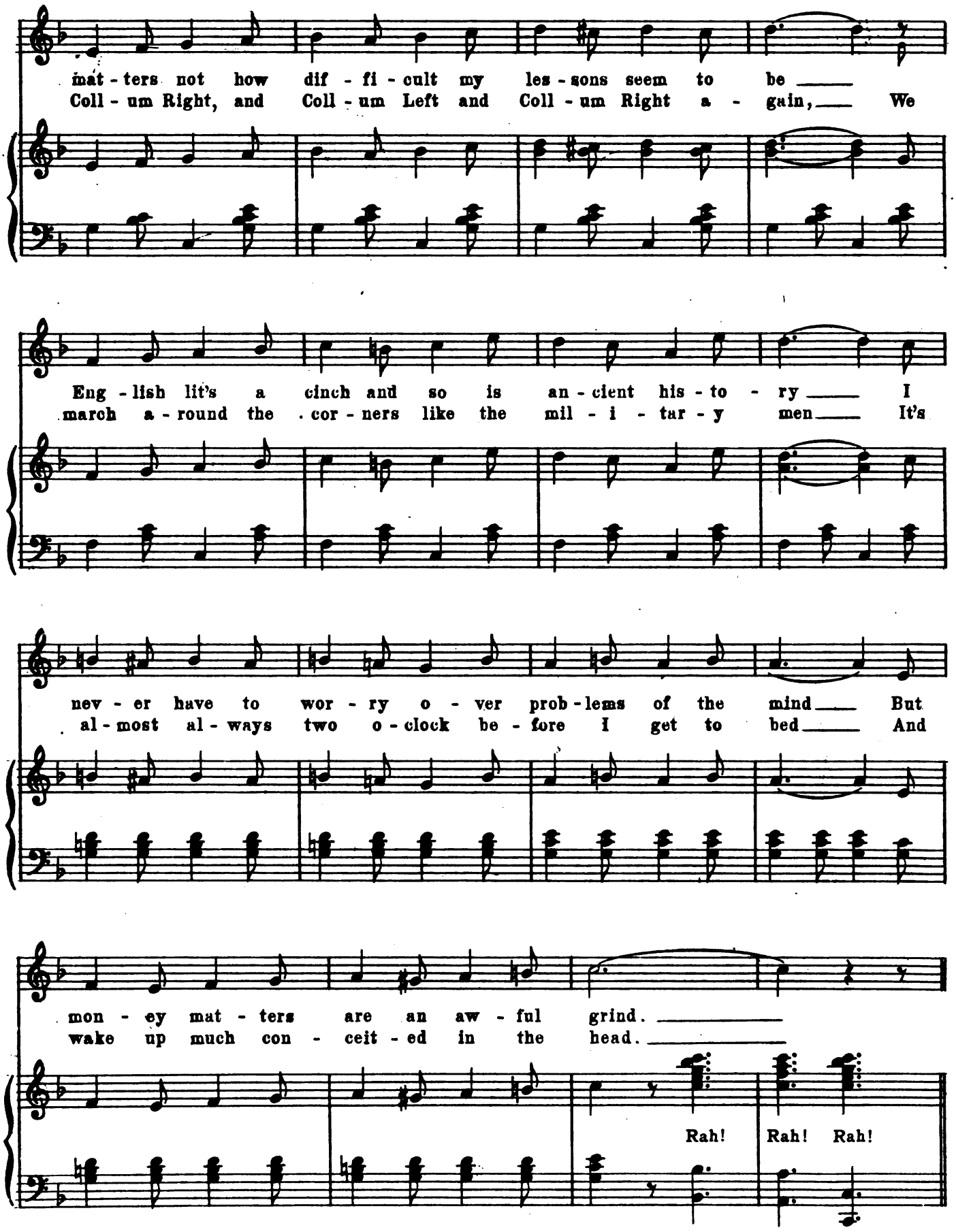
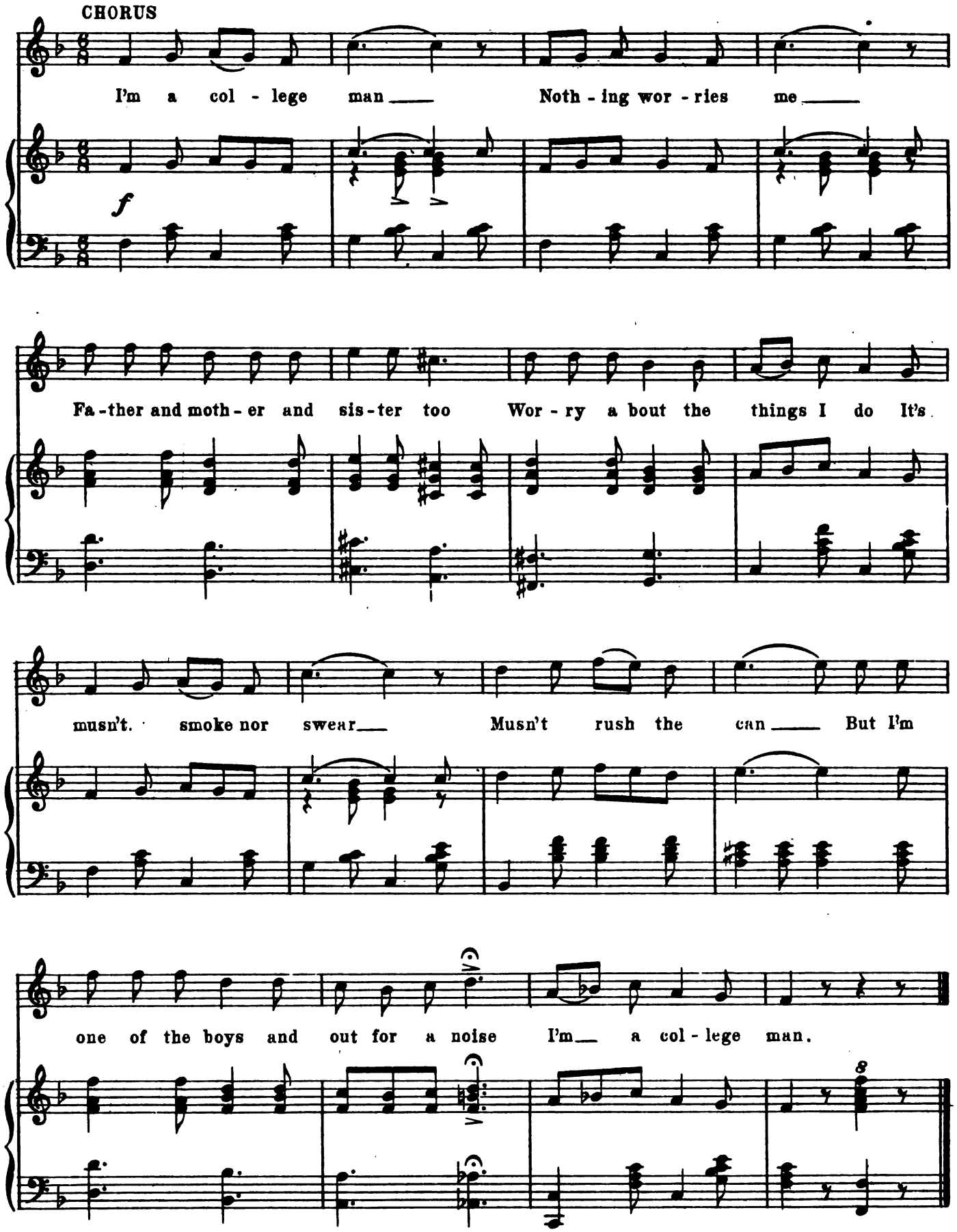
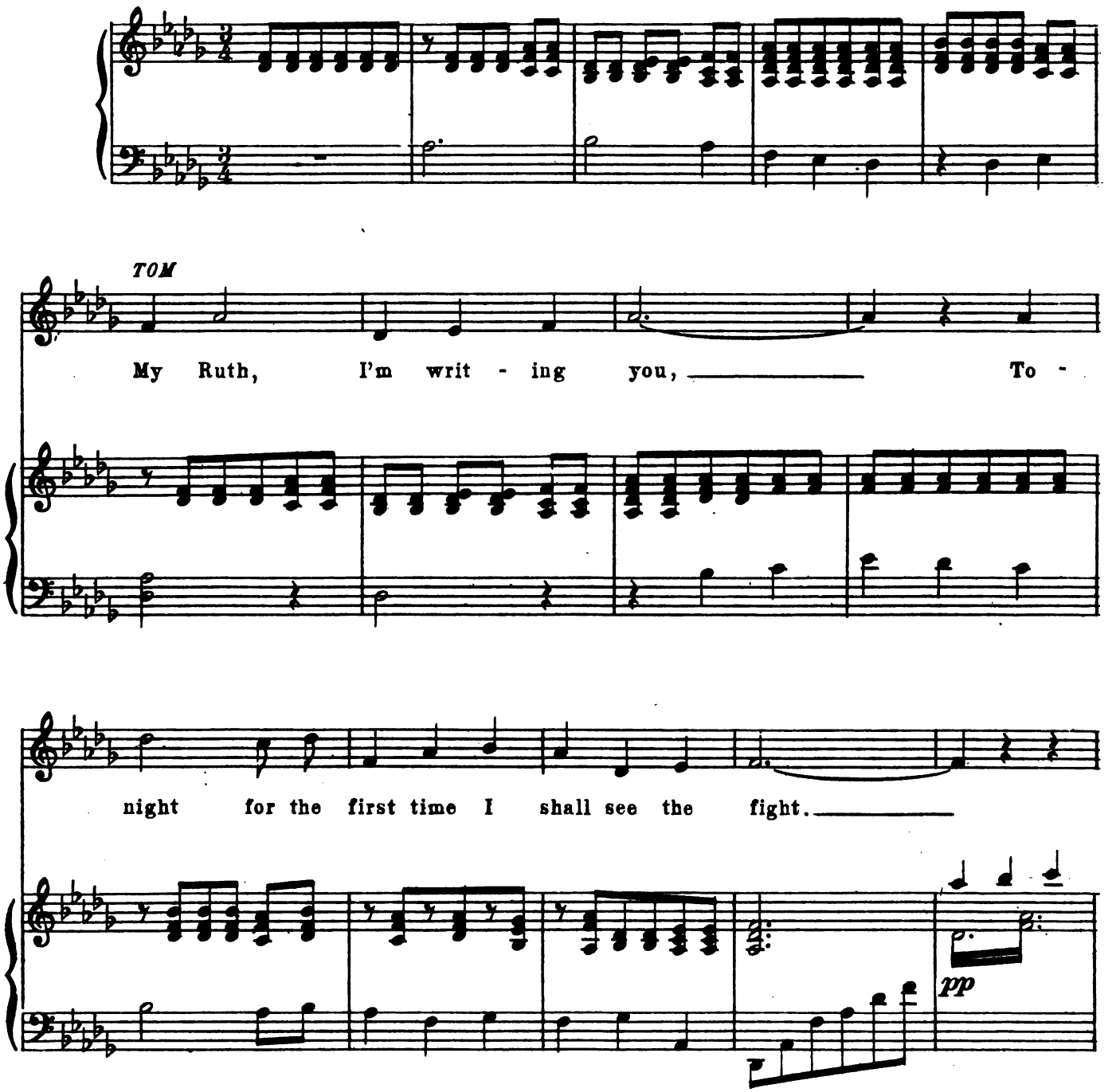

mat - ters not how dif - fi - cult my les - sons seem to be
Coll - um Right, and Coll - um Left and Coll - um Right a - gain, We
Eng - lish lit's a cinch and so is an - cient his - to - ry I
march a - round the cor - ners like the mil - i - tar - y men It's
nev - er have to wor - ry o - ver prob - lems of the mind But
al - most al - ways two o - clock be - fore I get to bed And
mon - ey mat - ters are an aw - ful grind.
wake up much con - ceit - ed in the head.
Rah! Rah! Rah!

CHORUS
I'm a col - lege man Noth - ing wor - ries me
f
Fa - ther and moth - er and sis - ter too Wor - ry a bout the things I do It's
musn't. smoke nor swear Musn't rush the can But I'm
one of the boys and out for a noise I'm a col - lege man.

Answer Soon

Words by
A. L. WEEKS

Music by
E. V. MOORE

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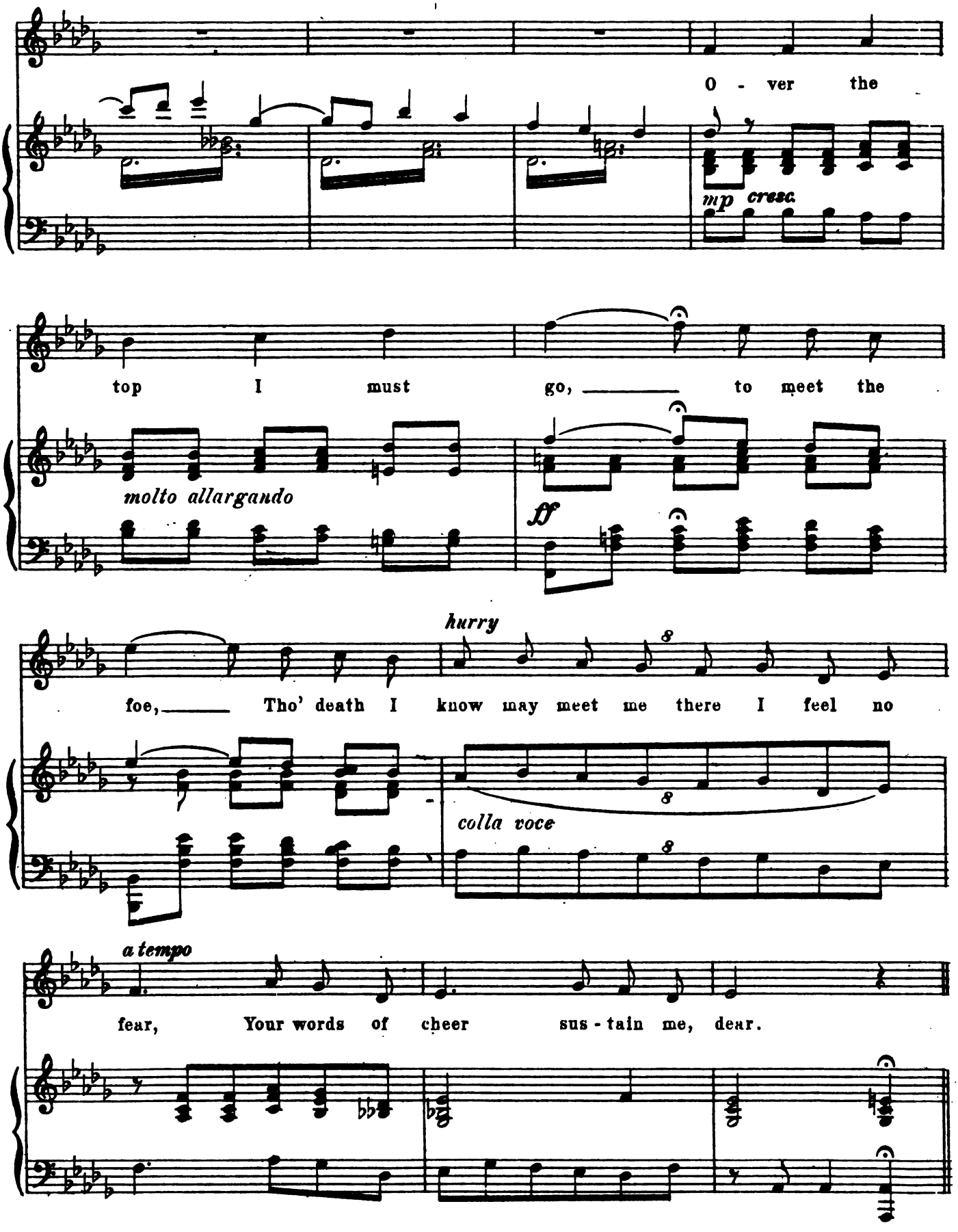
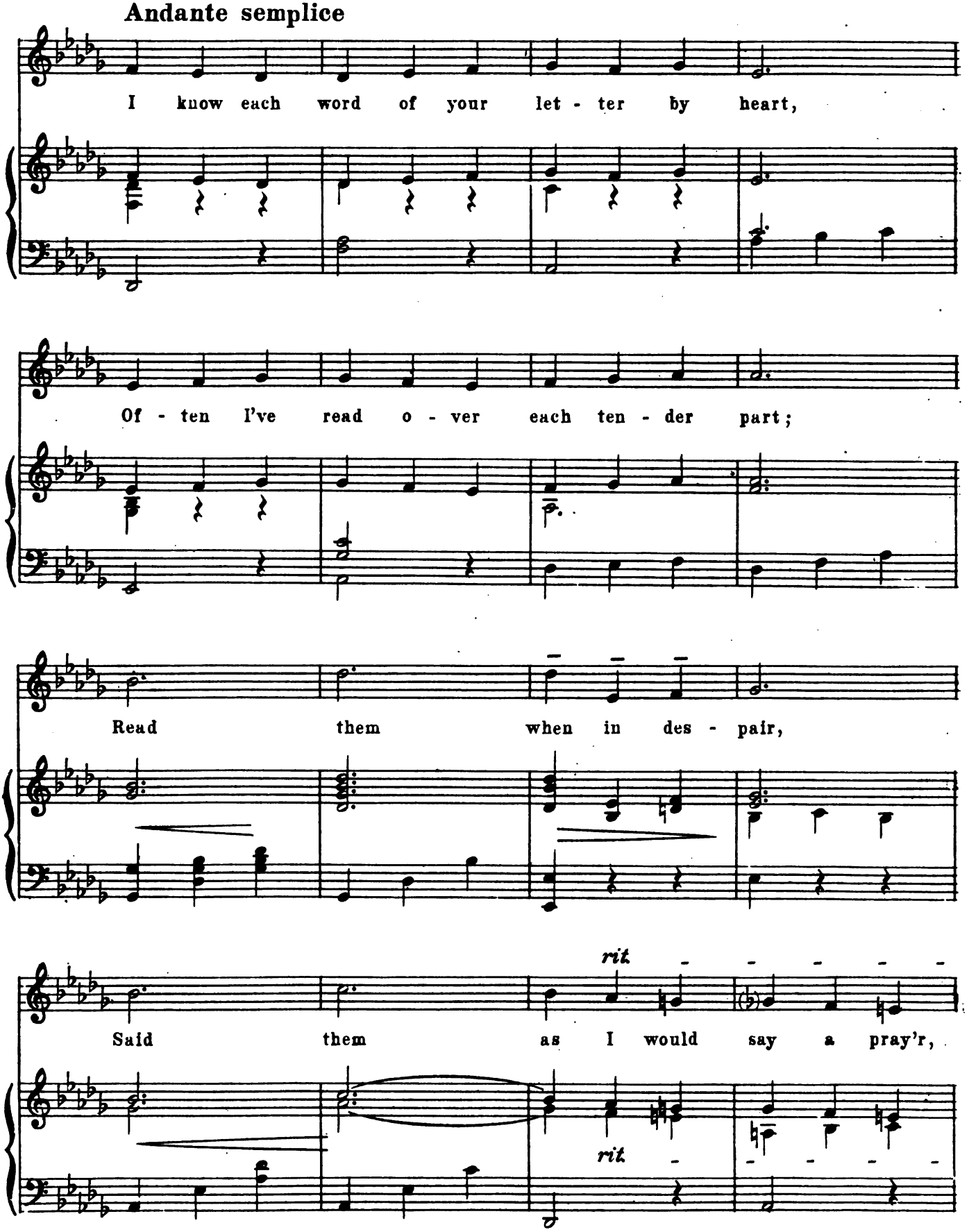
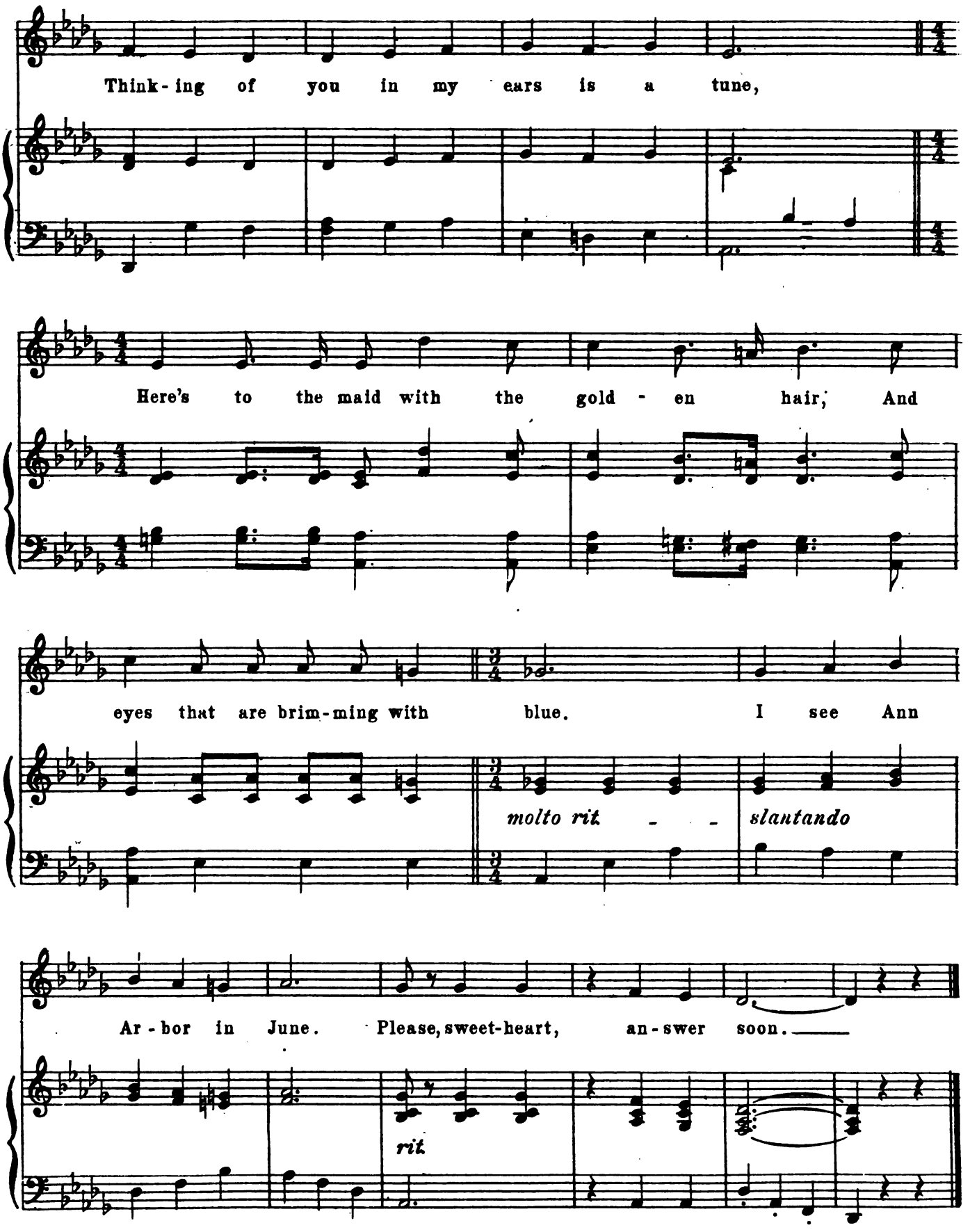

O - ver the
mp cresc.
top I must go, to meet the
molto allargando
ff
hurry
foe, Tho' death I know may meet me there I feel no
colla voce
a tempo
fear, Your words of cheer sus - tain me, dear.

Andante semplice
I know each word of your let - ter by heart,
Of - ten I've read o - ver each ten - der part;
Read them when in des - pair,
rit
Said them as I would say a pray'r,
rit

Think-ing of you in my ears is a tune,
Here's to the maid with the gold-en hair; And
eyes that are brim-ming with blue. I see Ann
molto rit. - - slantando
Ar-bor in June. Please, sweet-heart, an-swer soon.
rit.

I Want To Go Back To Michigan

Arranged by E. V. M.

Con spirito

p

I want to go back to Mich - i - gan, to dear Ann Ar - bor

p

Ped.

town ____ Back to Joe's and the Or - i - ent

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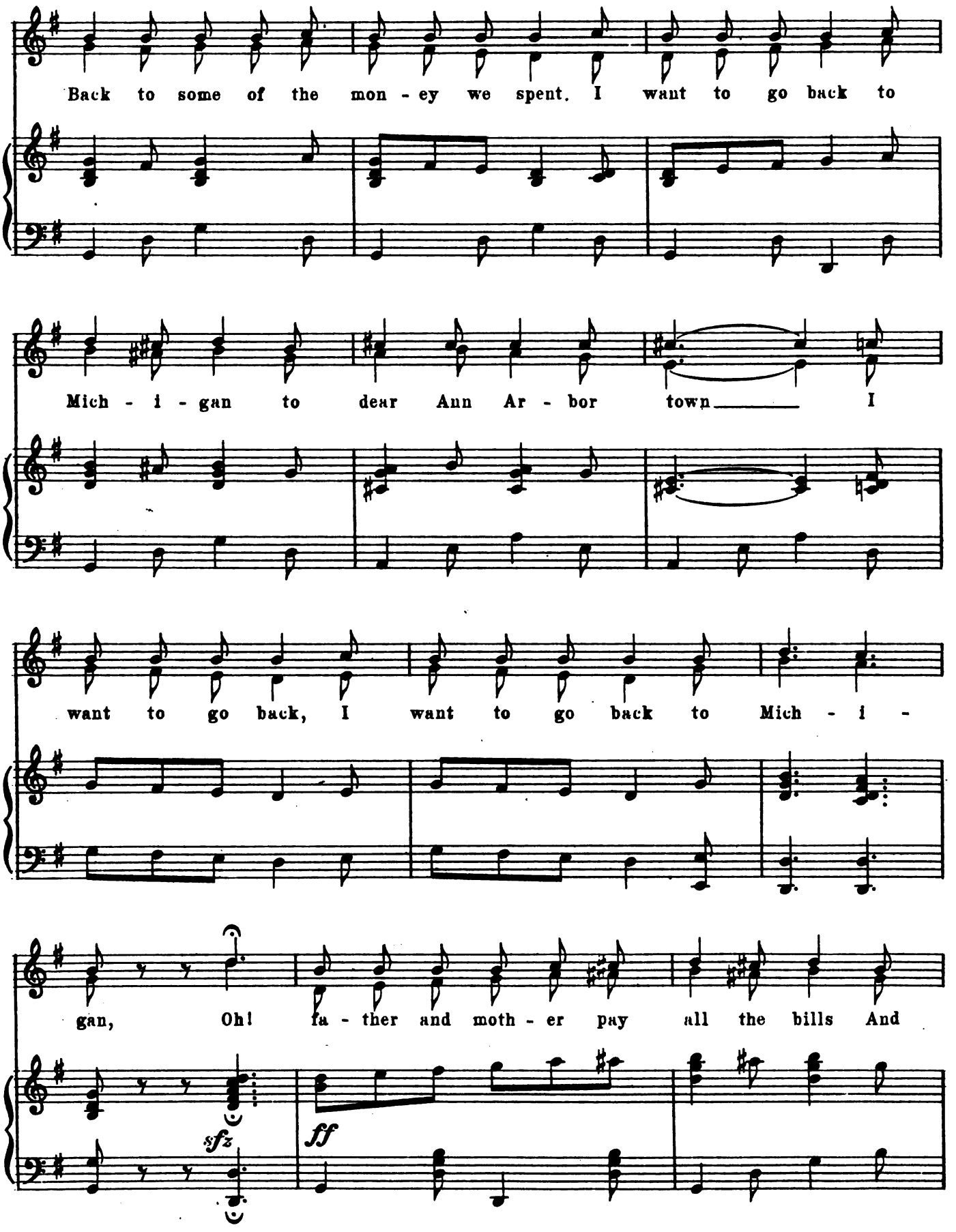
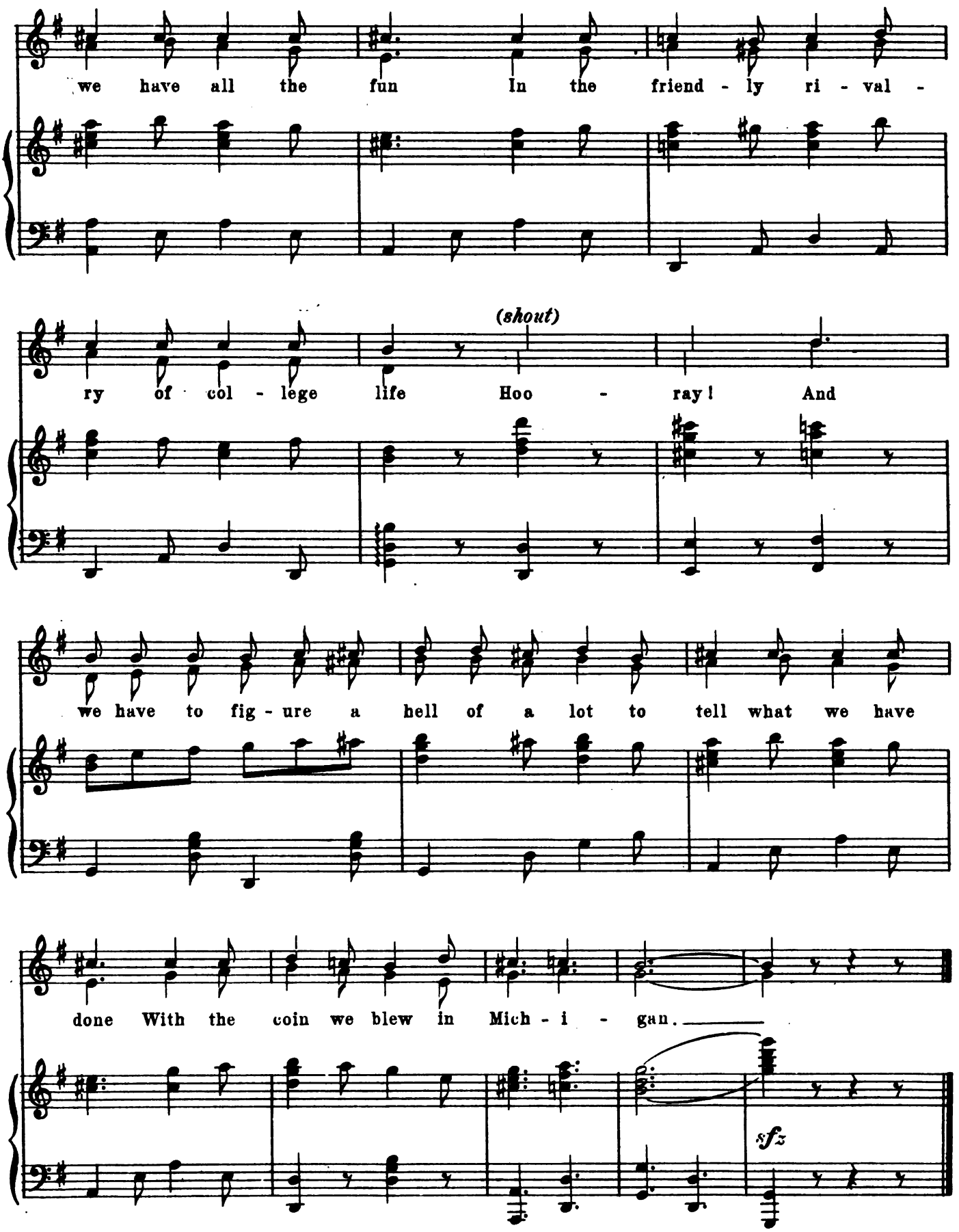
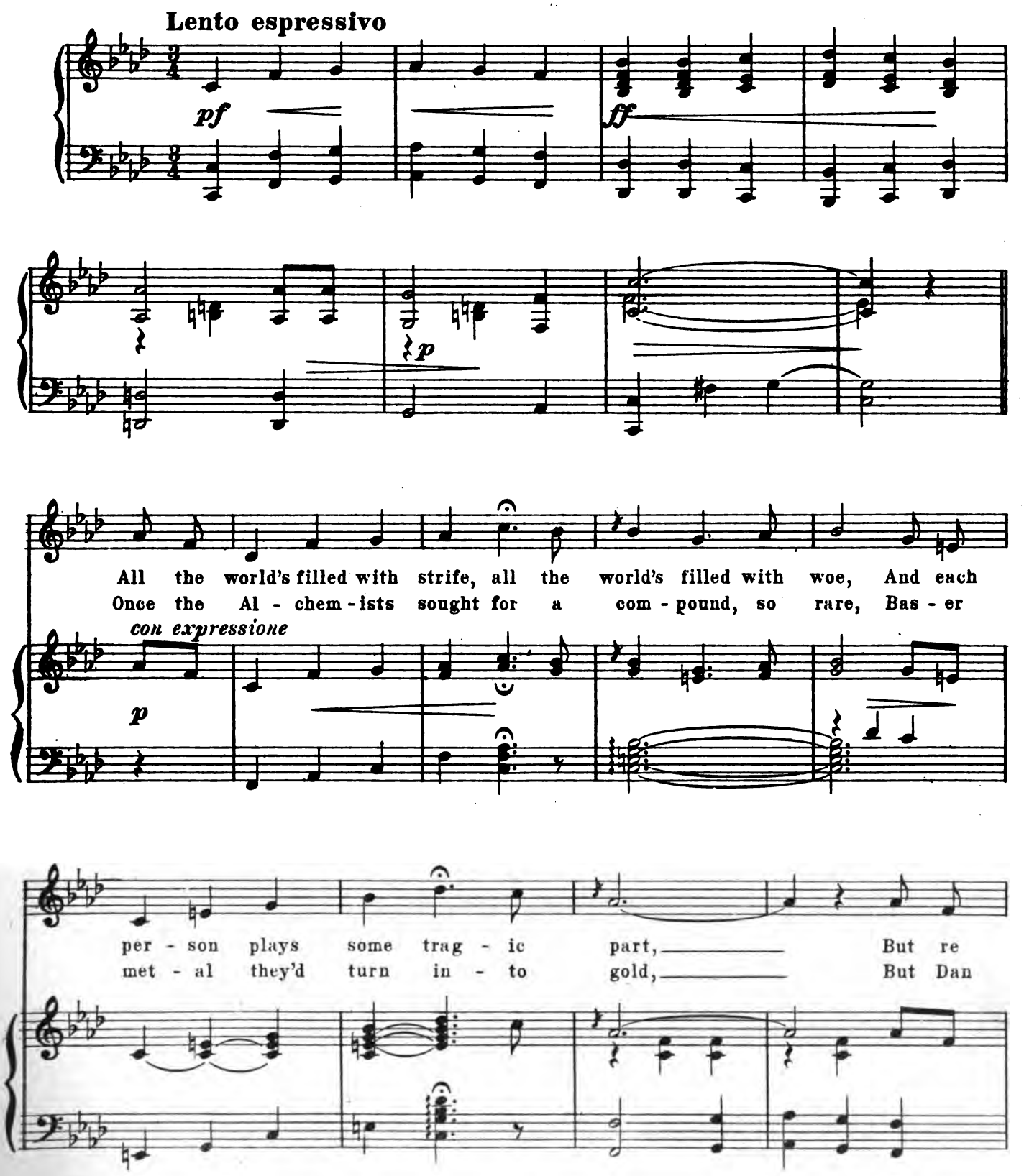

Back to some of the mon - ey we spent. I want to go back to
Mich - i - gan to dear Ann Ar - bor town I
want to go back, I want to go back to Mich - i -
gan, Oh! fa - ther and moth - er pay all the bills And
sfz
ff

we have all the fun In the friend - ly ri - val -
(shout)
ry of col - lege life Hoo - ray! And
we have to fig - ure a hell of a lot to tell what we have
done With the coin we blew in Mich - i - gan.
sfz

There Are No Tears

"ALL THAT GLITTERS"

Lyrics by
SYLVAN S. GROSNER

Music by
A. J. GORNETZKY

Lento espressivo
pf
ff
p
All the world's filled with strife, all the world's filled with woe, And each
Once the Al - chem - ists sought for a com - pound, so rare, Bas - er
con expressione
p
per - son plays some trag - ic part, But re
met - al they'd turn in - to gold, But Dan

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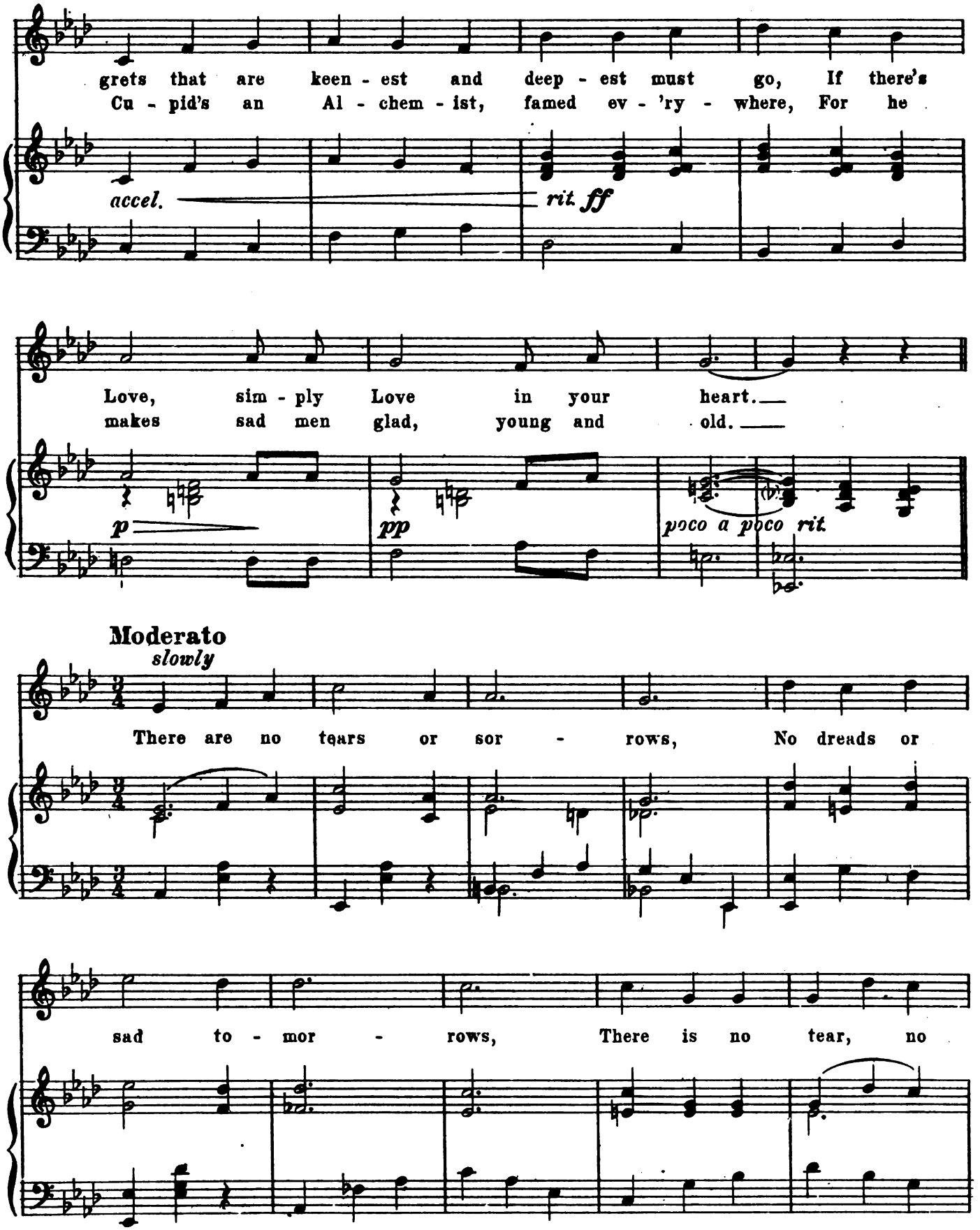
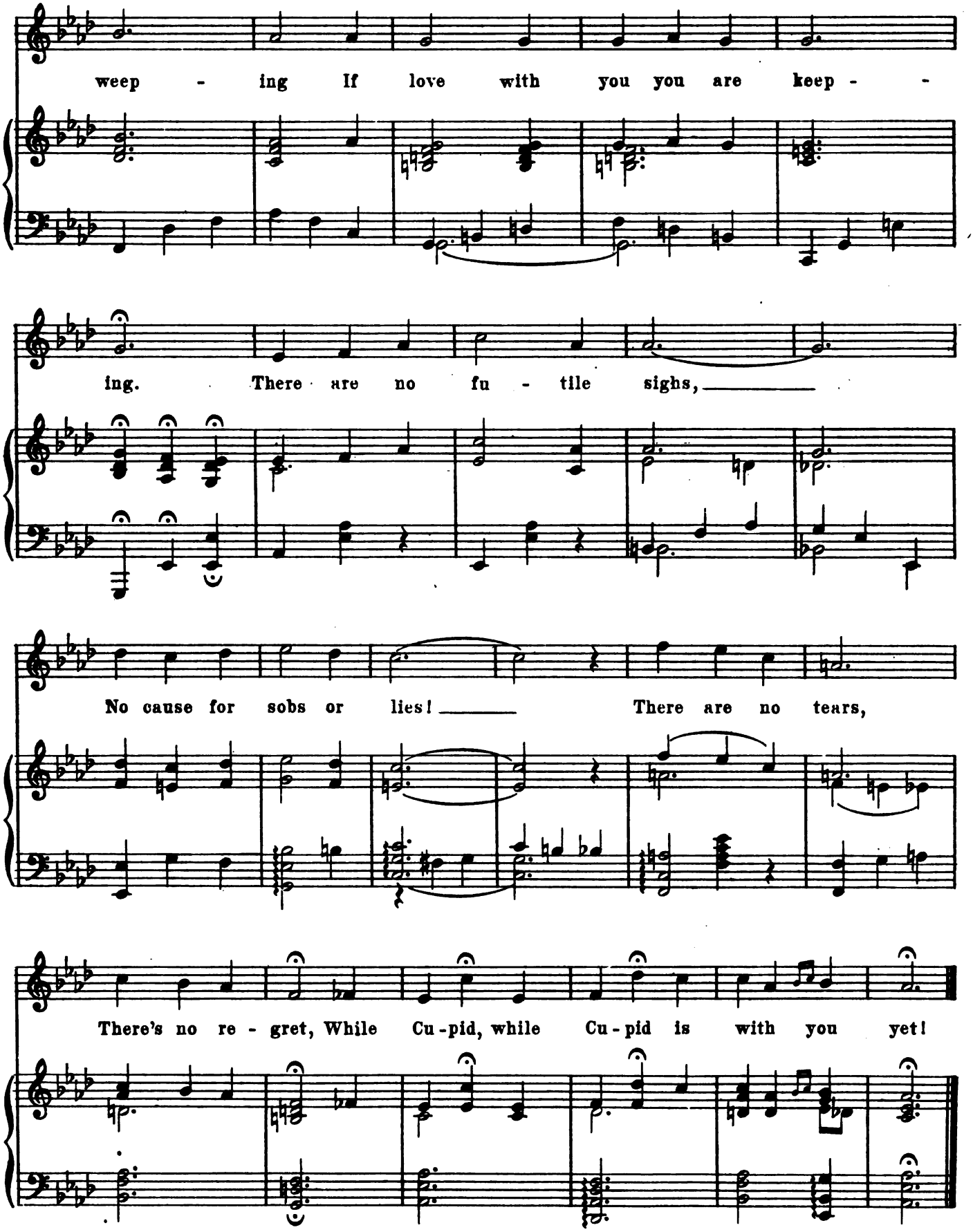
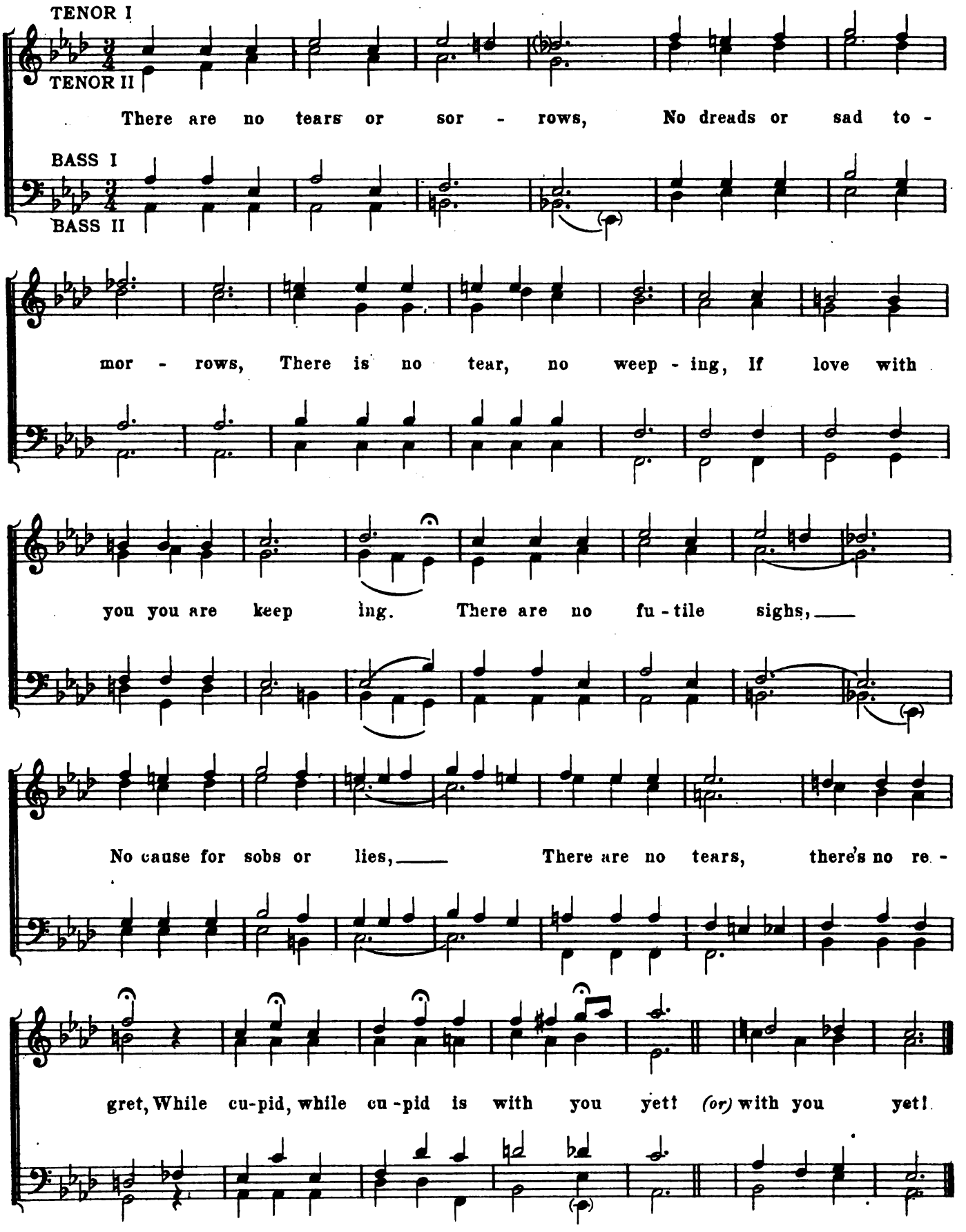

grets that are keen - est and deep - est must go, If there's
Cu - pid's an Al - chem - ist, famed ev - 'ry - where, For he
accel.
rit. ff
Love, sim - ply Love in your heart.
makes sad men glad, young and old.
p
pp
poco a poco rit.
Moderato
slowly
There are no tears or sor - rows, No dreads or
sad to - mor - rows, There is no tear, no

weep - ing If love with you you are keep - -
ing. There are no fu - tile sighs,
No cause for sobs or lies! There are no tears,
There's no re - gret, While Cu-pid, while Cu-pid is with you yet!

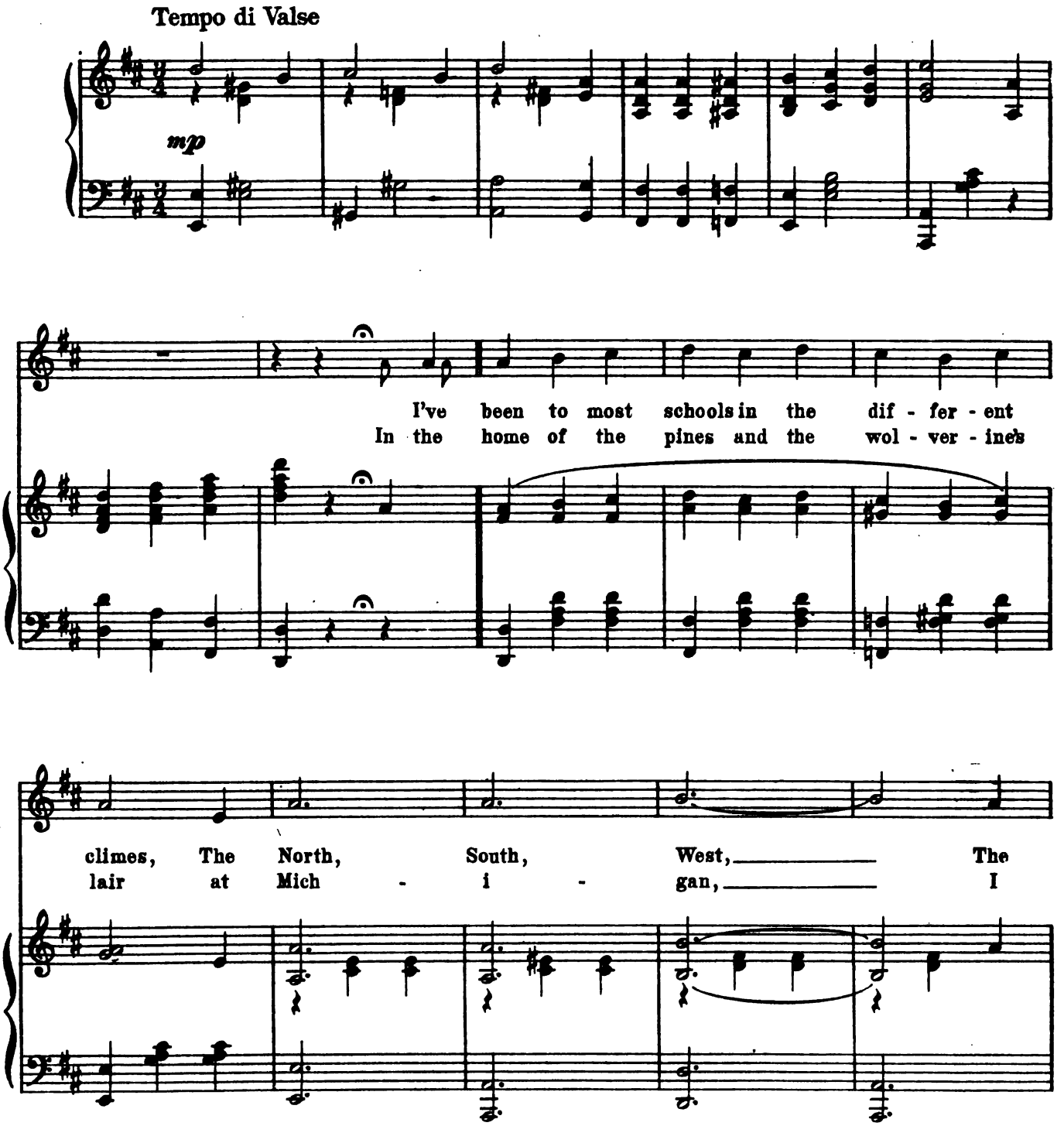
There Are No Tears

Arr. by W. SCOTT WESTERMAN

TENOR I
TENOR II
There are no tears or sor - rows, No dreads or sad to -
BASS I
BASS II
mor - rows, There is no tear, no weep - ing, If love with
you you are keep ing. There are no fu - tile sighs,
No cause for sobs or lies, There are no tears, there's no re -
gret, While cu-pid, while cu-pid is with you yet! (or) with you yet!

My Girl At Michigan

"AWAKENED RAMESES"

FRANK A. PICARD — JULIUS WUERTHNER

Tempo di Valse

mp
I've been to most schools in the dif - fer - ent
In the home of the pines and the wol - ver - ine's
climes, The North, South, West, The
lair at Mich - i - gan, I

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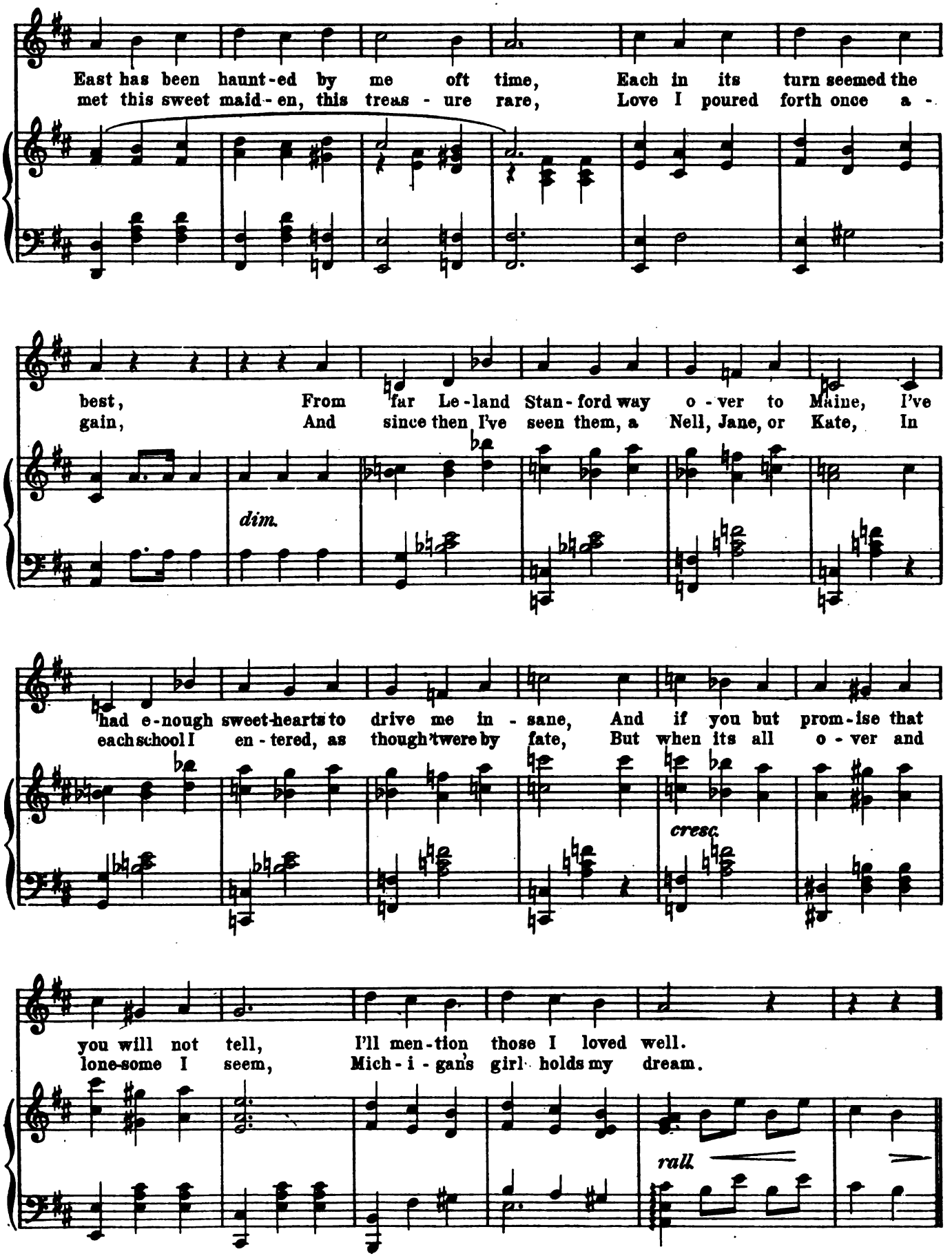

East has been haunt-ed by me oft time, Each in its turn seemed the
met this sweet maid-en, this treas-ure rare, Love I poured forth once a-
best, From far Le-land Stan-ford way o-ver to Maine, I've
gain, And since then I've seen them, a Nell, Jane, or Kate, In
dim.
had e-nough sweet-hearts to drive me in-sane, And if you but prom-ise that
each school I en-tered, as though 'twere by fate, But when its all o-ver and
cresc.
you will not tell, I'll men-tion those I loved well.
lone-some I seem, Mich-i-gan's girl holds my dream.
rall.

CHORUS

There's Bet - sy Brown at Har - vard, At Yale 'twas Fox - y Jane, Chi-

ca - go saw my Gib - son girl, I can not re - mem-ber her name. Then

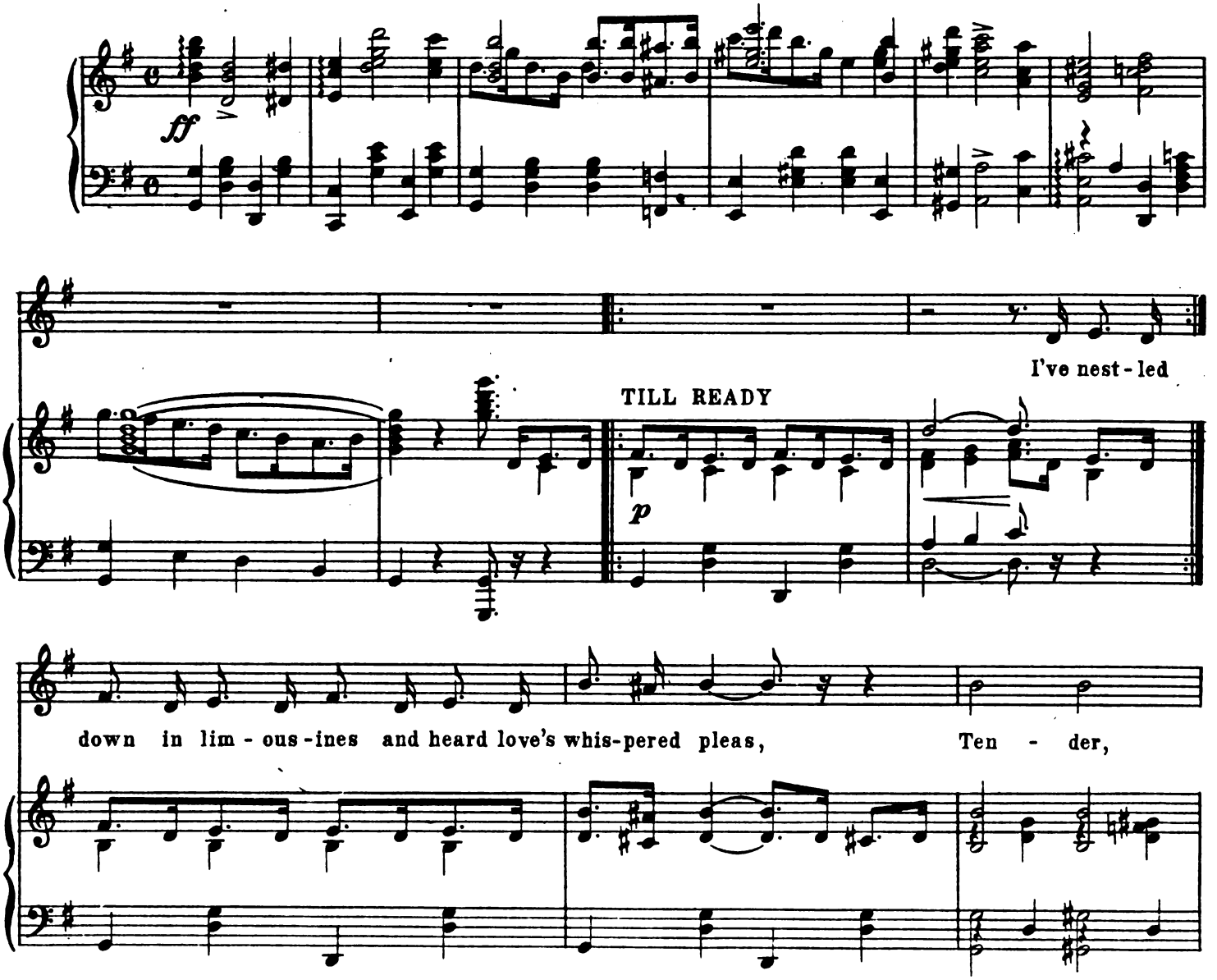
Min-nie at Min - ne - so - ta, At Penn-sy I had just plain Fan, But the

one best bet, I love her yet, was my girl at Mich - i - gan.

Out In My Old Town Canoe

"TRES ROUGE"

W. A. P. JOHN

A. J. GORNETZKY

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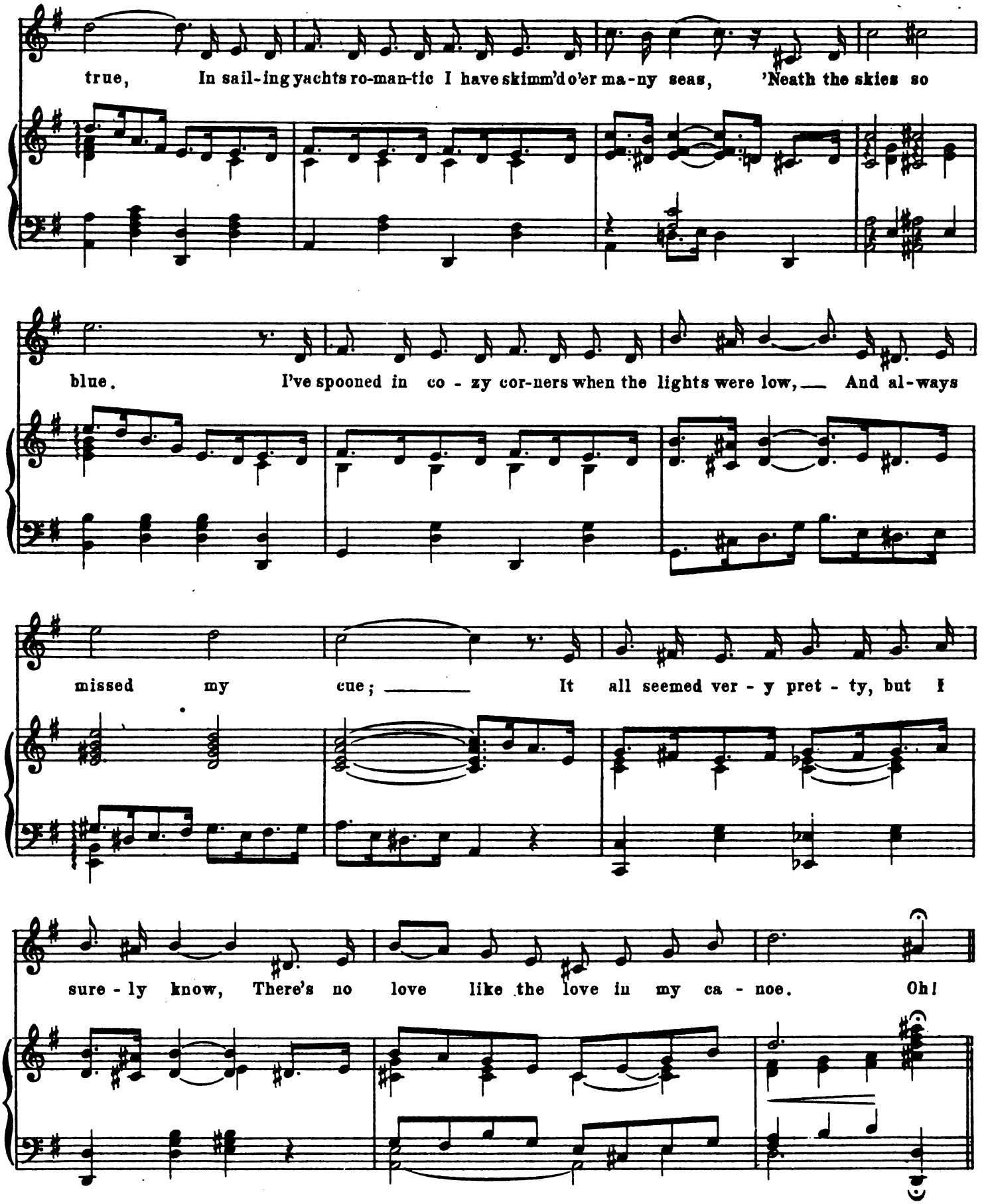
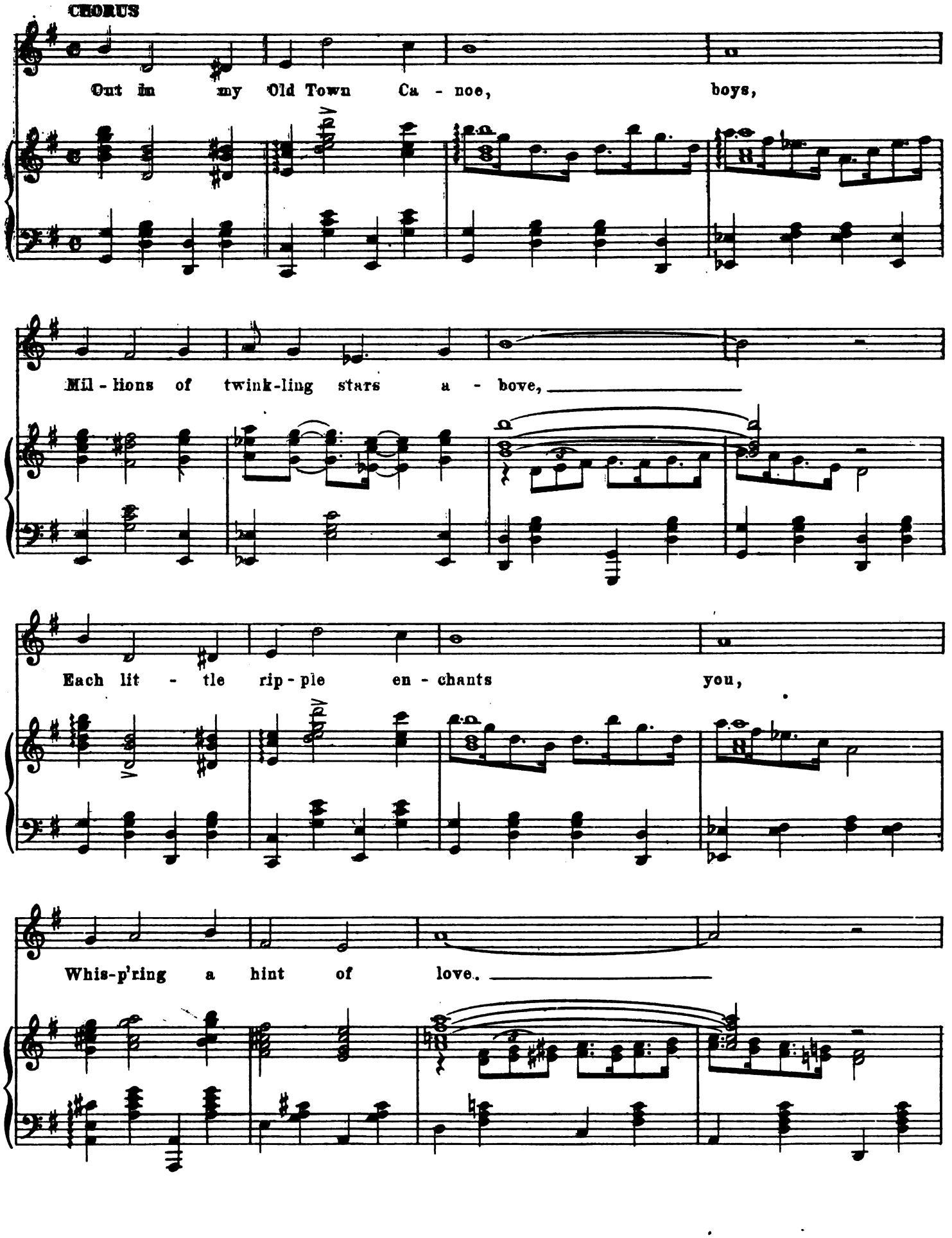
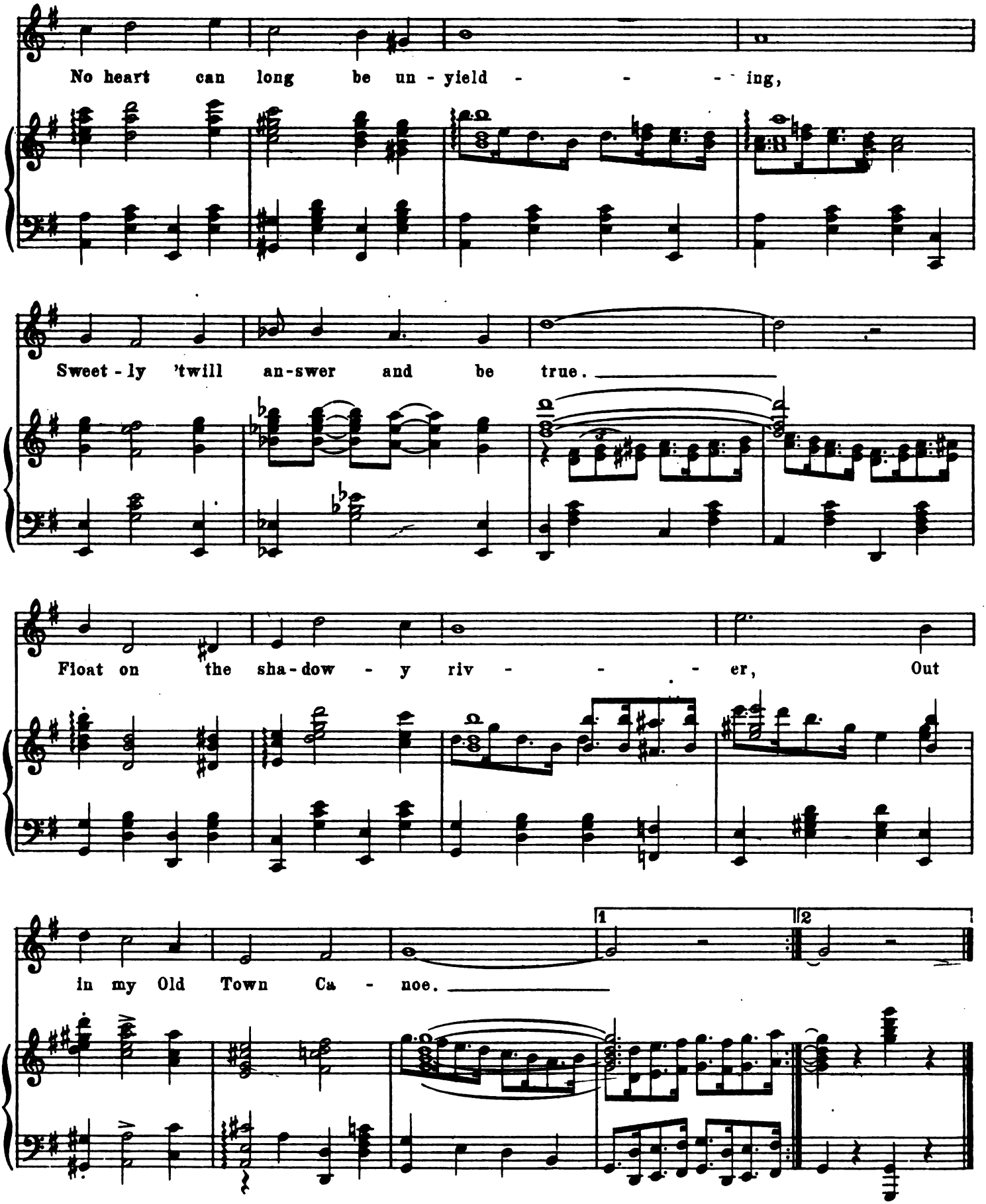
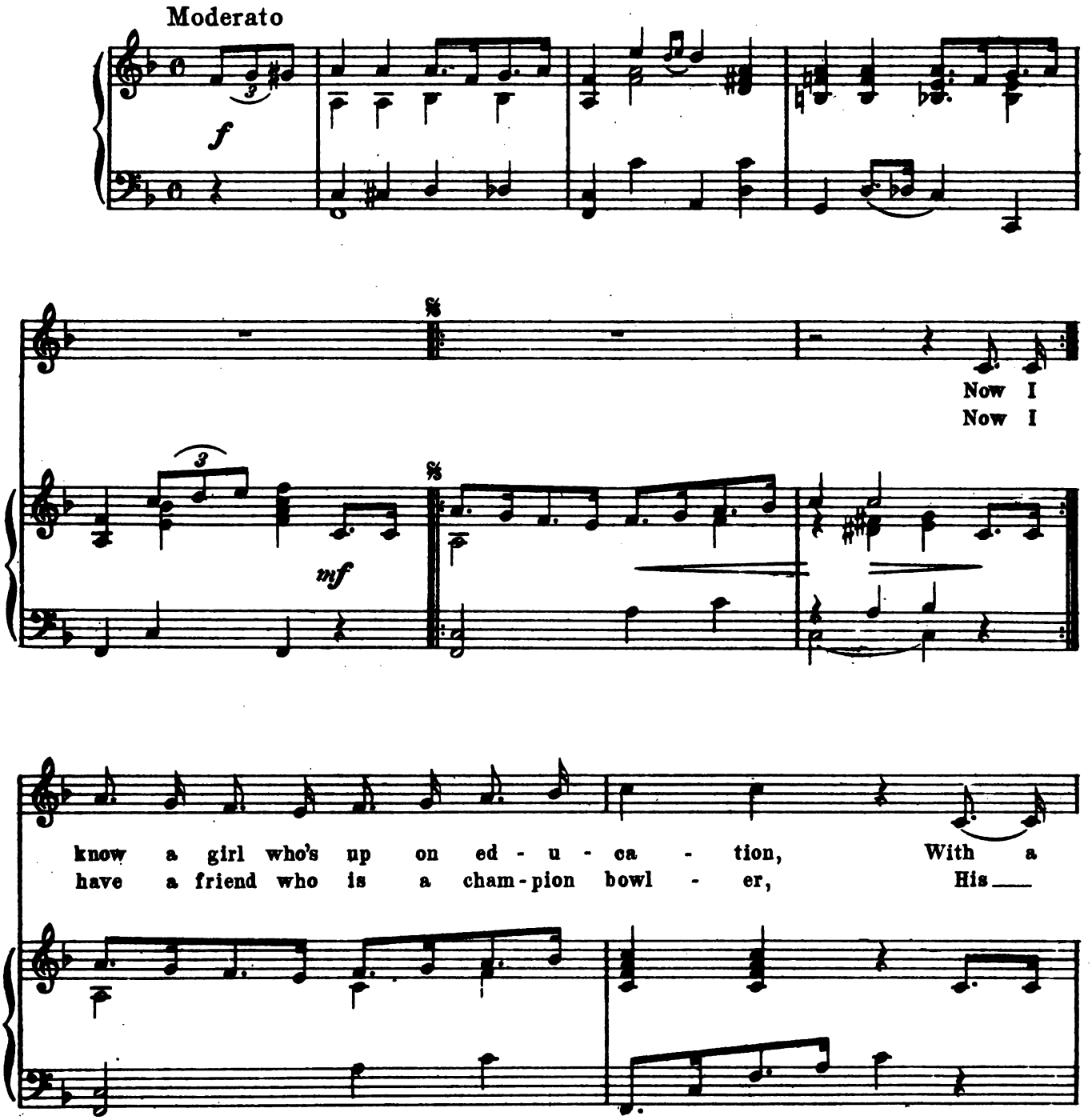

true, In sail-ing yachts ro-man-tic I have skimm'd o'er ma-ny seas, 'Neath the skies so
blue. I've spooned in co - zy cor-ners when the lights were low, And al-ways
missed my cue; It all seemed ver - y pret - ty, but I
sure - ly know, There's no love like the love in my ca - noe. Oh!

CHORUS

Out in my Old Town Ca - noe, boys,
Mil - lions of twink-ling stars a - bove,
Each lit - tle rip - ple en - chants you,
Whis-p'ring a hint of love.

No heart can long be un - yield - - - - ing,
Sweet - ly 'twill an-swer and be true.
Float on the sha - dow - y riv - - - - er, Out
1
2
in my Old Town Ca - noe.

Things They Never Say

"CONTRARIE MARY"

Lyrics by
ROBERT G. BECK

Music by
WILLIS A. DIEKEMA

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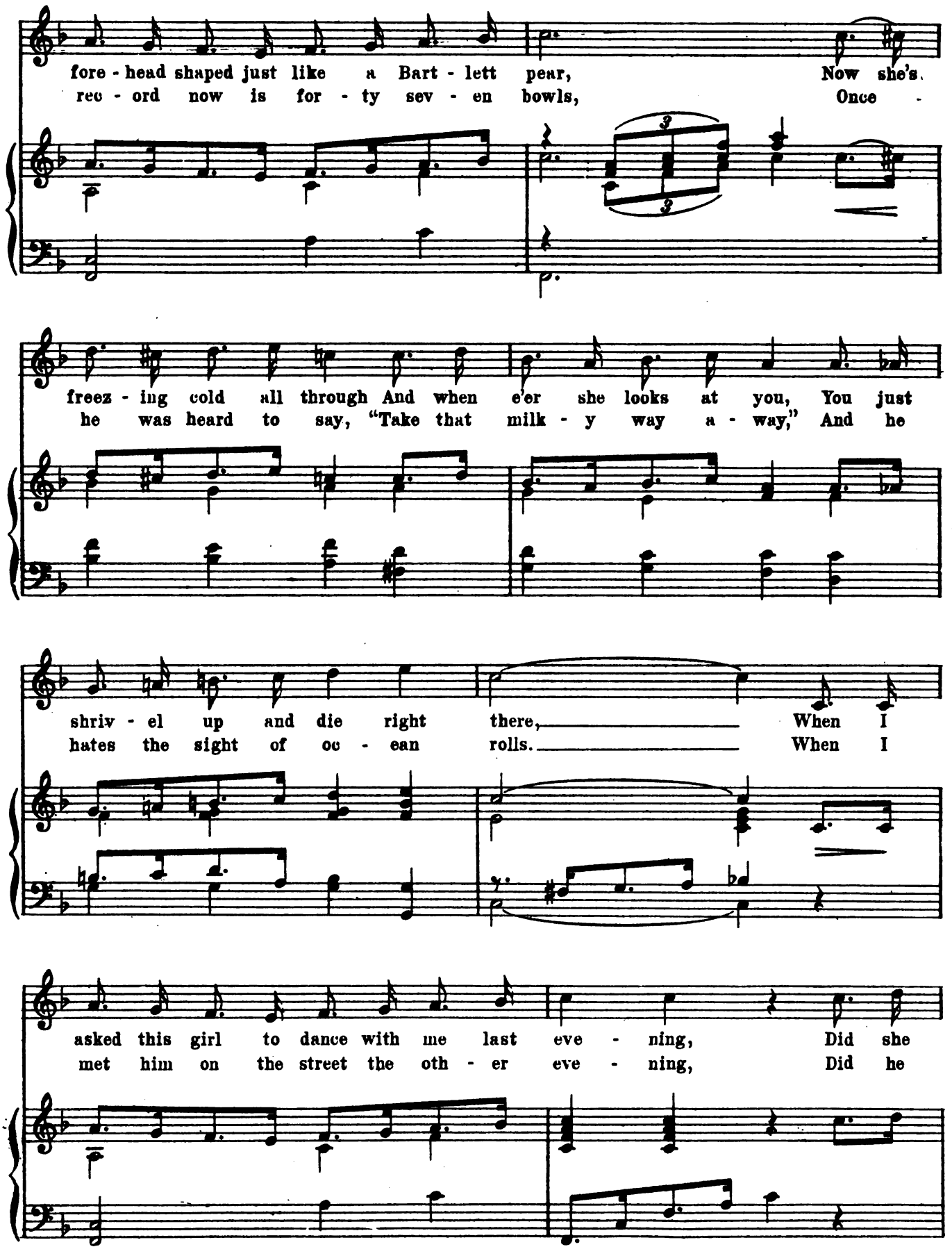
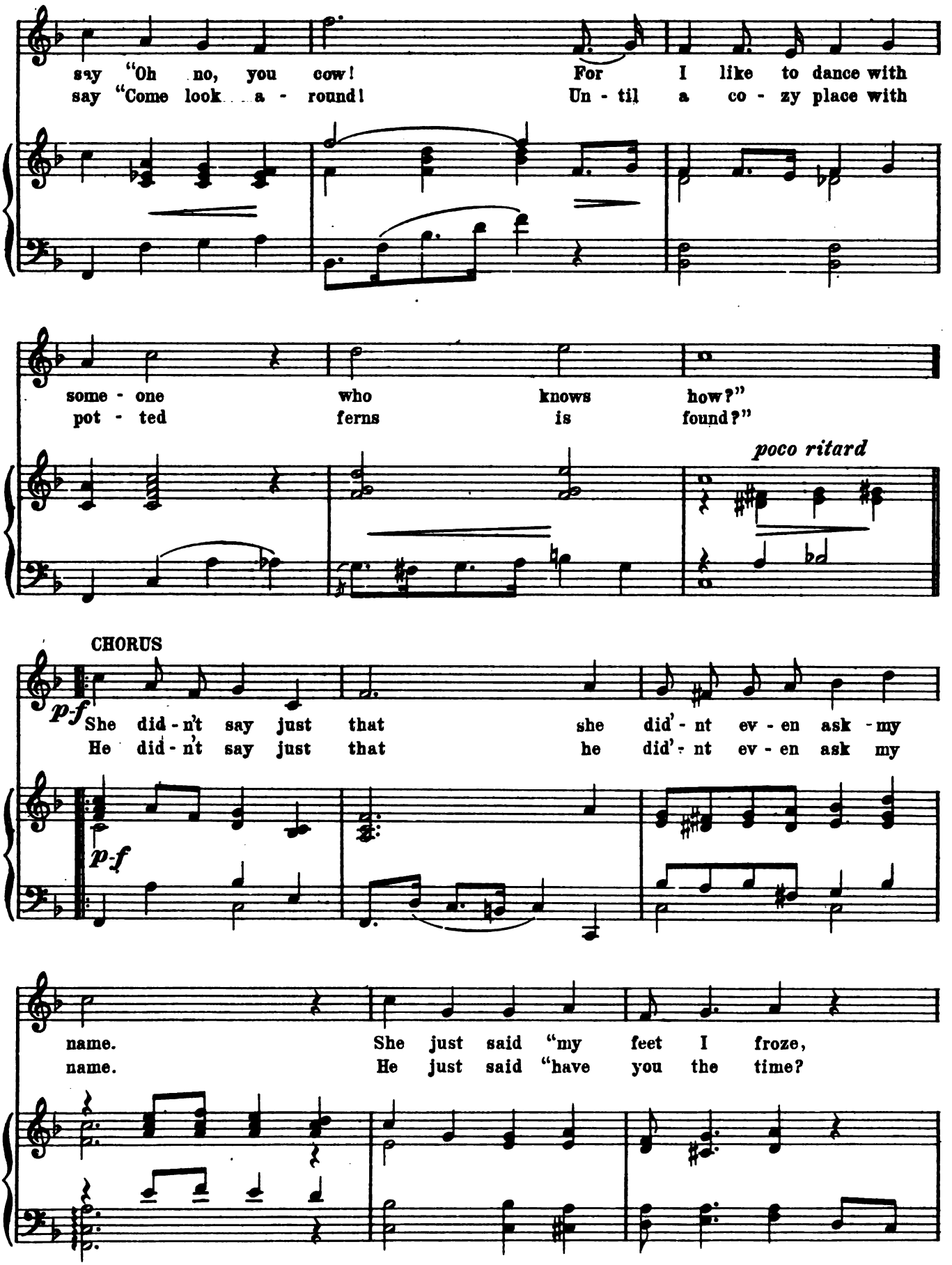
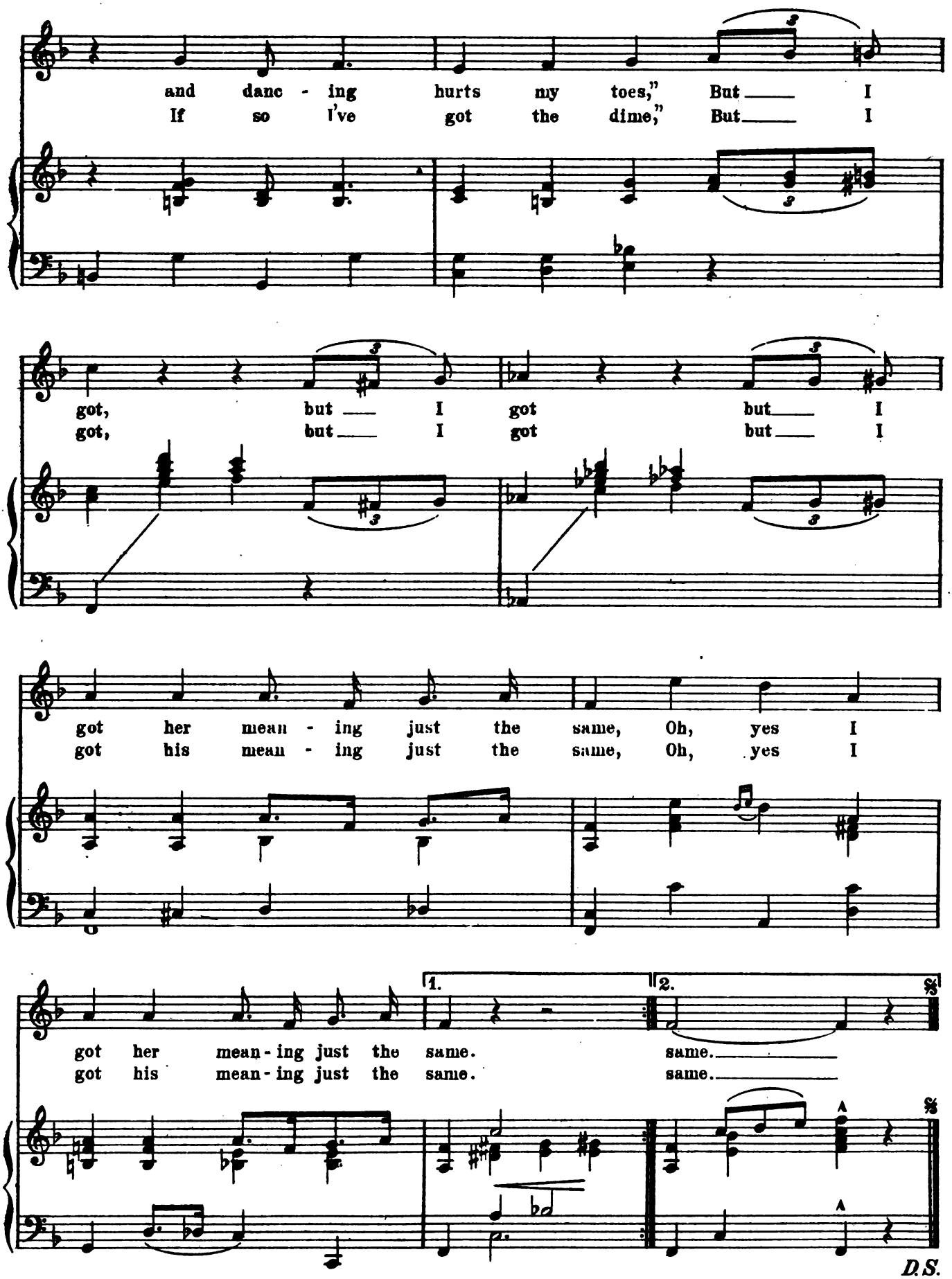

fore - head shaped just like a Bart - lett pear, Now she's
rec - ord now is for - ty sev - en bowls, Once -
freez - ing cold all through And when e'er she looks at you, You just
he was heard to say, "Take that milk - y way a - way," And he
shriv - el up and die right there, When I
hates the sight of oc - ean rolls. When I
asked this girl to dance with me last eve - ning, Did she
met him on the street the oth - er eve - ning, Did he

say "Oh no, you cow! For I like to dance with
say "Come look a - round! Un - til a co - zy place with
some - one who knows how?"
pot - ted ferns is found?"
poco ritard
CHORUS
p-f
She did - n't say just that she did' - nt ev - en ask - my
He did - n't say just that he did' - nt ev - en ask my
p-f
name. She just said "my feet I froze,
name. He just said "have you the time?

and danc - ing hurts my toes," But I
If so I've got the dime," But I
got, but I got but I
got, but I got but I
got her mean - ing just the same, Oh, yes I
got his mean - ing just the same, Oh, yes I
1.
2.
got her mean - ing just the same.
got his mean - ing just the same.
same.
same.
D.S.

Extra Verses

Now you've heard girls will criticise quite freely,
When the subject turns to other women's clothes;
They will say the meanest things
Full of cuts and stings,
And they raise the dickens, goodness knows.
Now when Annabel was talking about Clara.
Did she say "Oh look at that?
If she weighed a half pound more, she'd be fat."

CHORUS:

She didn't say just that,
She did'nt even ask her name.
She just said "Her clothes fit well,
Yes they do, they do like — —
But she got it — — —"

Now there is a Prof. upon old Winkfield's campus,
Well versed in history of days gone by.
Now he's quick and full of wit,
And when his comebacks make a hit,
There's a merry little twinkle in his eye.
When I came to class quite late the other morning,
Did he freeze me with a frown?
Did he step me as I entered and call me down?

CHORUS:

He didn't do just that.
He didn't even ask my name,
He just said: "How do you do,
Come in, sit down, I'm not quite through."
But I got his meaning just the same.

Now Brown was always bragging of his courage,
He could tell of many fights that he had won.
With his awful upper slash,
He could cut a man to hash,
And he'd look right down the muzzle of a gun.
When a burglar held him up the other evening
Did he say "Stand back, you knave?
Or your folks will soon be weeping o'er your grave."

CHORUS:

He didn't say just that.
In fact he acted rather tame.
He just said: "Kind sir, desist,
If you don't, I'll slap your wrist,"
But he lost his money just the same.

Now I fell in love with Anastasia Sweitzer,
If you could see her, you would love her too.
I proposed to her one night,
When I was feeling right,
But she made me understand I wouldn't do.
When I sank down on my knees to ask the question,
Did she say: "If father knew,
He'd raise the holy living roof with you."

CHORUS:

She didn't say just that.
She didn't seem to know my name.
She just said: "Your posture's fine,
You keep it and I'll keep mine."
But I got her meaning just the same.

Now, we used to have a dance that was just gorgeous,
And Winkfield was quite famous for her hop,
Now the ladies gowns were there,
How the Winkfield girls would glare,
And the orchestra would play until you drop.
When the faculty abolished it last winter,
Did they say, "You're much too rough?
We thought the old time grizzly was tough enough."

CHORUS:

They didn't say just that,
They didn't even ask for names,
They just said, "This may be Dutch,"
But people say it costs too much,
But we paid for the flowers just the same.

Now as you observed, I just stepped out a moment,
To see the manager behind the scenes.
Now I said: "What shall I do,
I'll leave it all to you,
Shall I sing that other verse about the deans?"
Well, he looked at me quite closely for a moment,
Did he say: "Sure, go ahead,
You might as well keep singing till you drop dead."

CHORUS:

He didn't say just that,
He said a few things I can't name.
He said: "There's a Chelsea chorus swain,
Who wants to catch the paper train."
But you got his meaning just the same.

Now when Algeron proposes to Loretta,
In the popular and fashionable way,
He rehearses it for weeks,
And before his mirror speaks,
And he knows just what he wants to say.
Yet when the evening comes when he must do it,
Does he say, "O love divine,
On bended knee I pray you to be mine?"

CHORUS:

He doesn't say just that,
He doesn't even know his name,
He just says: "mmeermum"—
And further words to the same effect, but she gets him
But she gets his meaning just the same.

Though Argentine first introduced the Tange,
The Winkfield studes were not to be outdone,
But the faculty said, "No,
This thing shall never go,
It's really too uncouth for any one."
When they gazed upon the dance in holy horror,
Did they say, "Oh, goodness me,
We never saw such a sight—honestly."

CHORUS:

They didn't say just that,
They said, "Oh, try another game;
Tiddlewinks is tough enough,
And a knitting bee is ideal stuff,
But we got your meaning just the same.

The Victors

LOUIS ELBEL

March Militaire

Now for a cheer they are here, tri - um - phant! Here they come with ban-ners fly - ing, In stal-wart step they're nigh - ing, With shouts of vic - t'ry cry - ing, We hur - rah, hur - rah, we greet you now, Hail

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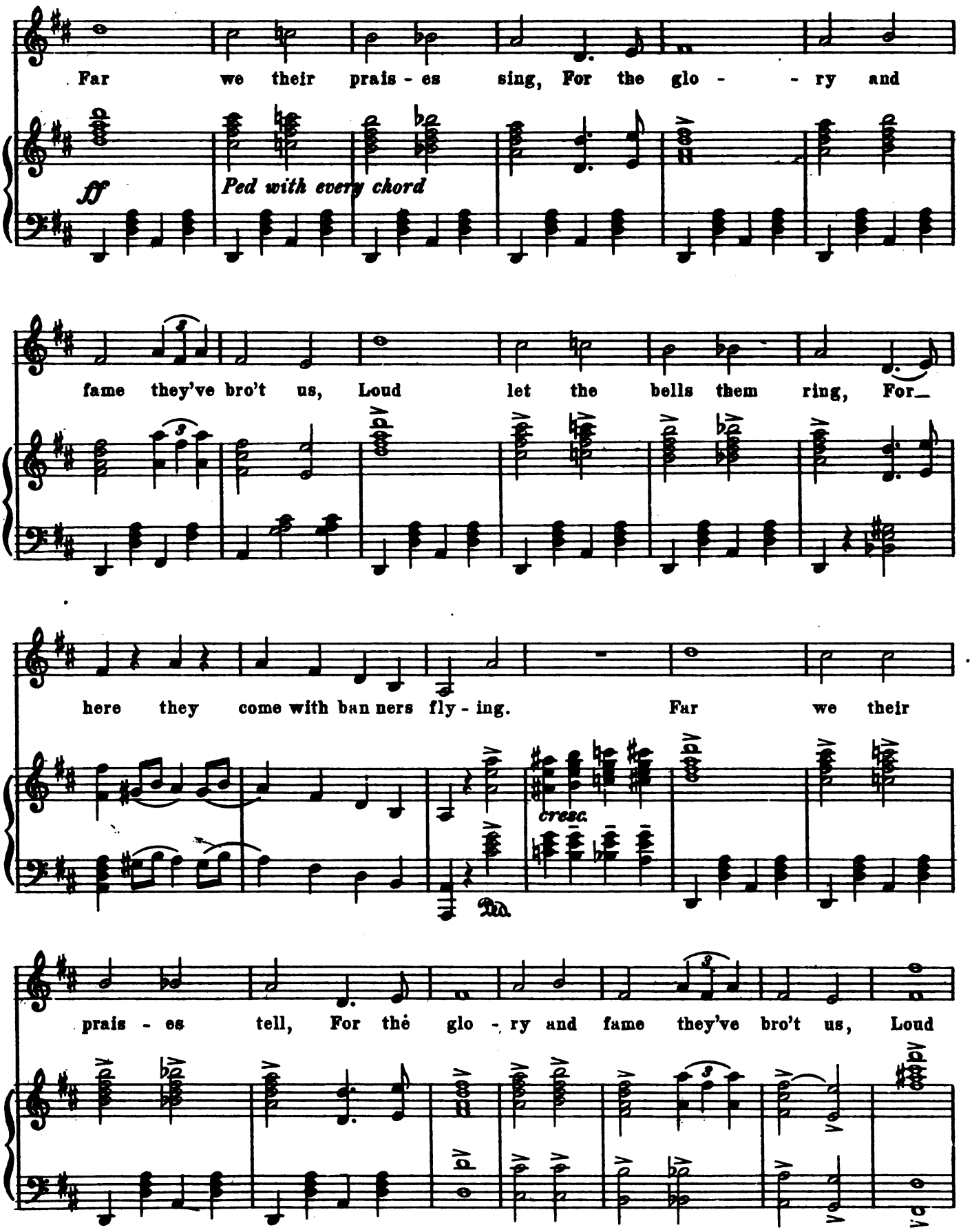
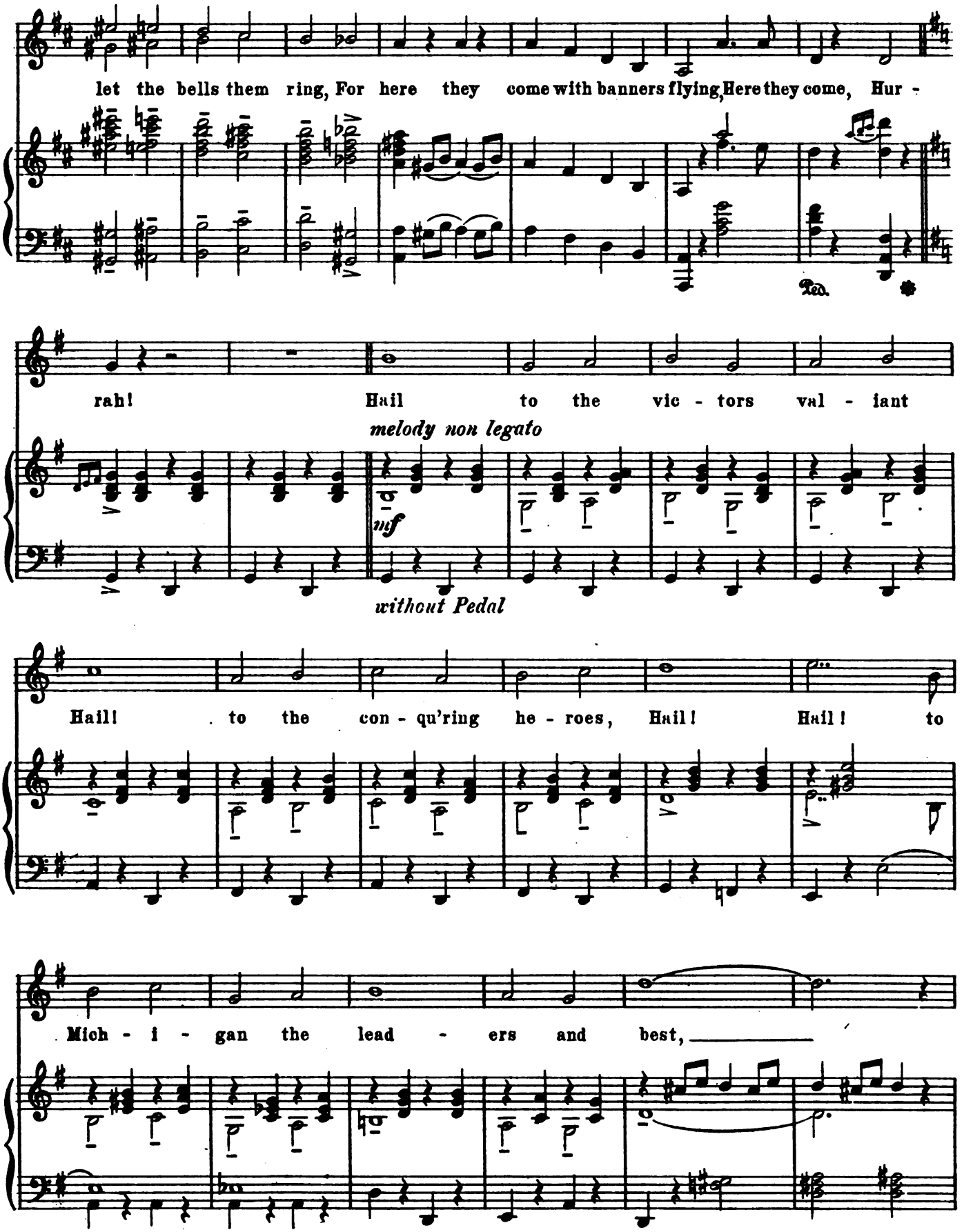
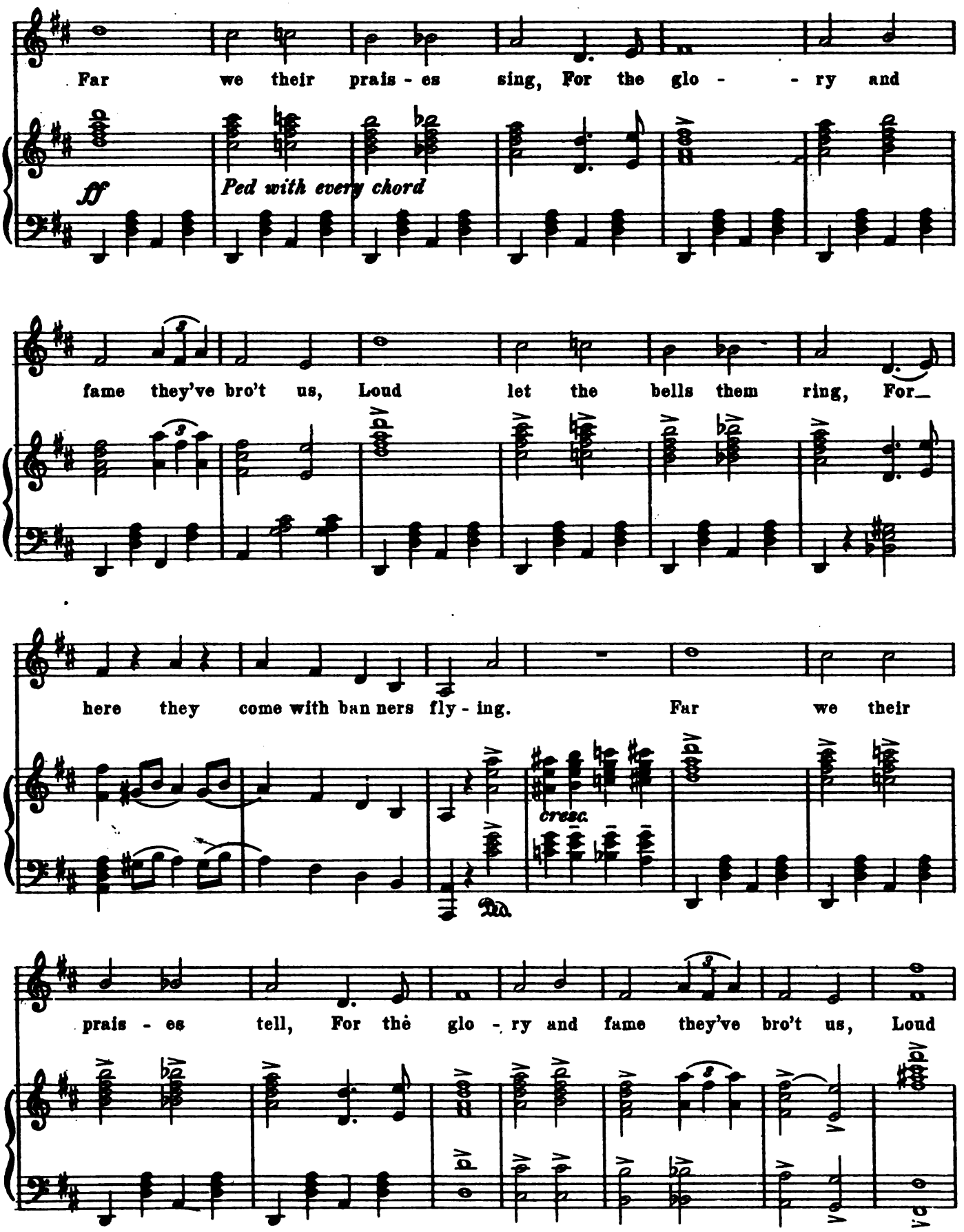
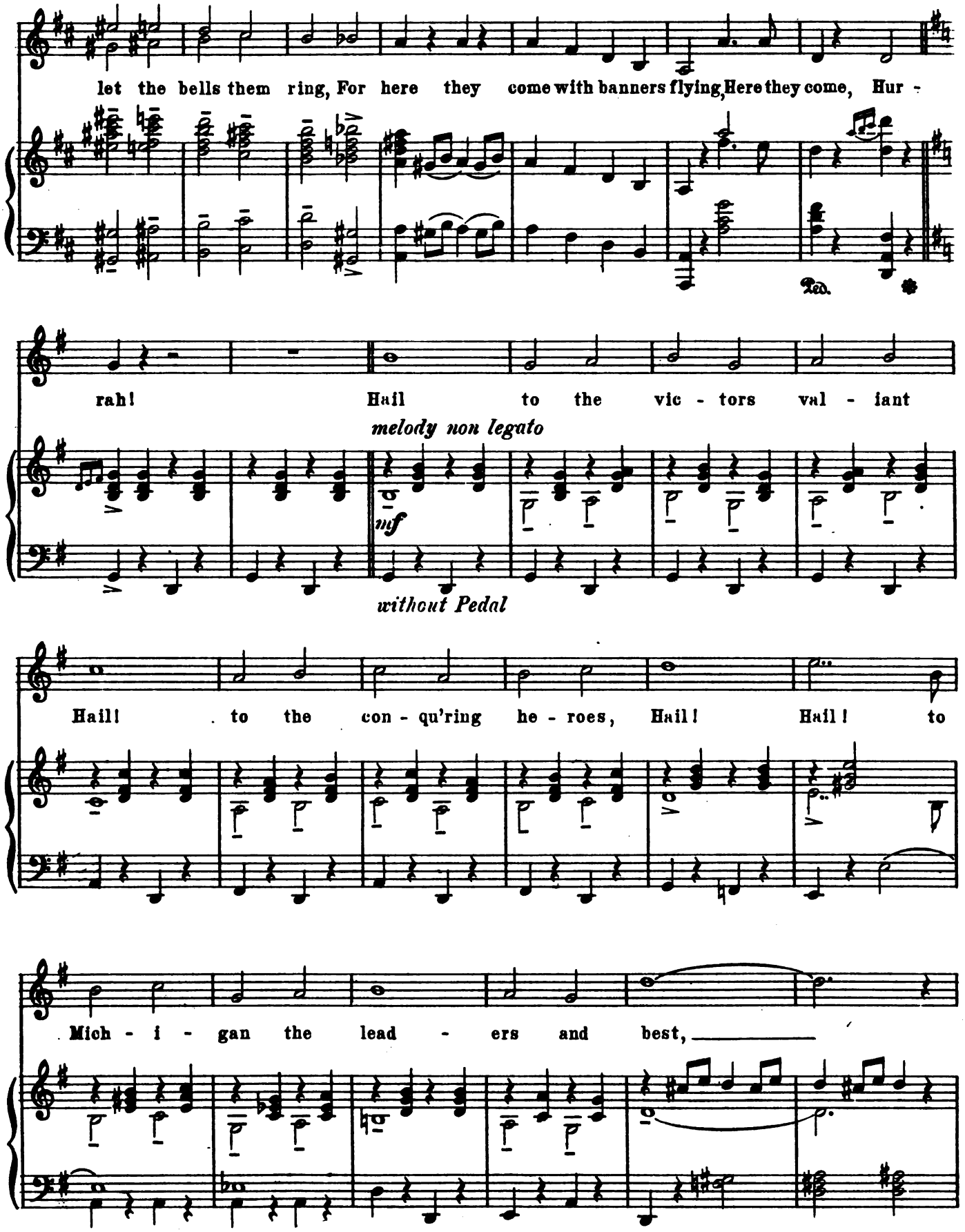
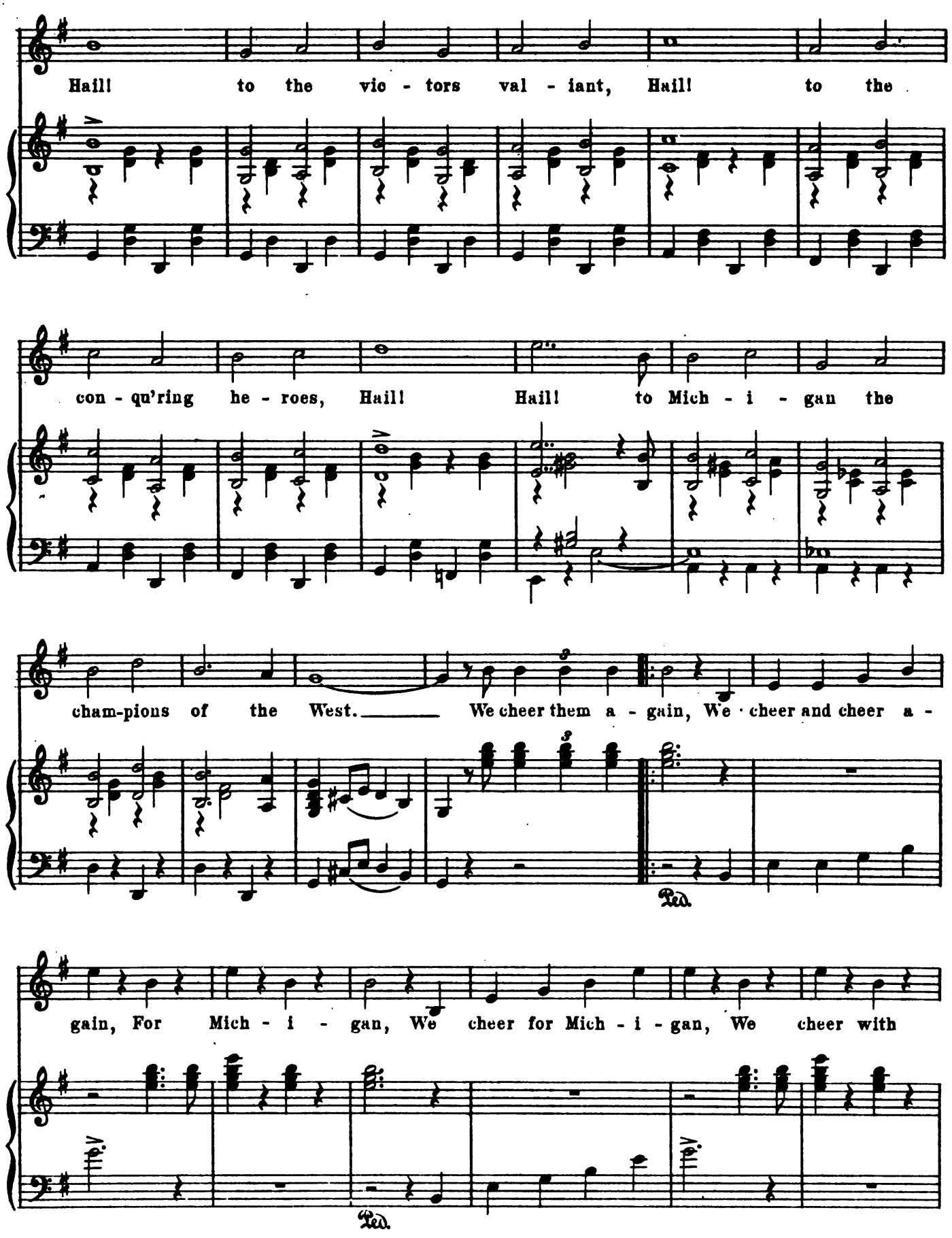
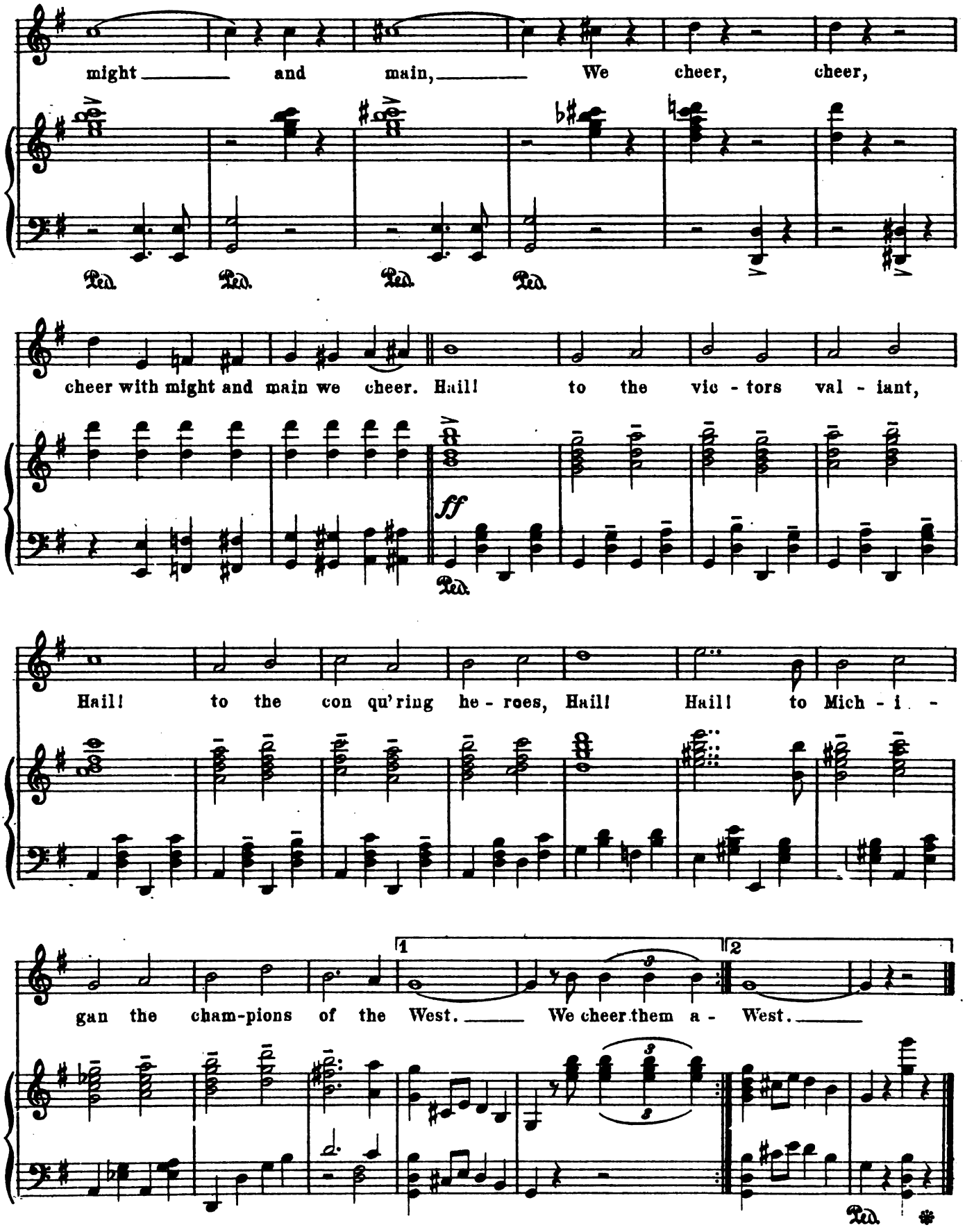
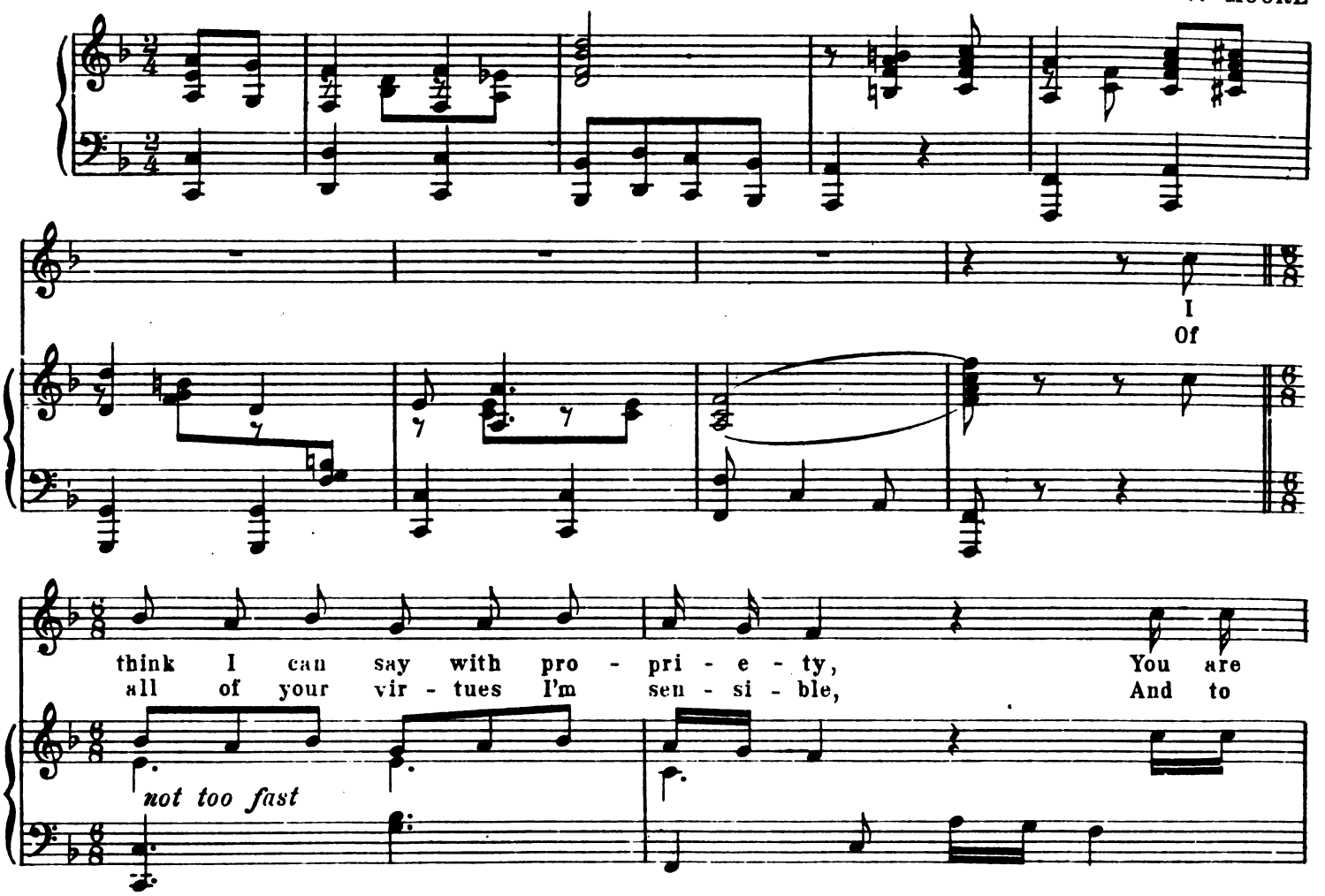

Far we their prais - es sing, For the glo - - ry and
ff
Ped with every chord
fame they've bro't us, Loud let the bells them ring, For_
here they come with ban ners fly - ing. Far we their
cresc.
Ped.
prais - es tell, For the glo - ry and fame they've bro't us, Loud

let the bells them ring, For here they come with banners flying, Here they come, Hur -
rah! Hail to the vic - tors val - iant
melody non legato
mf
without Pedal
Hail! to the con - qu'ring he - roes, Hail! Hail! to
Mich - i - gan the lead - ers and best,

Far we their prais - es sing, For the glo - - ry and
ff
Ped with every chord
fame they've bro't us, Loud let the bells them ring, For_
here they come with ban ners fly - ing. Far we their
cresc.
prais - es tell, For the glo - ry and fame they've bro't us, Loud

let the bells them ring, For here they come with banners flying, Here they come, Hur -
Ped.
rah! Hail to the vic - tors val - iant
melody non legato
mf
without Pedal
Hail! to the con - qu'ring he - roes, Hail! Hail! to
Mich - i - gan the lead - ers and best,

Hail! to the vic - tors val - iant, Hail! to the
con - qu'ring he - roes, Hail! Hail! to Mich - i - gan the
cham-pions of the West. We cheer them a - gain, We cheer and cheer a -
Ped.
gain, For Mich - i - gan, We cheer for Mich - i - gan, We cheer with
Ped.

might and main, We cheer, cheer,
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
cheer with might and main we cheer. Hail! to the vic - tors val - iant,
ff
Ped.
Hail! to the con qu'ring he - roes, Hail! Hail! to Mich - i -
1
2
gan the cham-pions of the West. We cheer them a - West.
Ped.

I Love Him Just The Same

Words by
A. L. WEEKS

Music by
E. V. MOORE

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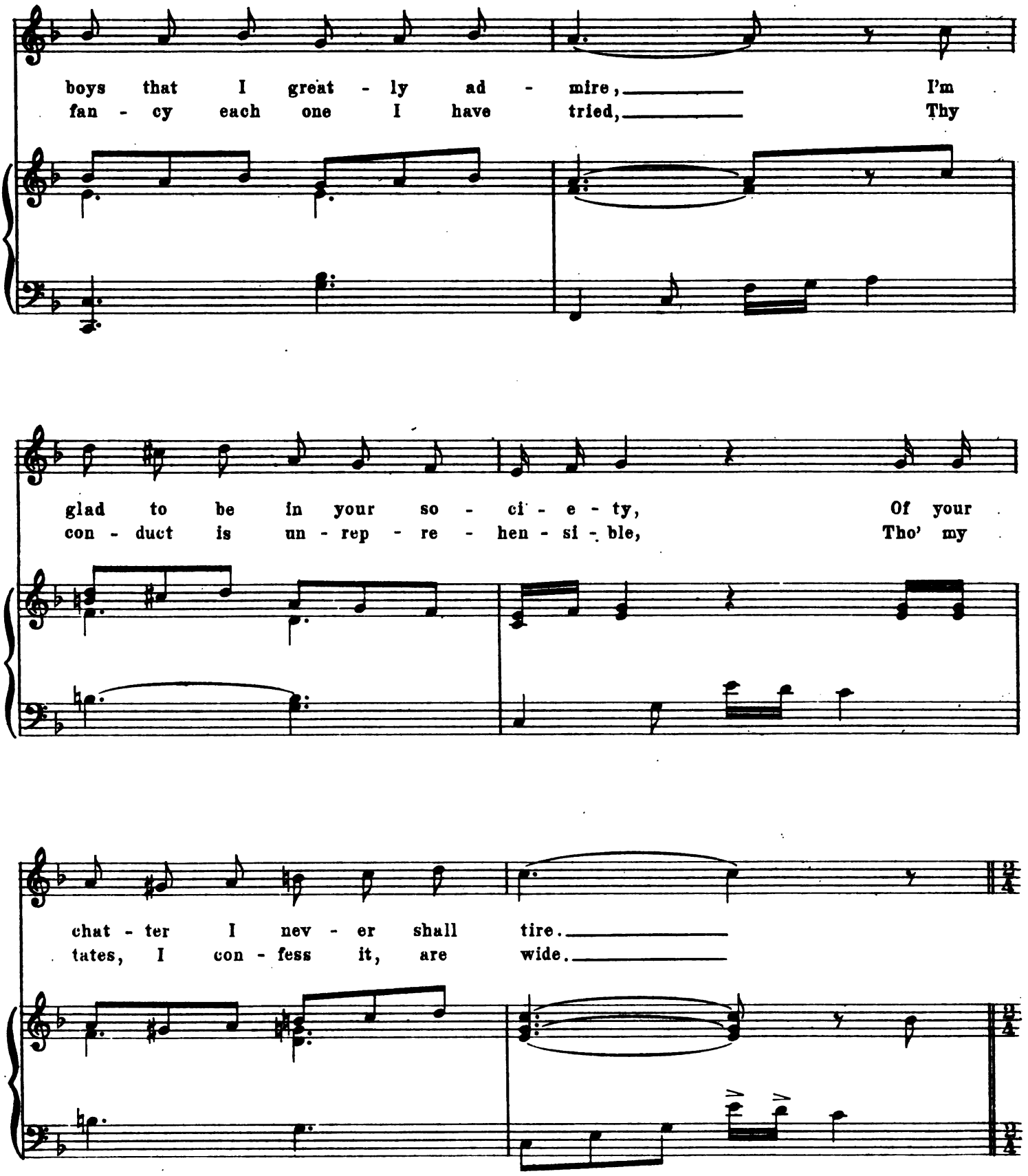
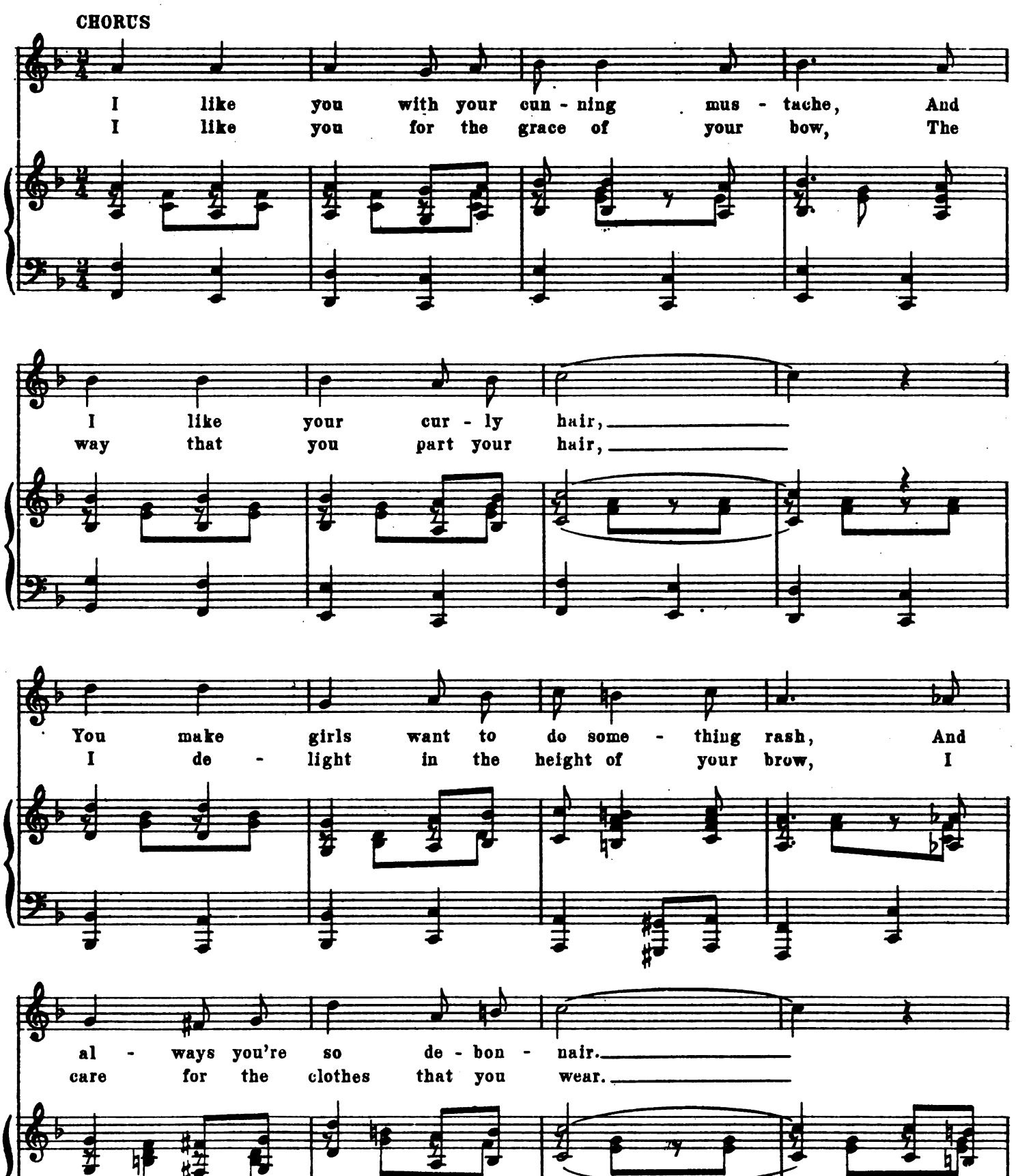
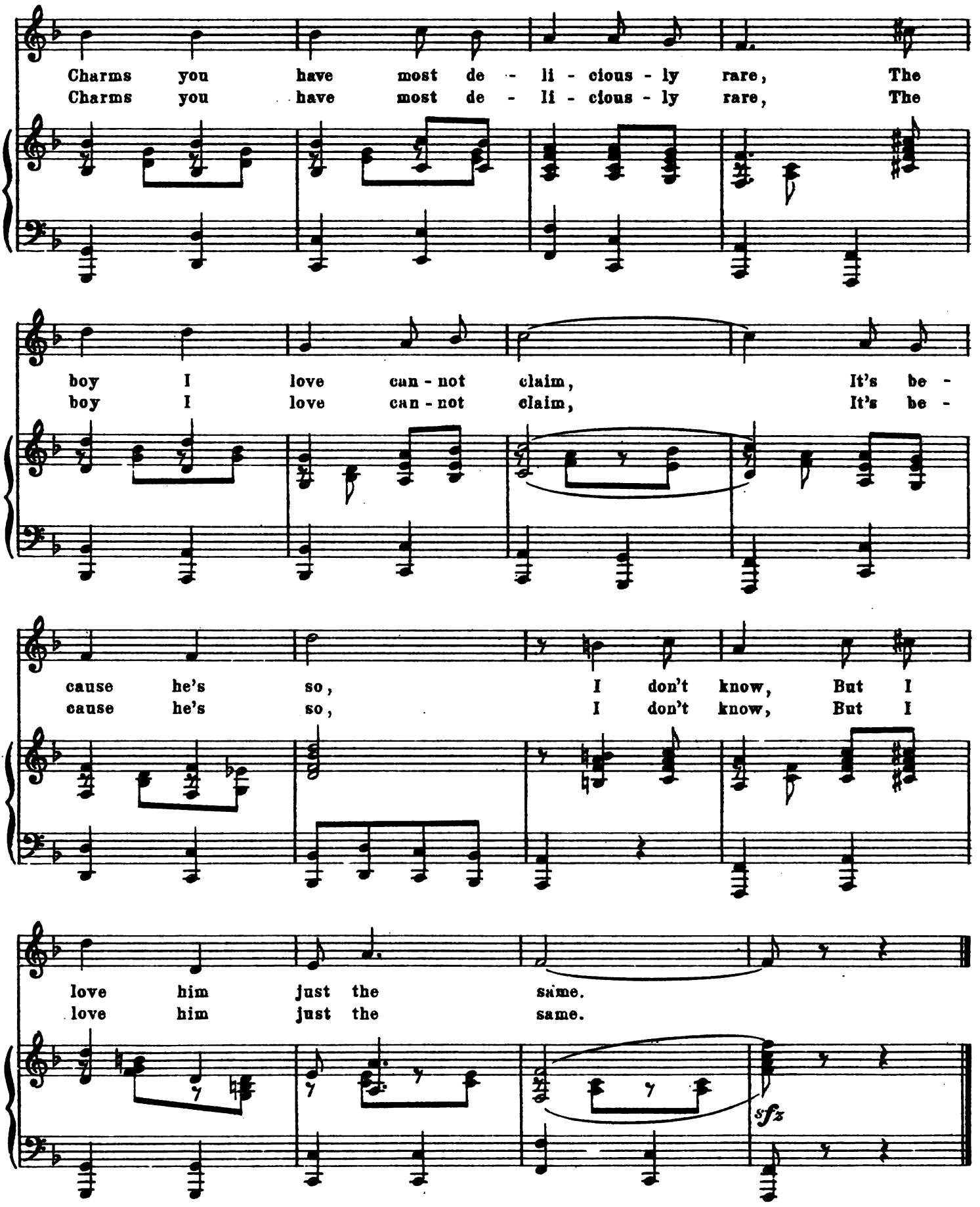
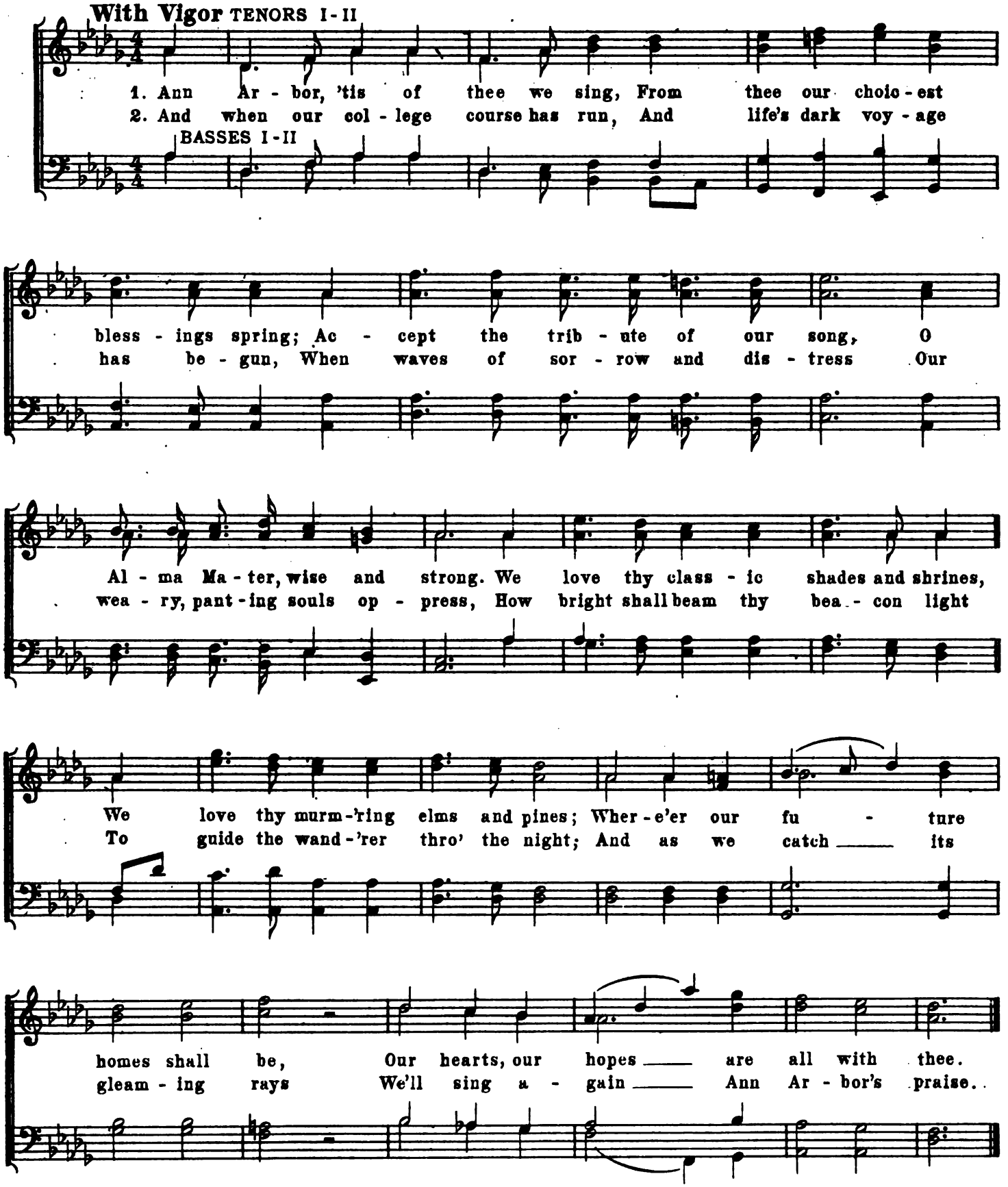

boys that I great - ly ad - mire, I'm
fan - cy each one I have tried, Thy
glad to be in your so - ci - e - ty, Of your
con - duct is un - rep - re - hen - si - ble, Tho' my
chat - ter I nev - er shall tire.
tates, I con - fess it, are wide.

CHORUS
I like you with your cun - ning mus - tache, And
I like you for the grace of your bow, The
I like your cur - ly hair,
way that you part your hair,
You make girls want to do some - thing rash, And
I de - light in the height of your brow, I
al - ways you're so de - bon - nair.
care for the clothes that you wear.

Charms you have most de - li - cious - ly rare, The
Charms you have most de - li - cious - ly rare, The
boy I love can - not claim, It's be -
boy I love can - not claim, It's be -
cause he's so, I don't know, But I
cause he's so, I don't know, But I
love him just the same.
love him just the same.
sfz

Ann Arbor

FRED N. SCOTT, '84 CARL WILHELM

With Vigor TENORS I-II
1. Ann Ar - bor, 'tis of thee we sing, From thee our choic - est
2. And when our col - lege course has run, And life's dark voy - age
BASSES I-II
bless - ings spring; Ac - cept the trib - ute of our song, O
has be - gun, When waves of sor - row and dis - tress Our
Al - ma Ma - ter, wise and strong. We love thy class - ic shades and shrines,
wea - ry, pant - ing souls op - press, How bright shall beam thy bea - con light
We love thy murm - 'ring elms and pines; Wher - e'er our fu - ture
To guide the wand - 'rer thro' the night; And as we catch its
homes shall be, Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee.
gleam - ing rays We'll sing a - gain Ann Ar - bor's praise.

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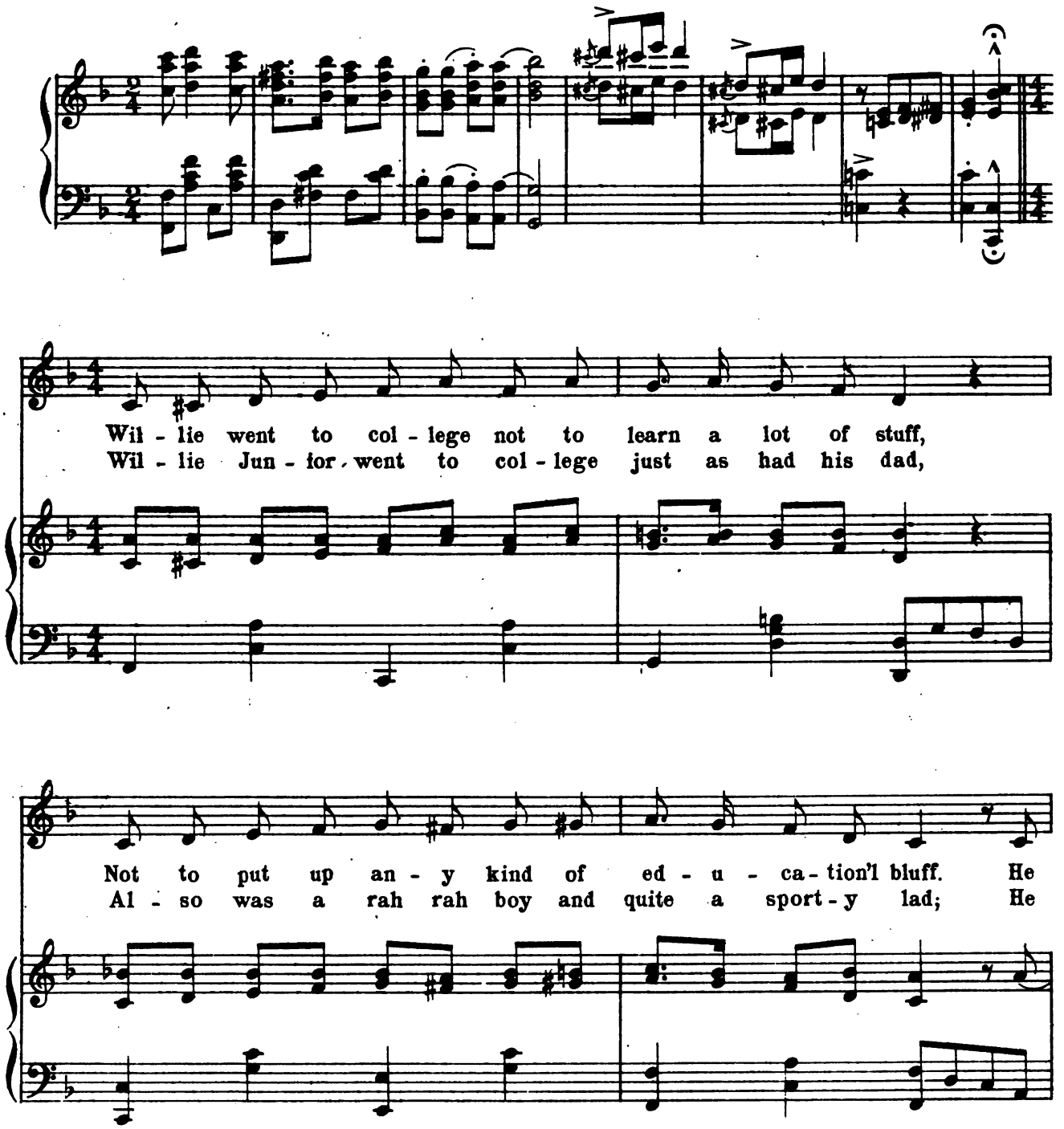
I Want To Be A Foot Ball Man

"CULTURE"

DONALD A. KAHN

EARL V. MOORE

Wil - lie went to col - lege not to learn a lot of stuff,
Wil - lie Jun - ior went to col - lege just as had his dad,
Not to put up an - y kind of ed - u - ca - tion'l bluff. He
Al - so was a rah rah boy and quite a sport - y lad; He

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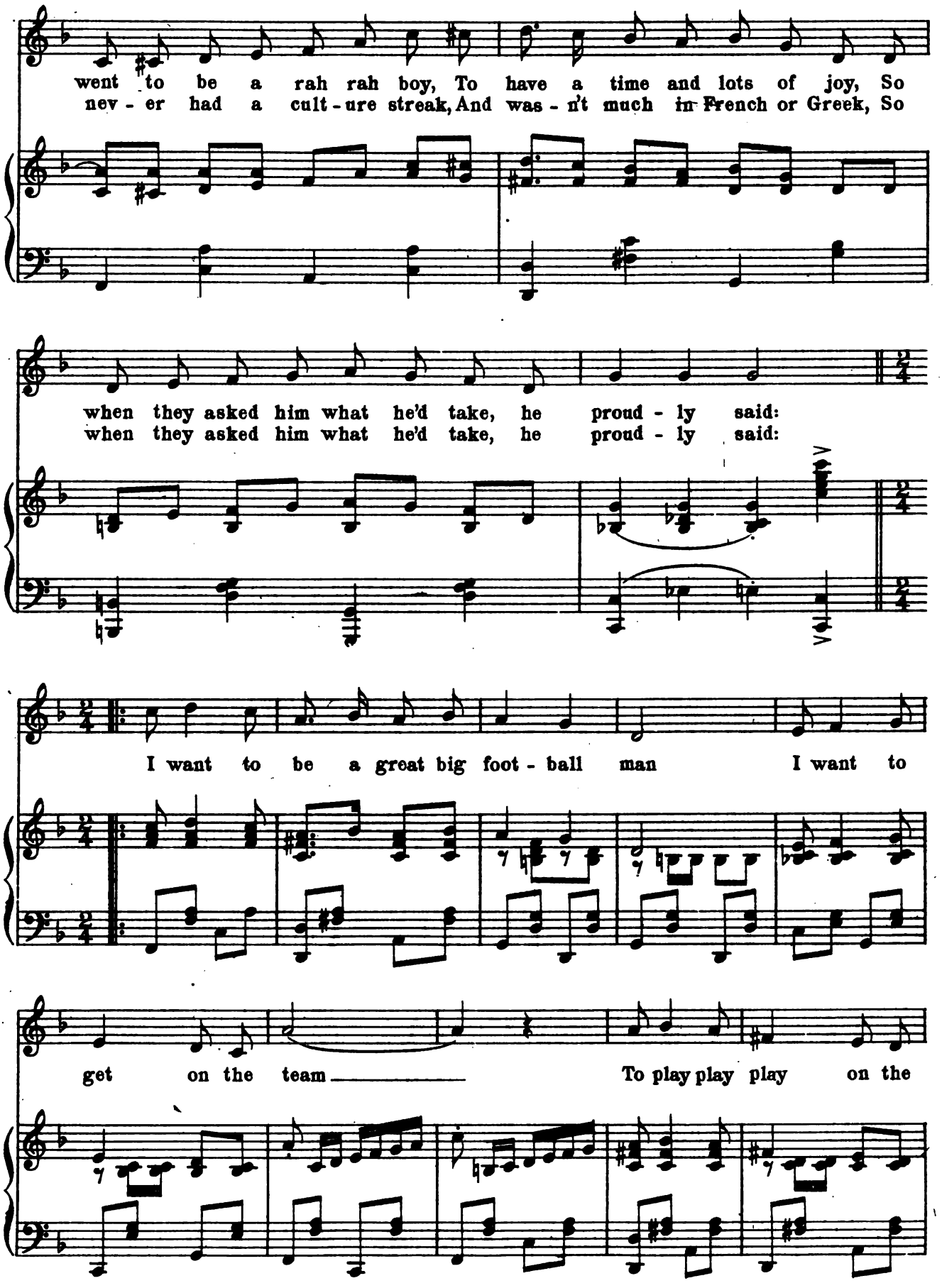
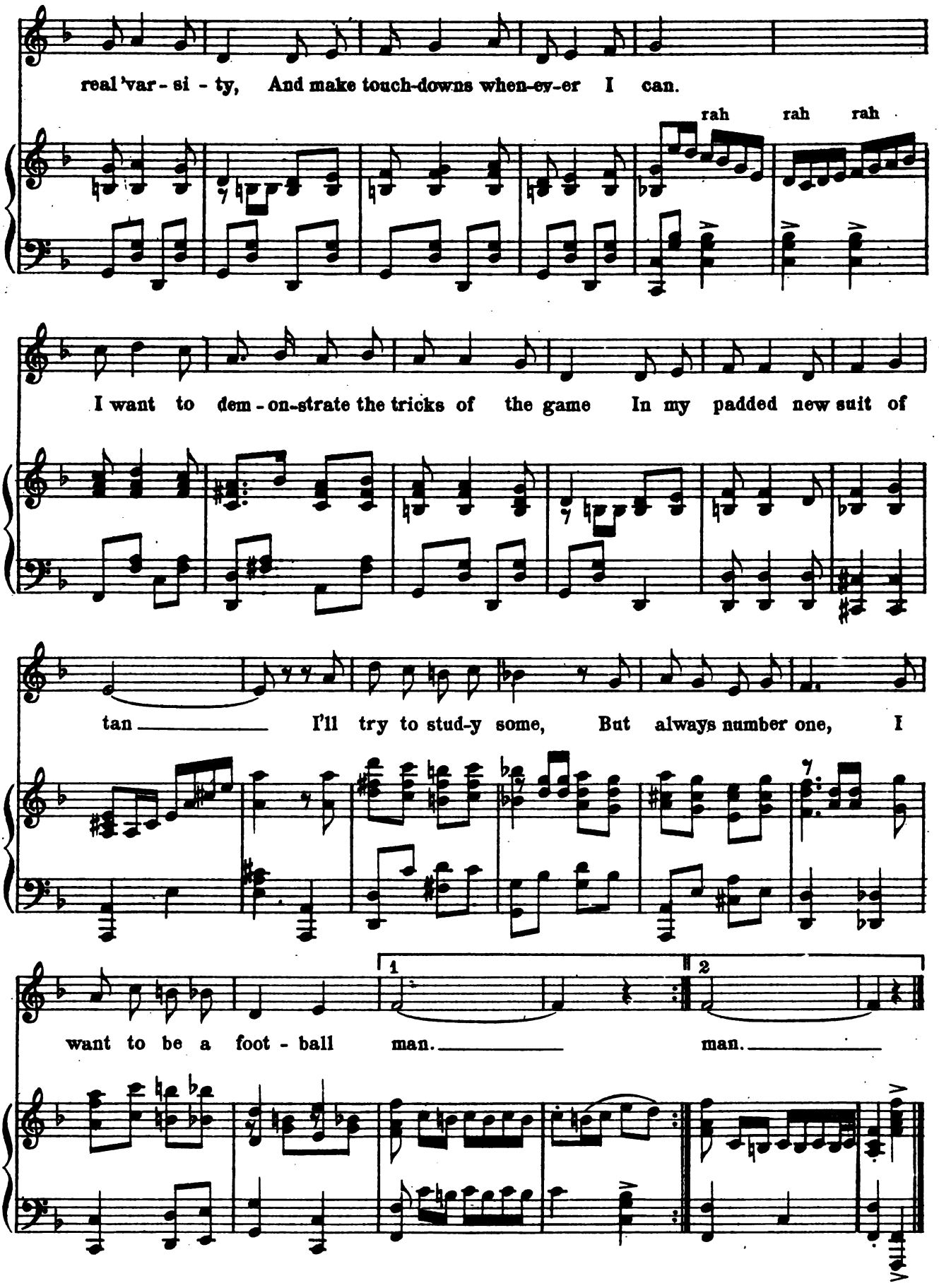
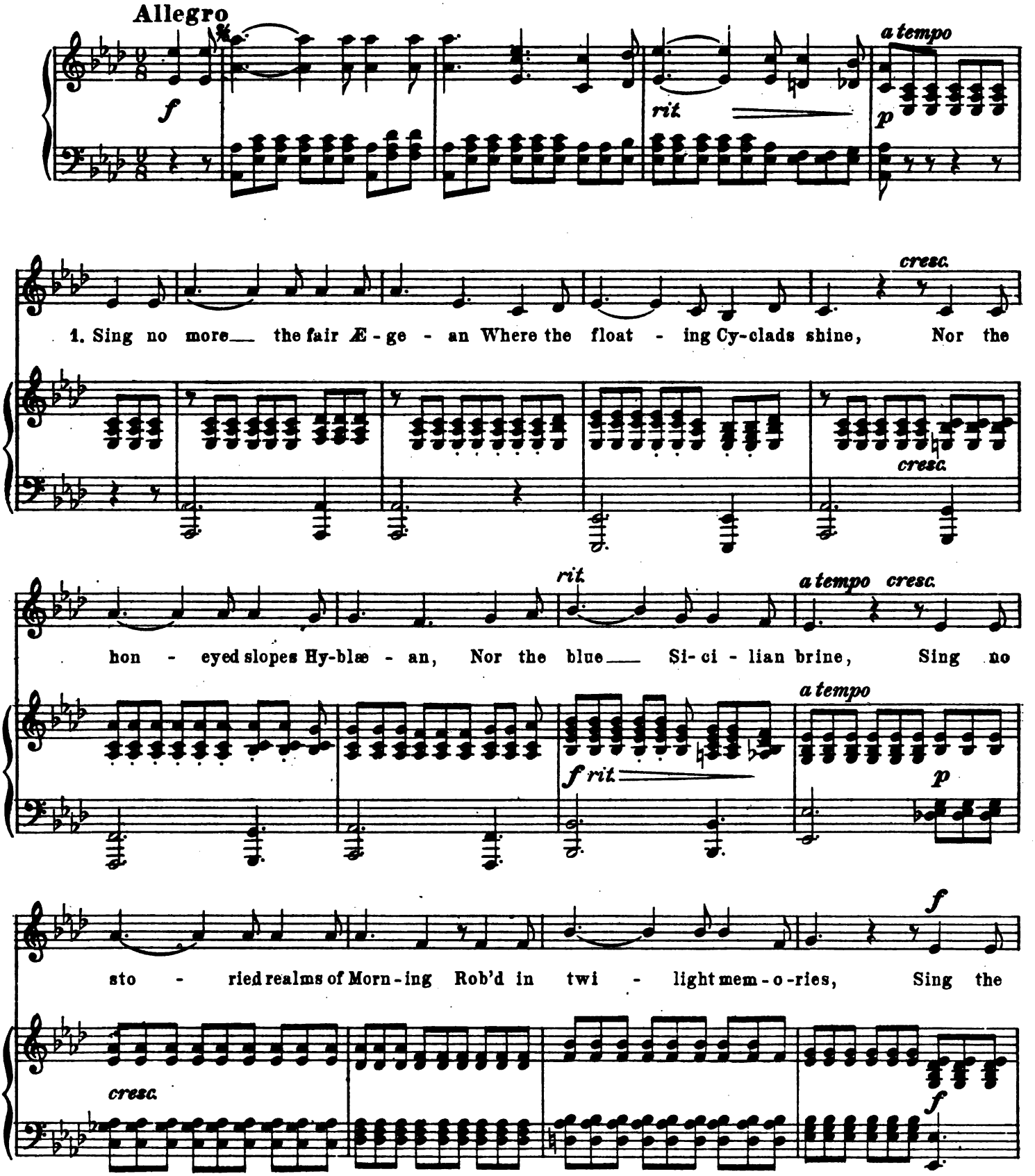

went to be a rah rah boy, To have a time and lots of joy, So
nev - er had a cult - ure streak, And was - n't much in French or Greek, So
when they asked him what he'd take, he proud - ly said:
when they asked him what he'd take, he proud - ly said:
I want to be a great big foot - ball man I want to
get on the team To play play play on the

real 'var - si - ty, And make touch-downs when-ev-er I can.
rah rah rah
I want to dem - on-strate the tricks of the game In my padded new suit of
tan I'll try to stud-y some, But always number one, I
1
2
want to be a foot - ball man. man.

Goddess Of The Inland Seas

CHARLES M. GAYLEY, '78 JOH. PETERS

Allegro
f
rit.
a tempo
p
cresc.
1. Sing no more the fair Æ - ge - an Where the float - ing Cy-clads shine, Nor the
cresc.
rit.
a tempo cresc.
hon - eyed slopes Hy-blæ - an, Nor the blue Si- ci - lian brine, Sing no
a tempo
f rit.
p
f
sto - ried realms of Morn - ing Rob'd in twi - light mem - o - ries, Sing the
cresc.
f

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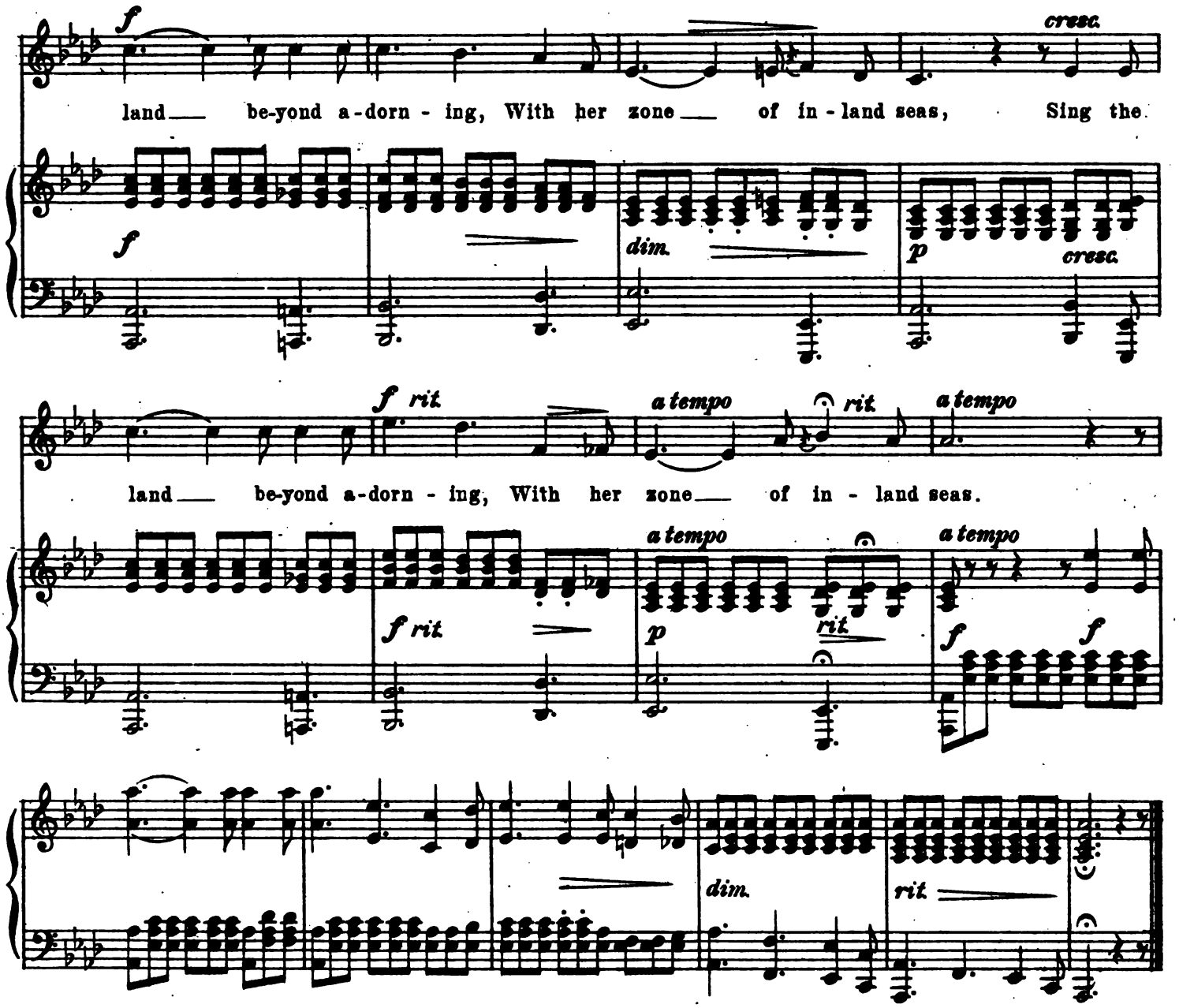

2. Here the gods of Hellas wandered,
When they left their hills and brooks,
Here a Pan has piped and pondered;
Here the Nymphs have filled the nooks;
Here the Satyrs, without warning,
Creep upon the Naiades;
Here the golden god of morning
Rises from the inland seas.

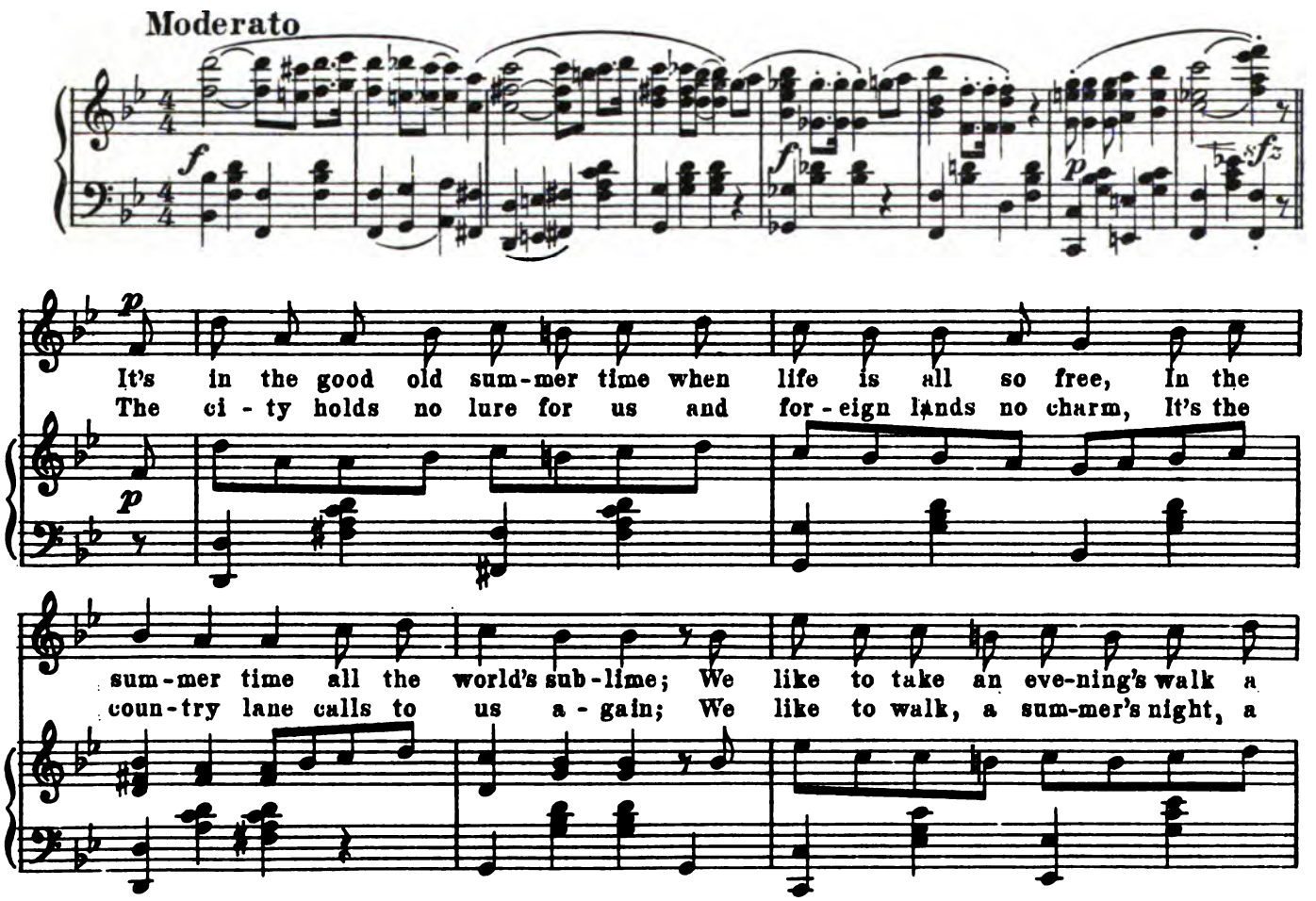
3. Now the eyes that are anointed
See the blossom-tide of spring;
Ours the blissful age appointed,
Ours the clime the poets sing.
Hark, O Maid of Western Morning,—
Wave and woodland, brook and breeze,
Hail thee, Queen, beyond adorning,
Girdled with thy inland seas!

4. Lo, the sacred fires of knowledge
In thy temple are enshrined,—
Through the cloisters of thy college
Choruses eternal wind!
And all other incense scorning,
Michigan, they bring thee these
Hearts of ours, and songs of morning,
Goddess of the inland seas.

Strolling on the Boulevard

"KOANZALAND"

DONALD A. KAHN — EARL V. MCORE

Moderato

It's in the good old sum-mer time when life is all so free, In the
The ci - ty holds no lure for us and for - eign lands no charm, It's the
sum-mer time all the world's sub-lime; We like to take an eve-ning's walk a
coun-try lane calls to us a - gain; We like to walk, a sum-mer's night, a

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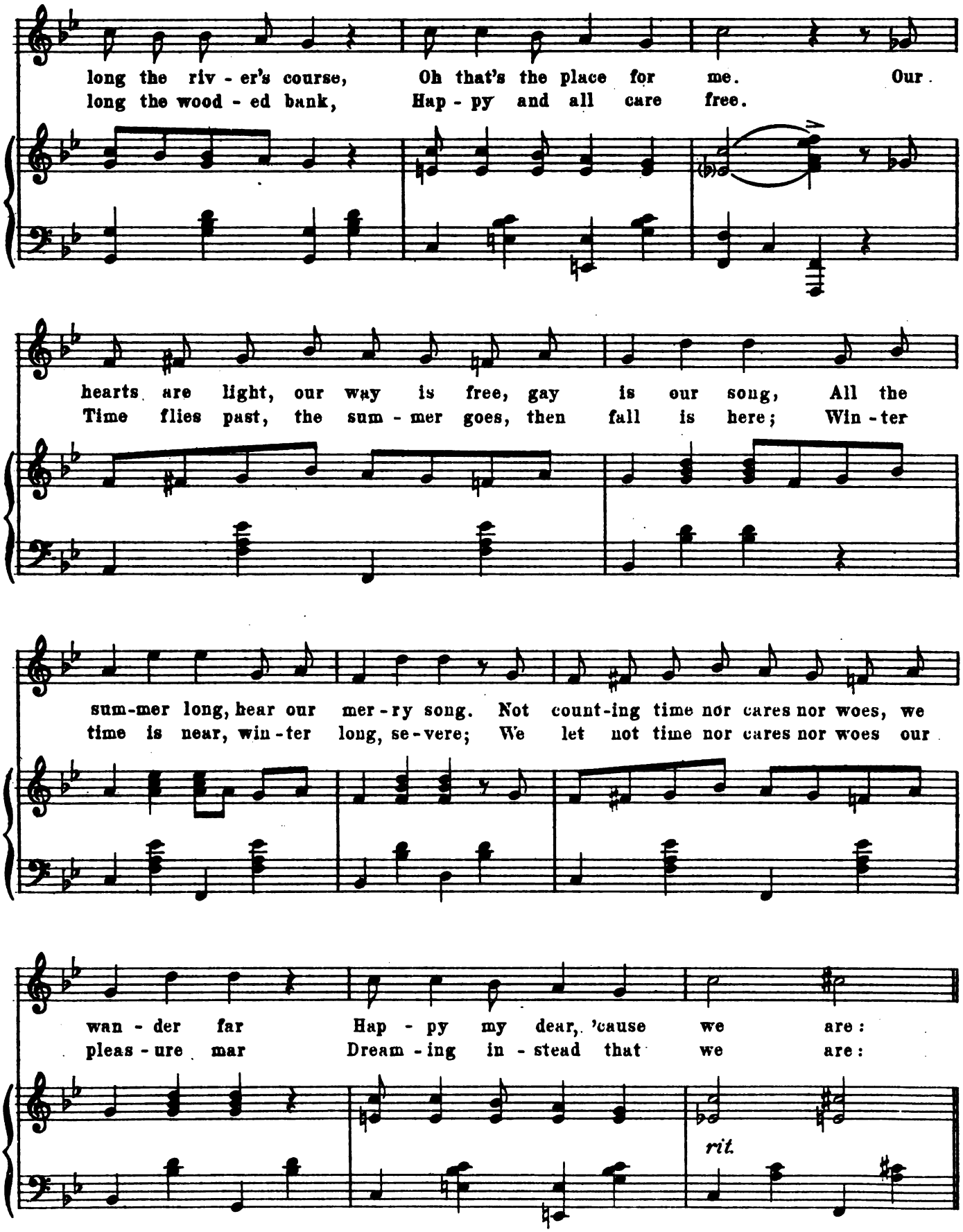
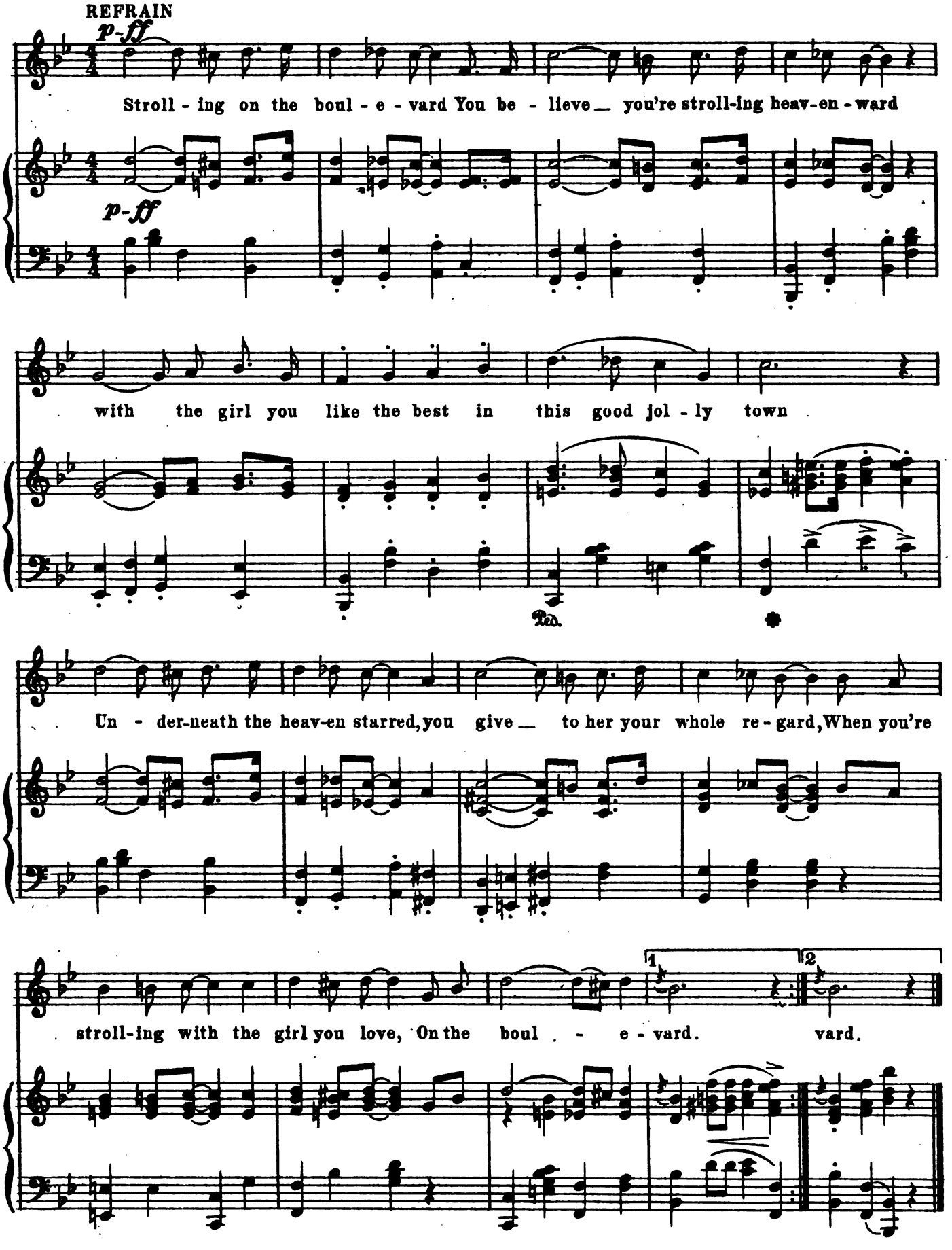
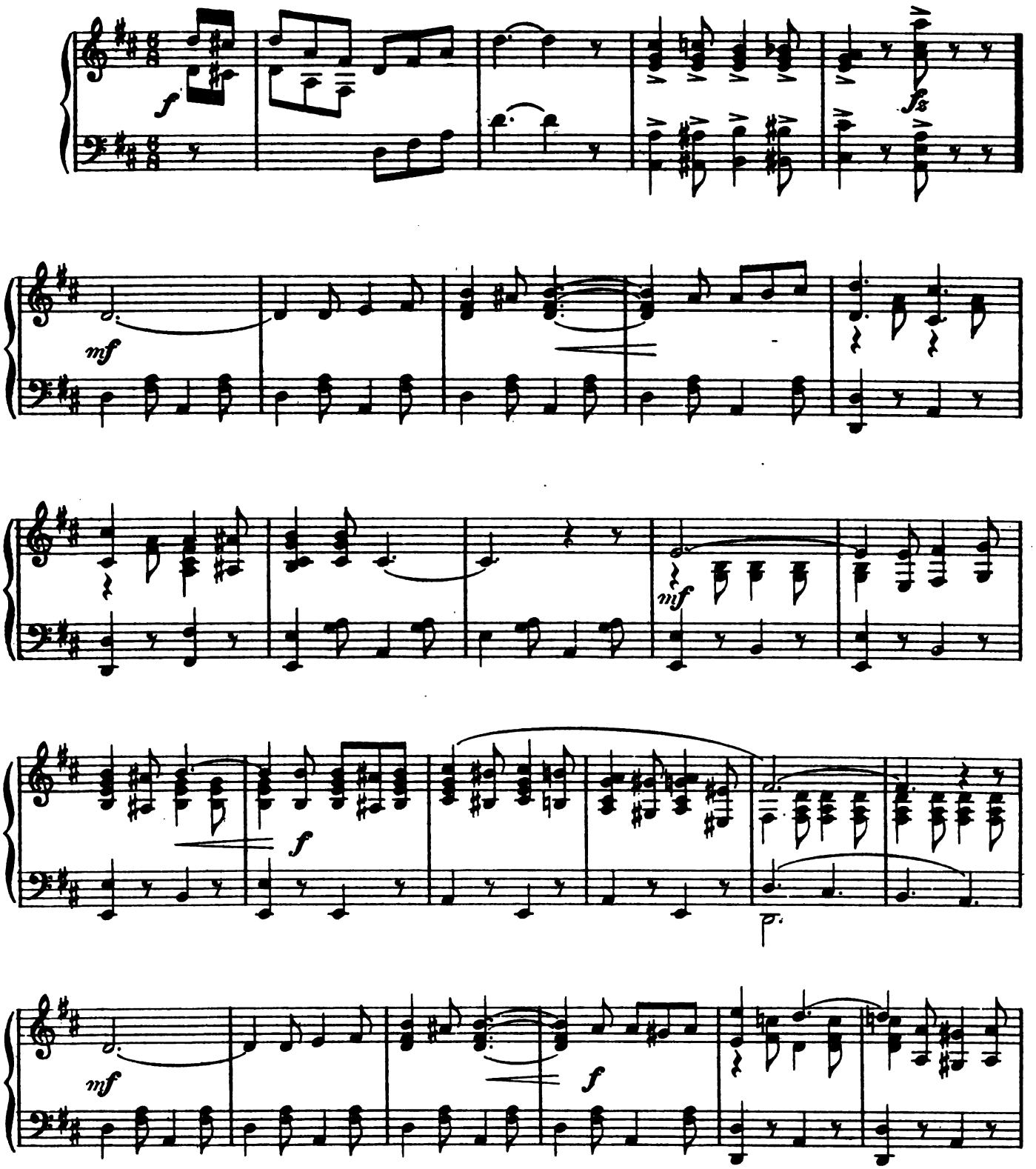

long the riv - er's course, Oh that's the place for me. Our
long the wood - ed bank, Hap - py and all care free.
hearts are light, our way is free, gay is our song, All the
Time flies past, the sum - mer goes, then fall is here; Win - ter
sum-mer long, hear our mer - ry song. Not count-ing time nor cares nor woes, we
time is near, win - ter long, se - vere; We let not time nor cares nor woes our
wan - der far Hap - py my dear, 'cause we are:
pleas - ure mar Dream - ing in - stead that we are:
rit.

REFRAIN
p-fff
Stroll - ing on the boul - e - vard You be - lieve_ you're stroll-ing heav-en - ward
p-fff
with the girl you like the best in this good jol - ly town
Ped.
Un - der-neath the heav-en starred, you give_ to her your whole re - gard, When you're
1
2
stroll-ing with the girl you love, On the boul - e - vard. vard.

Fight Men of Michigan

MARCH AND TWO STEP

Words and Music by
WILLIAM C. ACHI JR. 14-17 L

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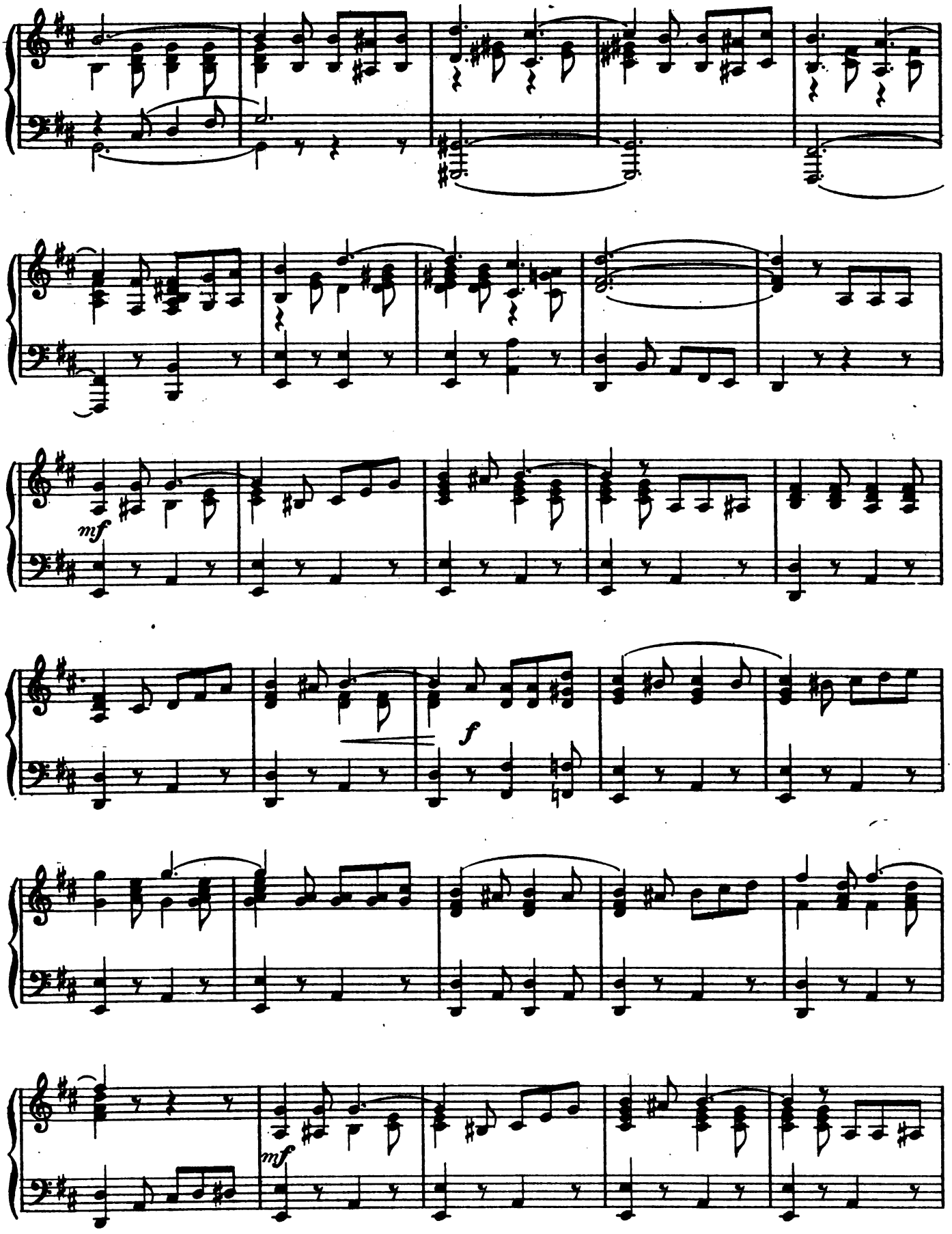
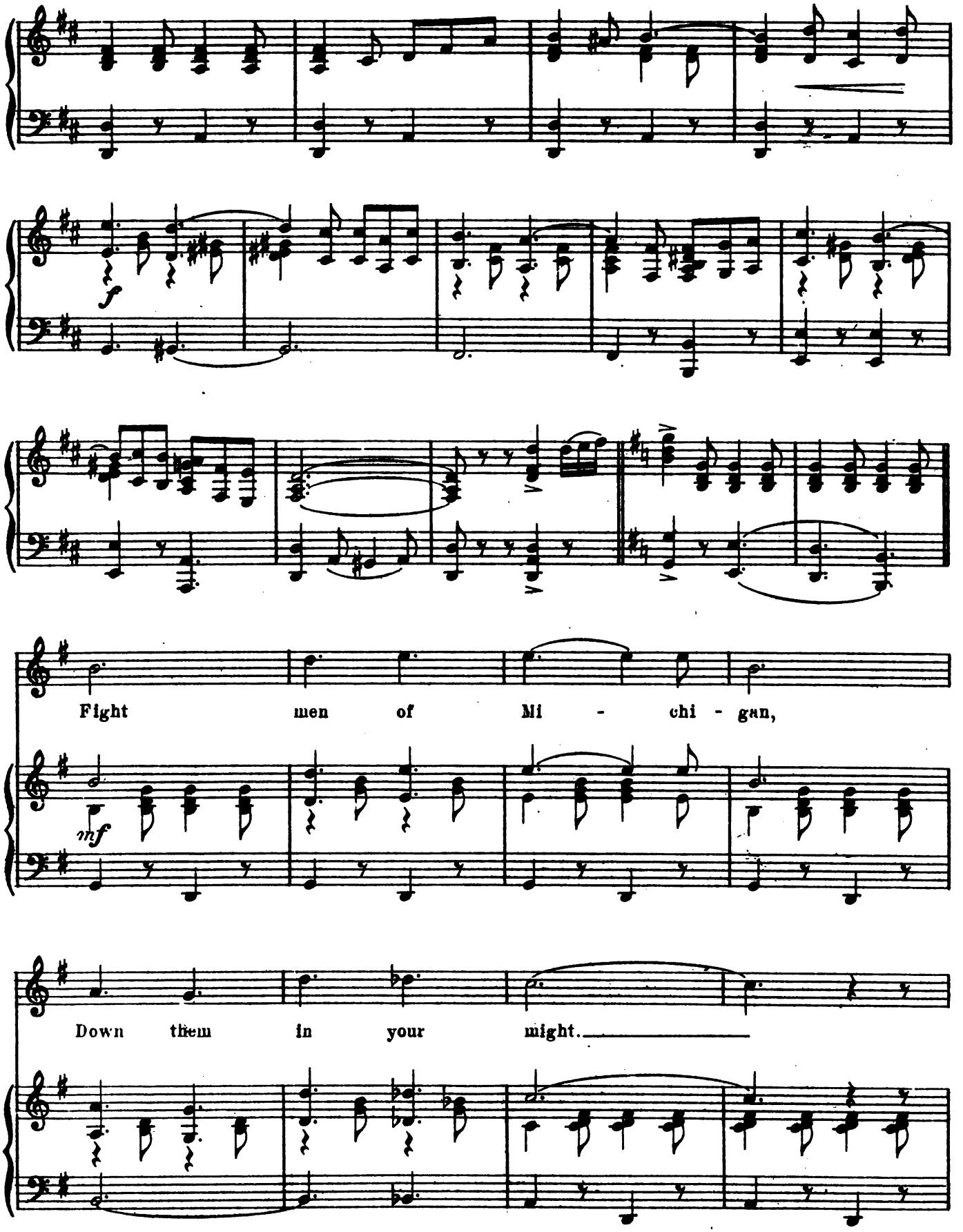
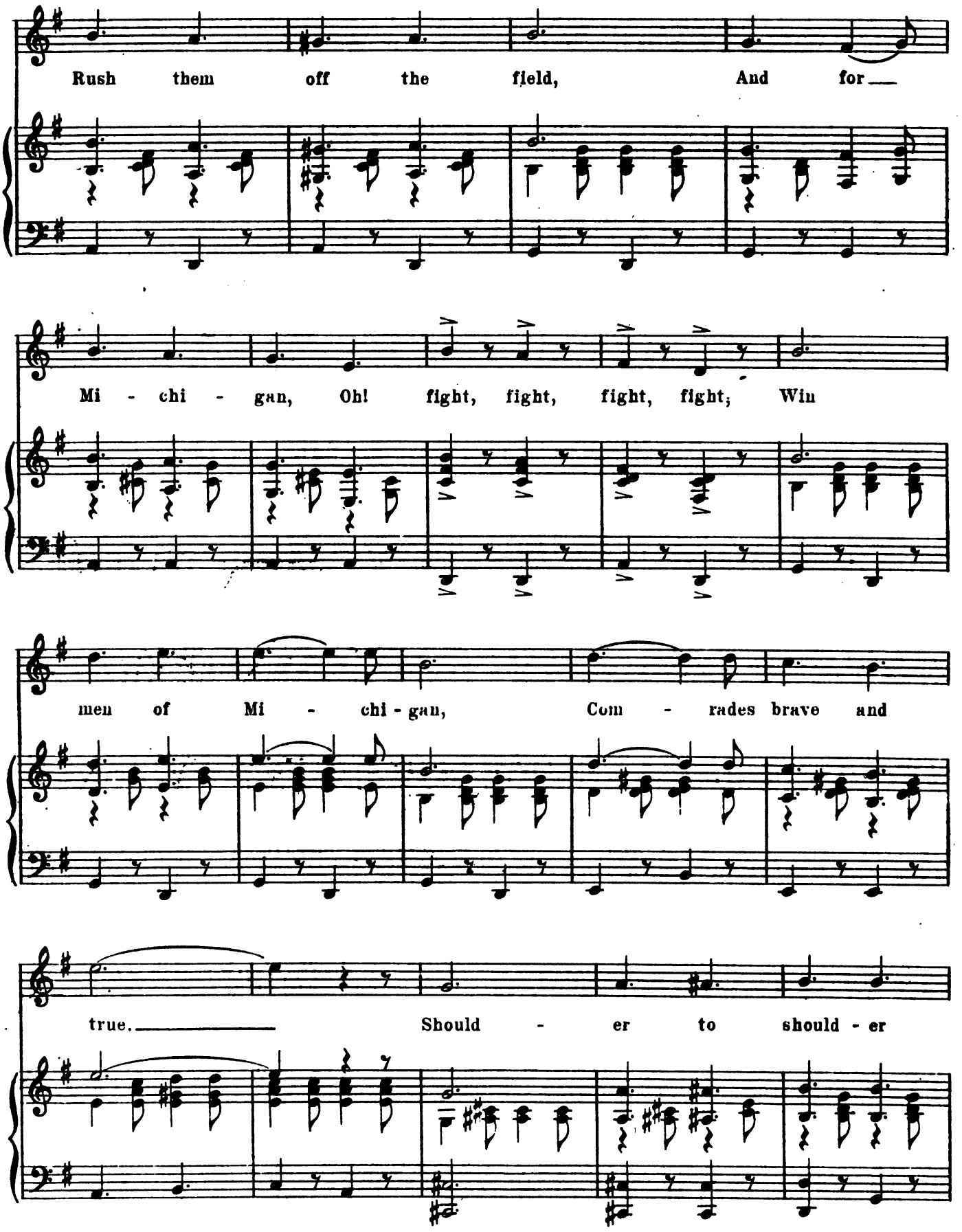
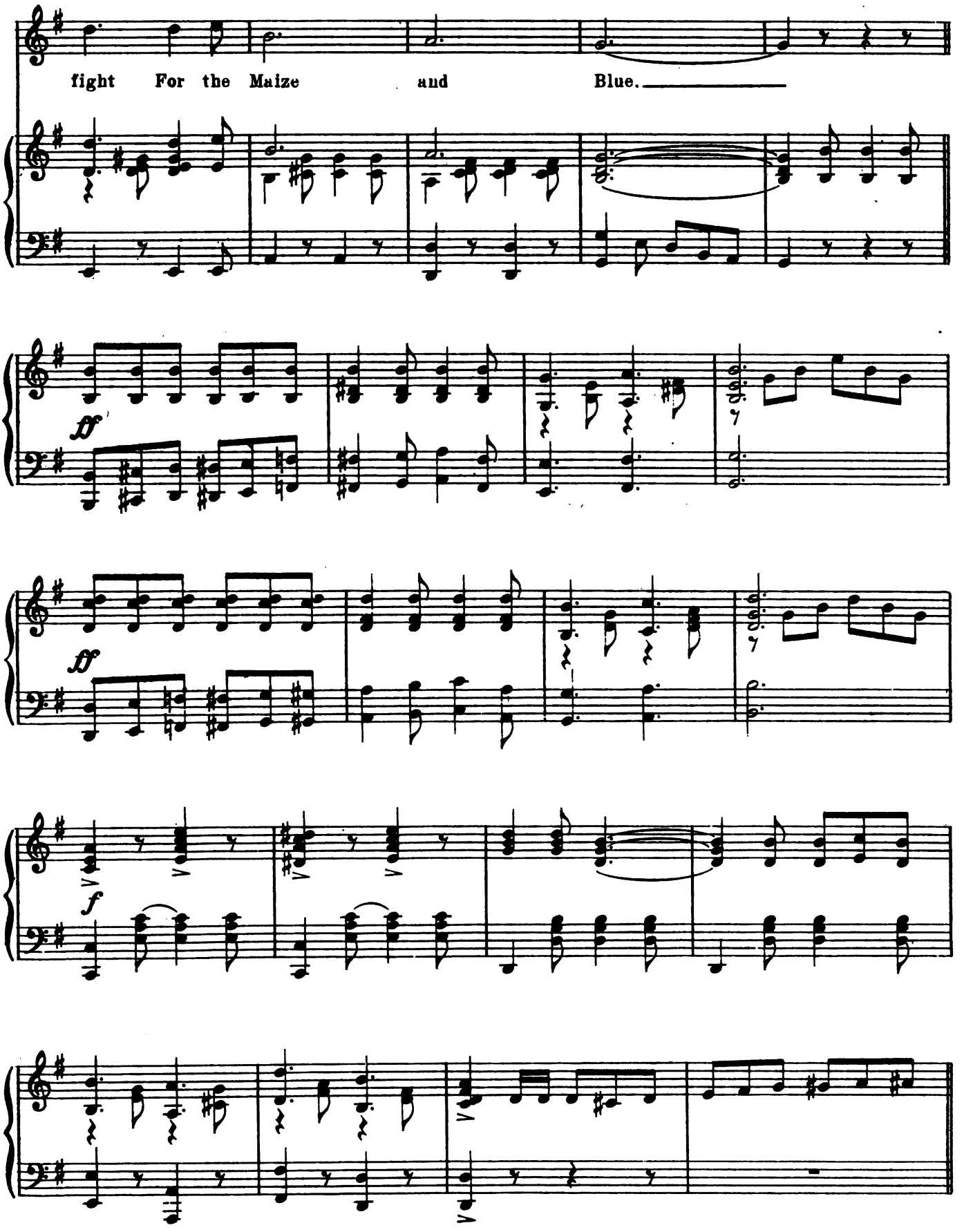
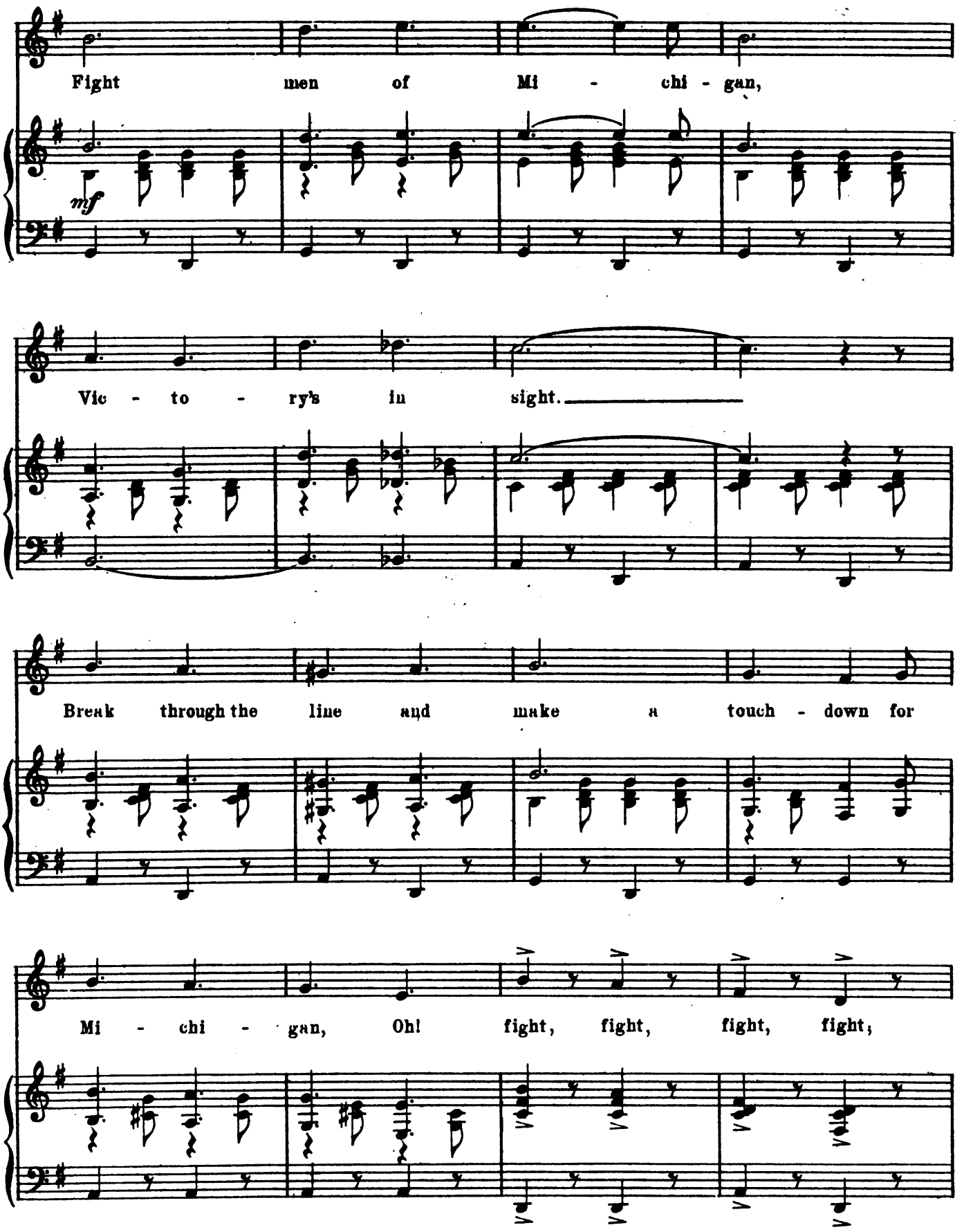
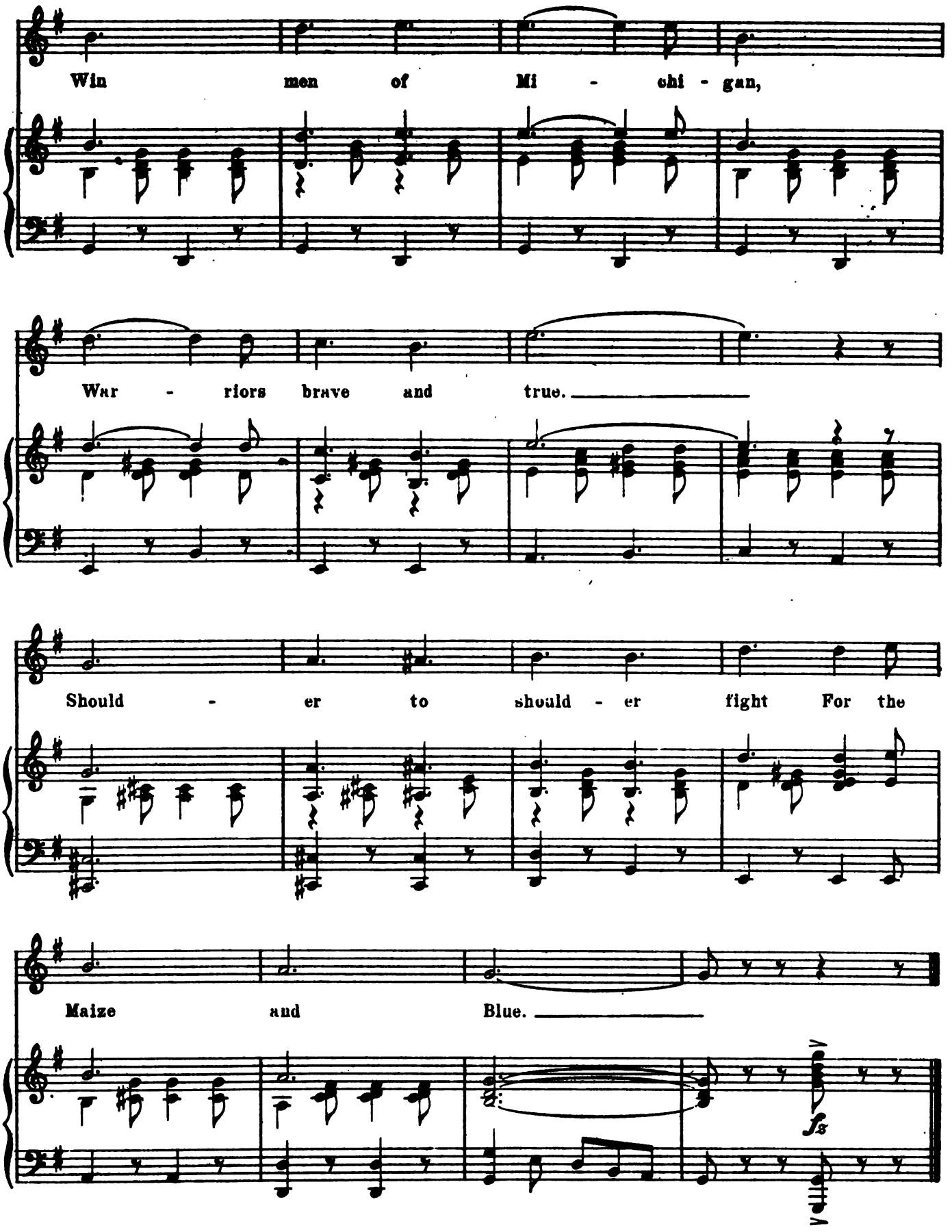
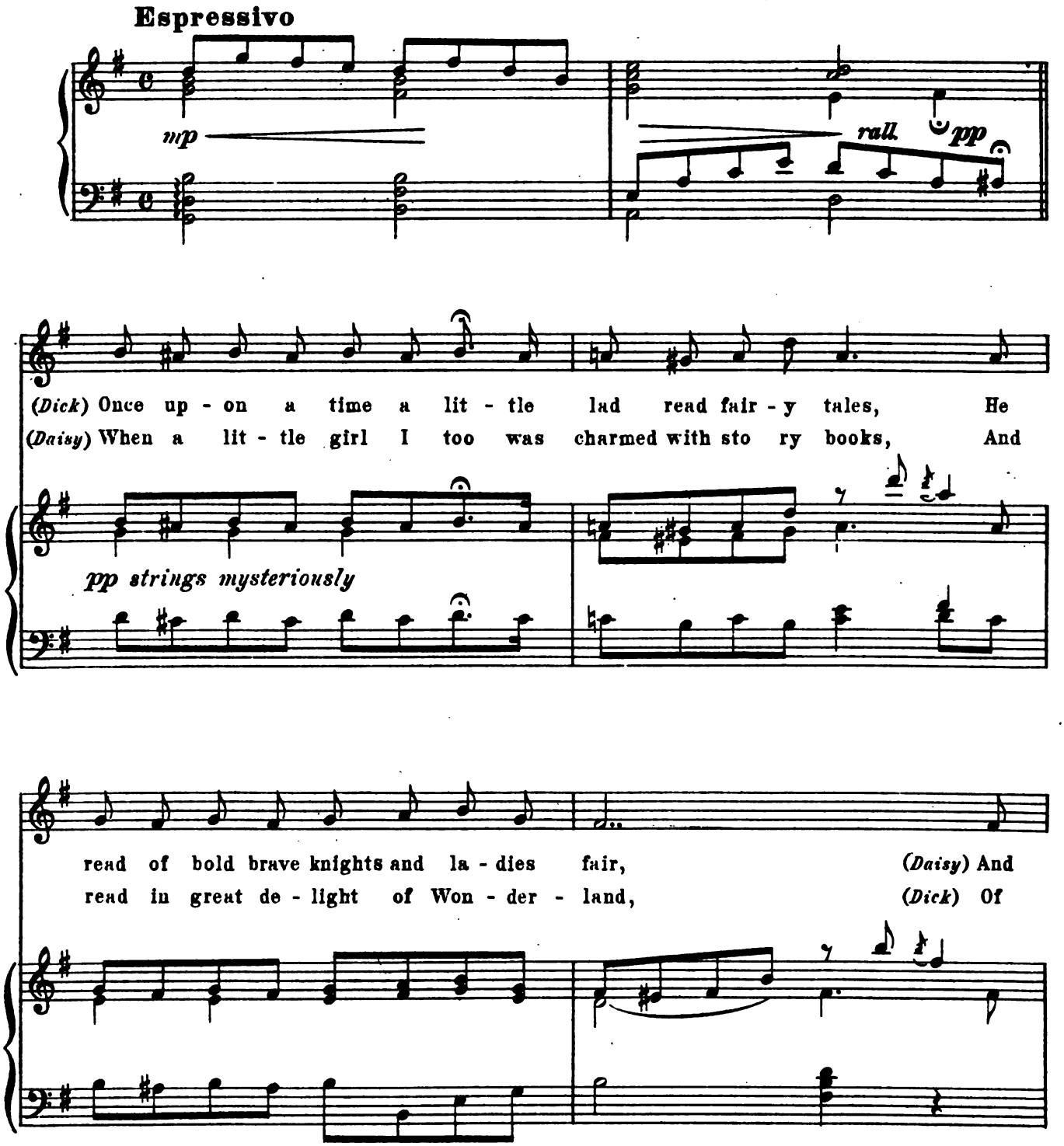

mf
f
mf

f
Fight men of Mi - chi - gan,
mf
Down them in your might.

Rush them off the field, And for
Mi - chi - gan, Oh! fight, fight, fight, fight; Win
men of Mi - chi - gan, Com - rades brave and
true. Should - er to should - er

fight For the Maize and Blue.
ff
ff
f

Fight men of Mi - chi - gan,
mf
Vic - to - ry's in sight.
Break through the line and make a touch - down for
Mi - chi - gan, Oh! fight, fight, fight, fight;

Win men of Mi - chi - gan,
War - riors brave and true.
Should - er to should - er fight For the
Maize and Blue.

My Fairy Princess

Lyrics by
E. E. PARDEE

Music by
A. J. GORNETZKY

Espressivo
mp
rall.
pp
(Dick) Once up - on a time a lit - tle lad read fair - y tales, He
(Daisy) When a lit - tle girl I too was charmed with sto ry books, And
pp strings mysteriously
read of bold brave knights and la - dies fair, (Daisy) And
read in great de - light of Won - der - land, (Dick) Of

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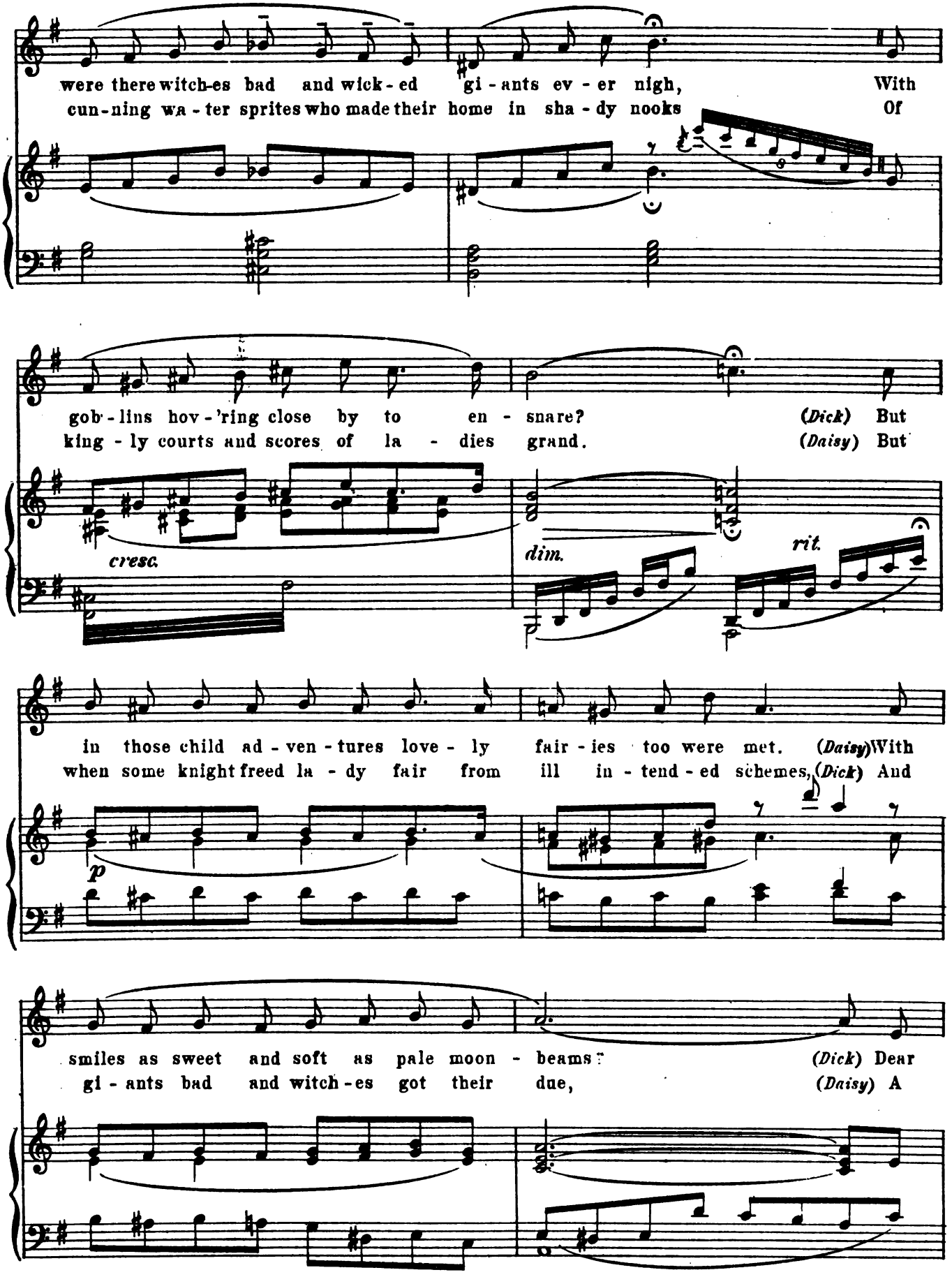
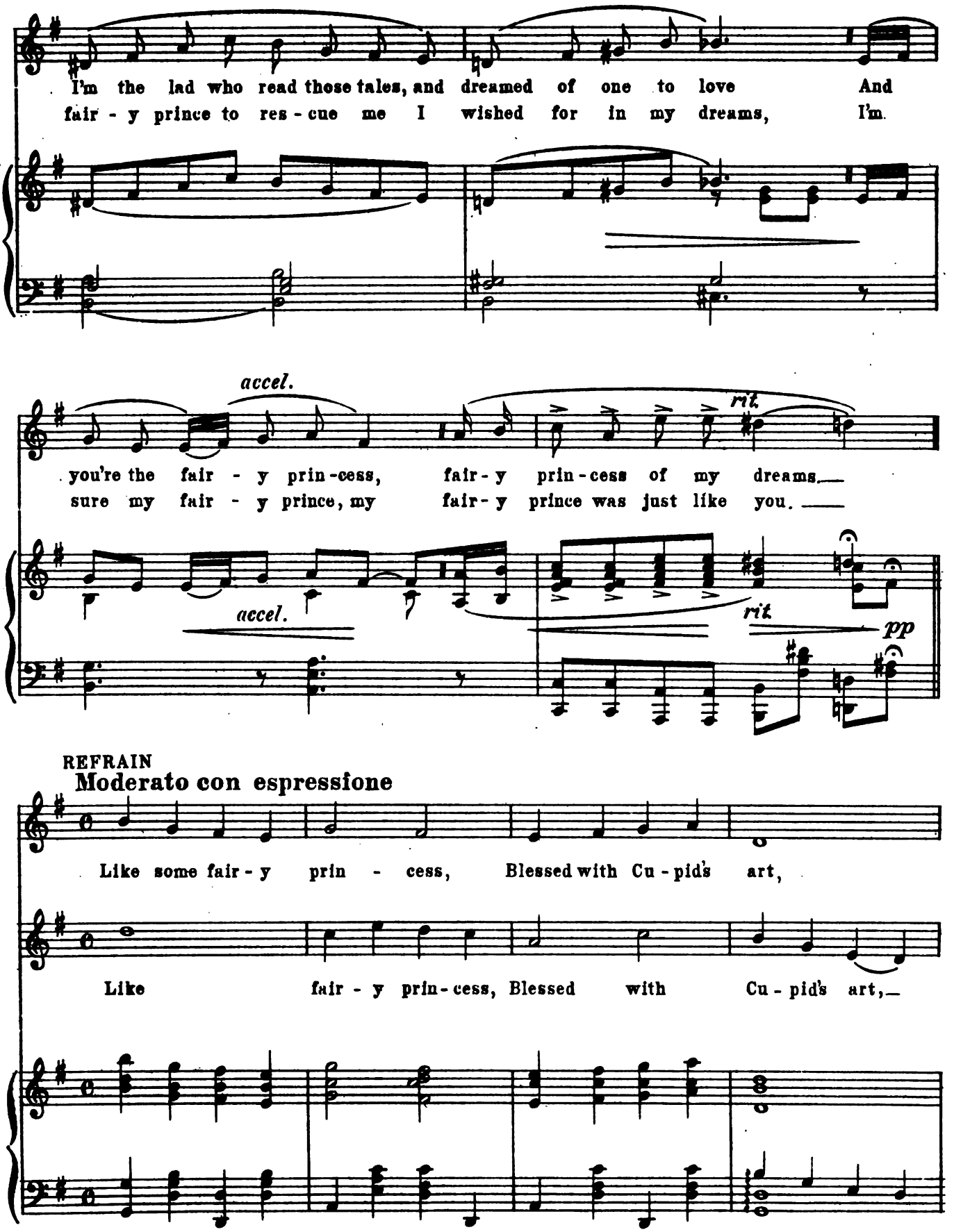
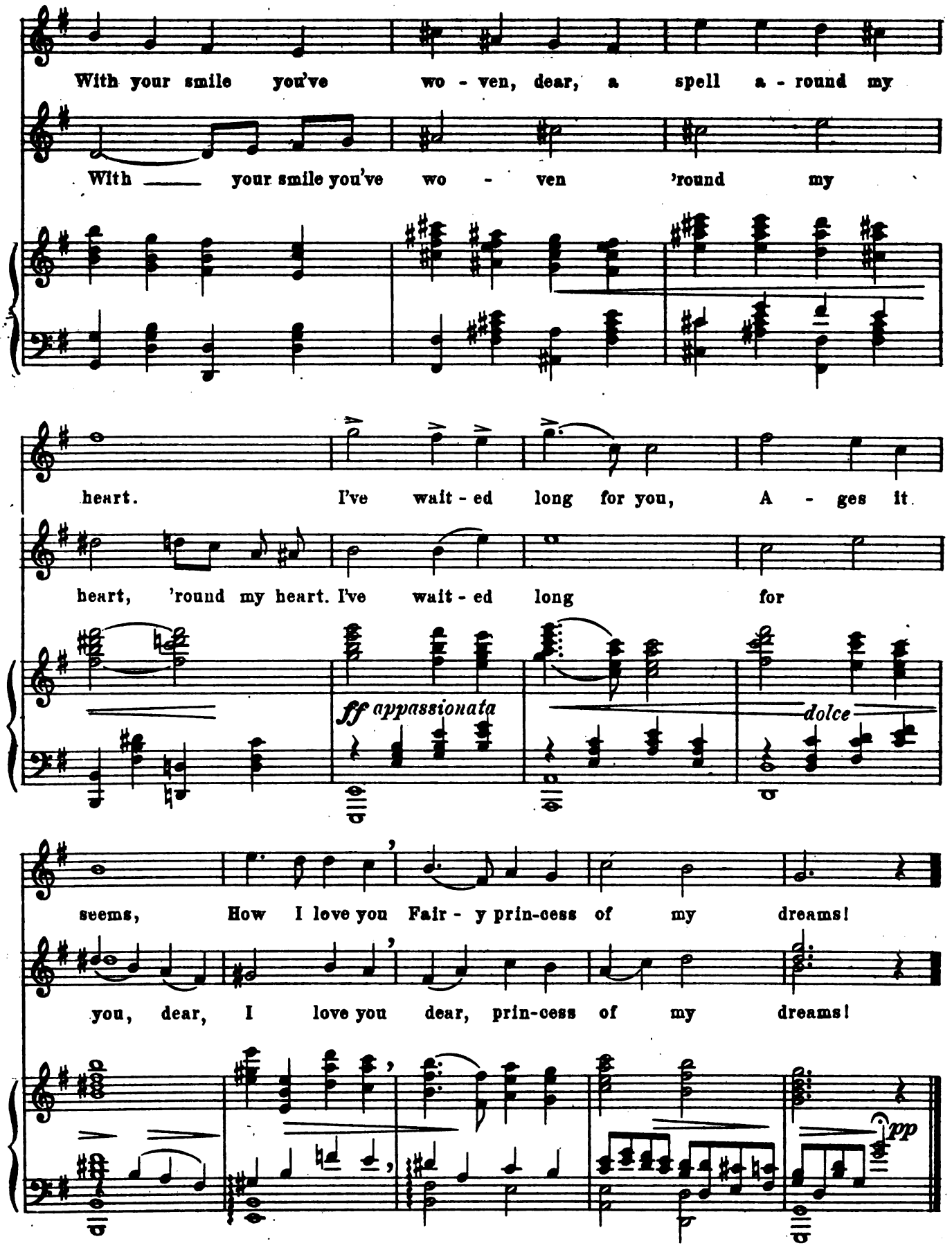
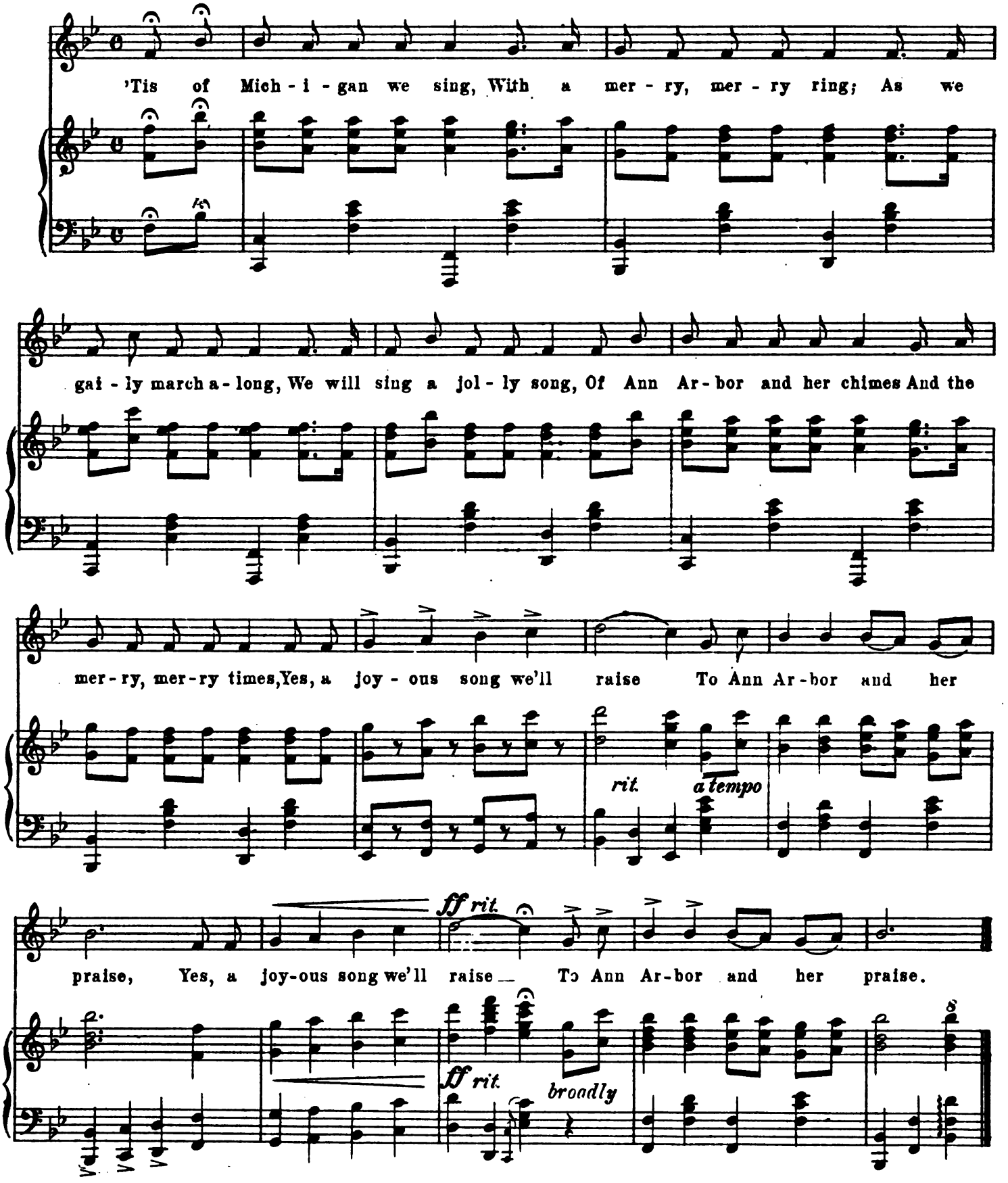

were there witch-es bad and wick-ed gi-ants ev-er nigh, With
cun-ning wa-ter sprites who made their home in sha-dy nooks Of
gob-lins hov-'ring close by to en-snare? (Dick) But
king-ly courts and scores of la-dies grand. (Daisy) But
cresc.
dim.
rit.
in those child ad-ven-tures love-ly fair-ies too were met. (Daisy) With
when some knight freed la-dy fair from ill in-tend-ed schemes, (Dick) And
p
smiles as sweet and soft as pale moon-beams? (Dick) Dear
gi-ants bad and witch-es got their due, (Daisy) A


I'm the lad who read those tales, and dreamed of one to love And
fair - y prince to res - cue me I wished for in my dreams, I'm
accel.
rit.
you're the fair - y prin-cess, fair-y prin-cess of my dreams.
sure my fair - y prince, my fair-y prince was just like you.
accel.
rit.
pp
REFRAIN
Moderato con espressione
Like some fair - y prin - cess, Blessed with Cu - pid's art,
Like fair - y prin-cess, Blessed with Cu - pid's art,

With your smile you've wo - ven, dear, a spell a - round my
With your smile you've wo - ven 'round my
heart. I've wait - ed long for you, A - ges it
heart, 'round my heart. I've wait - ed long for
ff appassionata
dolce
seems, How I love you Fair - y prin-cess of my dreams!
you, dear, I love you dear, prin-cess of my dreams!
pp

'Tis Of Michigan We Sing

With animation

Arr. by E. V. M.

'Tis of Mich - i - gan we sing, With a mer - ry, mer - ry ring; As we
gai - ly march a - long, We will sing a jol - ly song, Of Ann Ar - bor and her chimes And the
mer - ry, mer - ry times, Yes, a joy - ous song we'll raise To Ann Ar - bor and her
rit.
a tempo
praise, Yes, a joy-ous song we'll raise To Ann Ar-bor and her praise.
ff rit.
ff rit.
broadly

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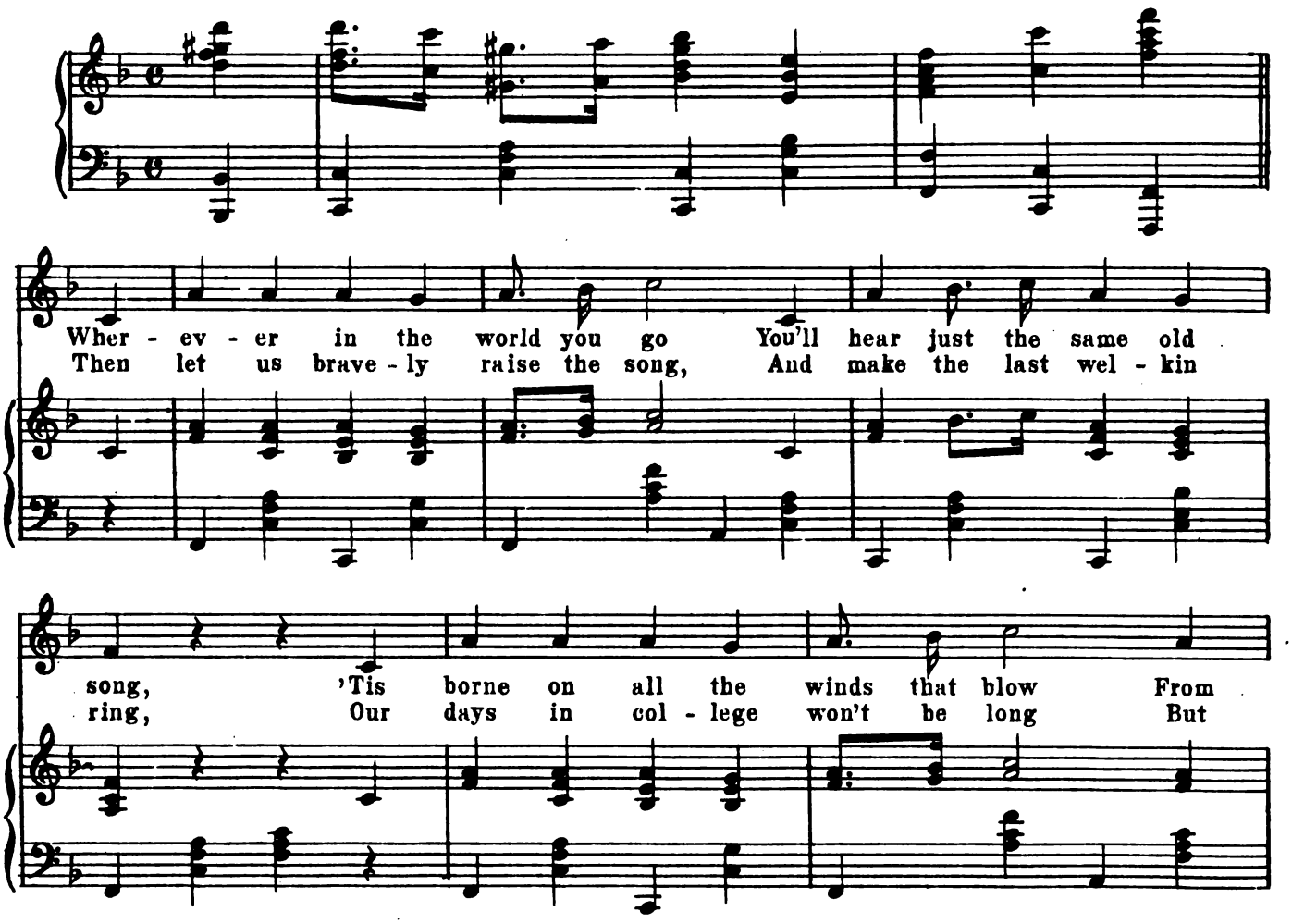
We Will Not Forget Our Alma Mater

"AWAKENED RAMESES"

JOSEPH HUDNUT

JULIUS WUERTHNER
Arr. by R.D.W.

Wher - ev - er in the world you go You'll hear just the same old
Then let us brave - ly raise the song, And make the last wel - kin
song, 'Tis borne on all the winds that blow From
ring, Our days in col - lege won't be long But

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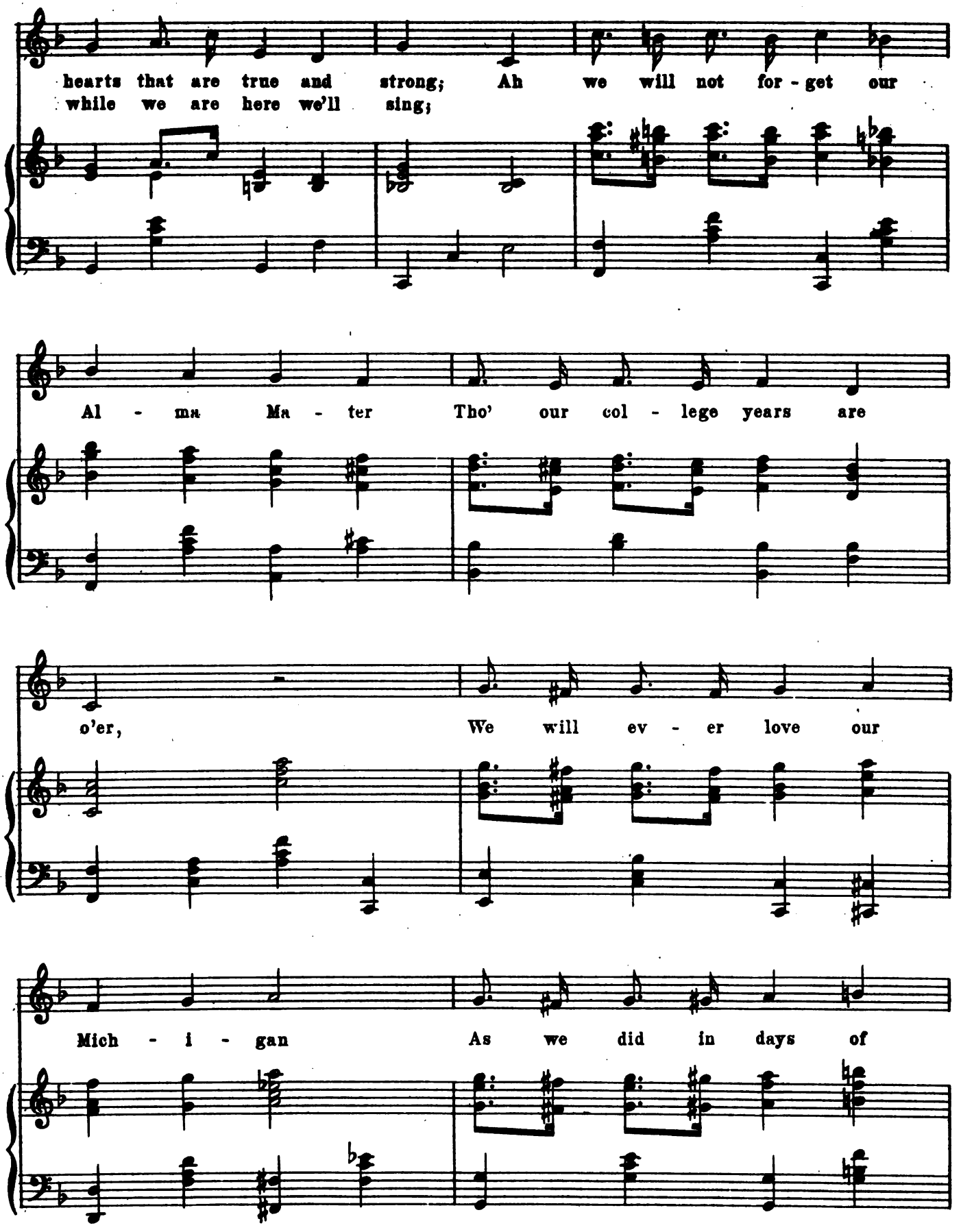
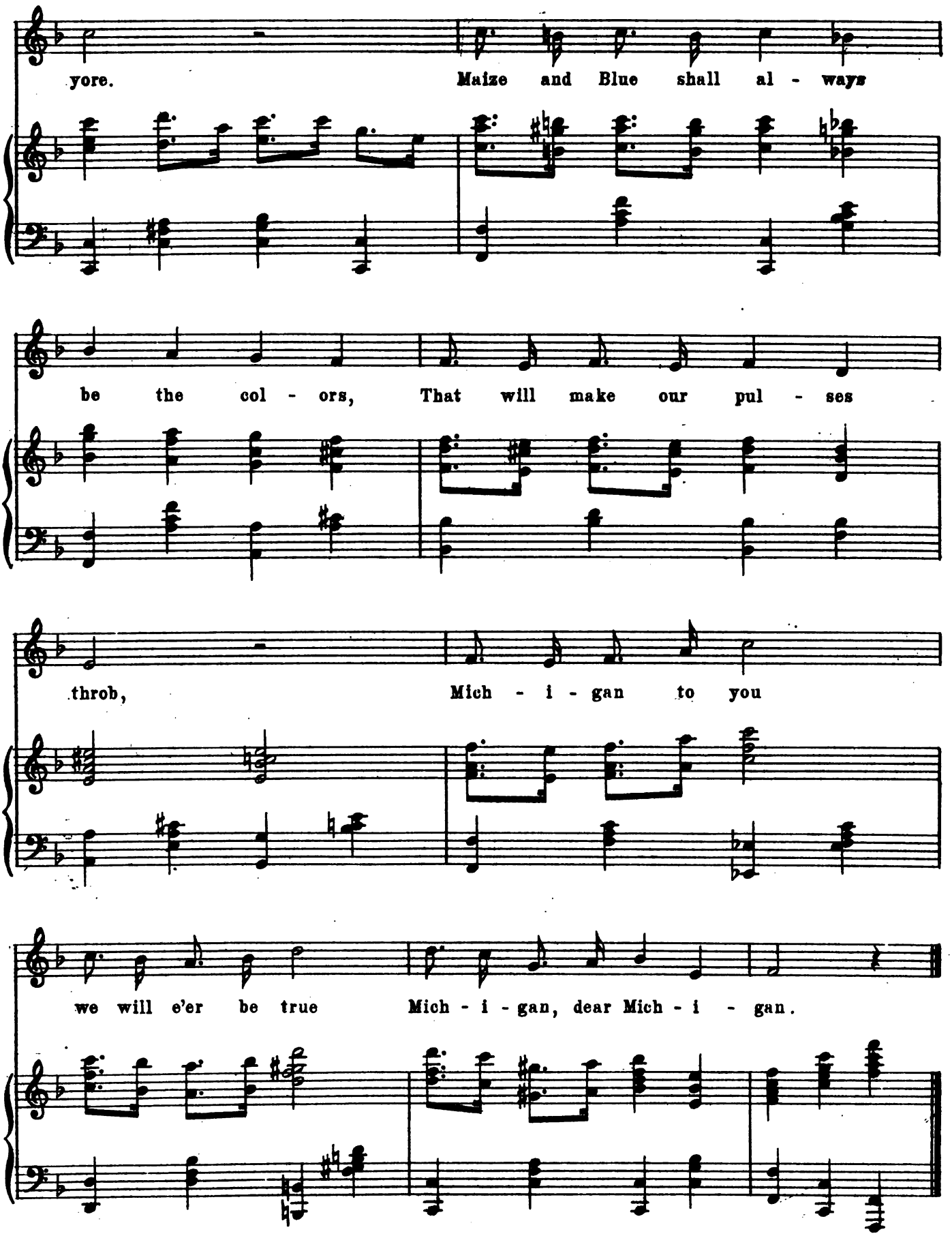
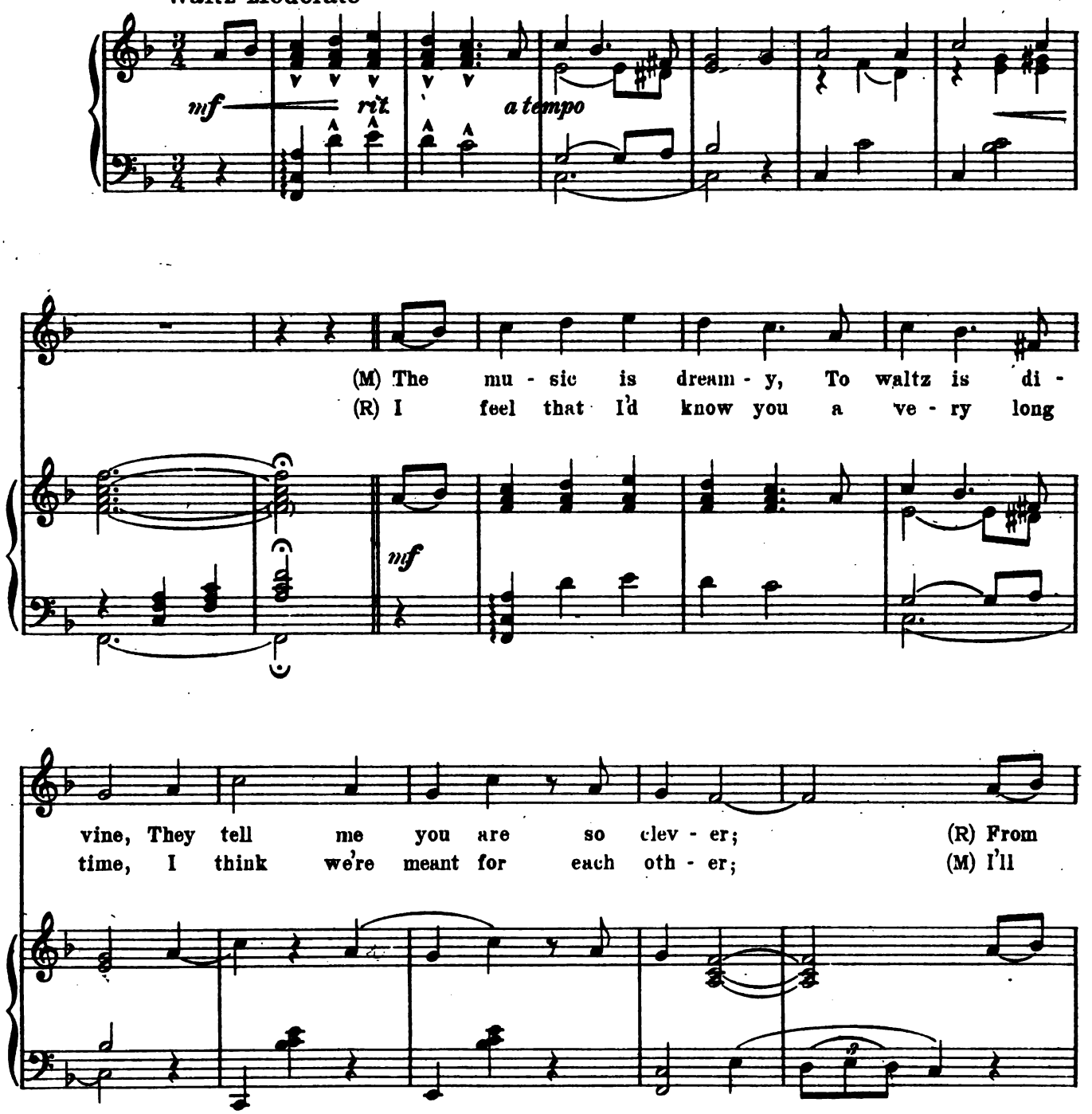

hearts that are true and strong; Ah we will not for - get our
while we are here we'll sing;
Al - ma Ma - ter Tho' our col - lege years are
o'er, We will ev - er love our
Mich - i - gan As we did in days of

yore. Maize and Blue shall al - ways
be the col - ors, That will make our pul - ses
throb, Mich - i - gan to you
we will e'er be true Mich - i - gan, dear Mich - i - gan.

The Flirtation

"CONTRARIE MARY"

Lyrics by
ROBERT G. BECK

Music by
ROWLAND FIXEL and
WILLIS A. DIEKEMA

Waltz Moderato

mf
rit.
a tempo
(M) The mu - sic is dream - y, To waltz is di -
(R) I feel that I'd know you a ve - ry long
mf
vine, They tell me you are so clev - er;
time, I think we're meant for each oth - er;
(R) From
(M) I'll

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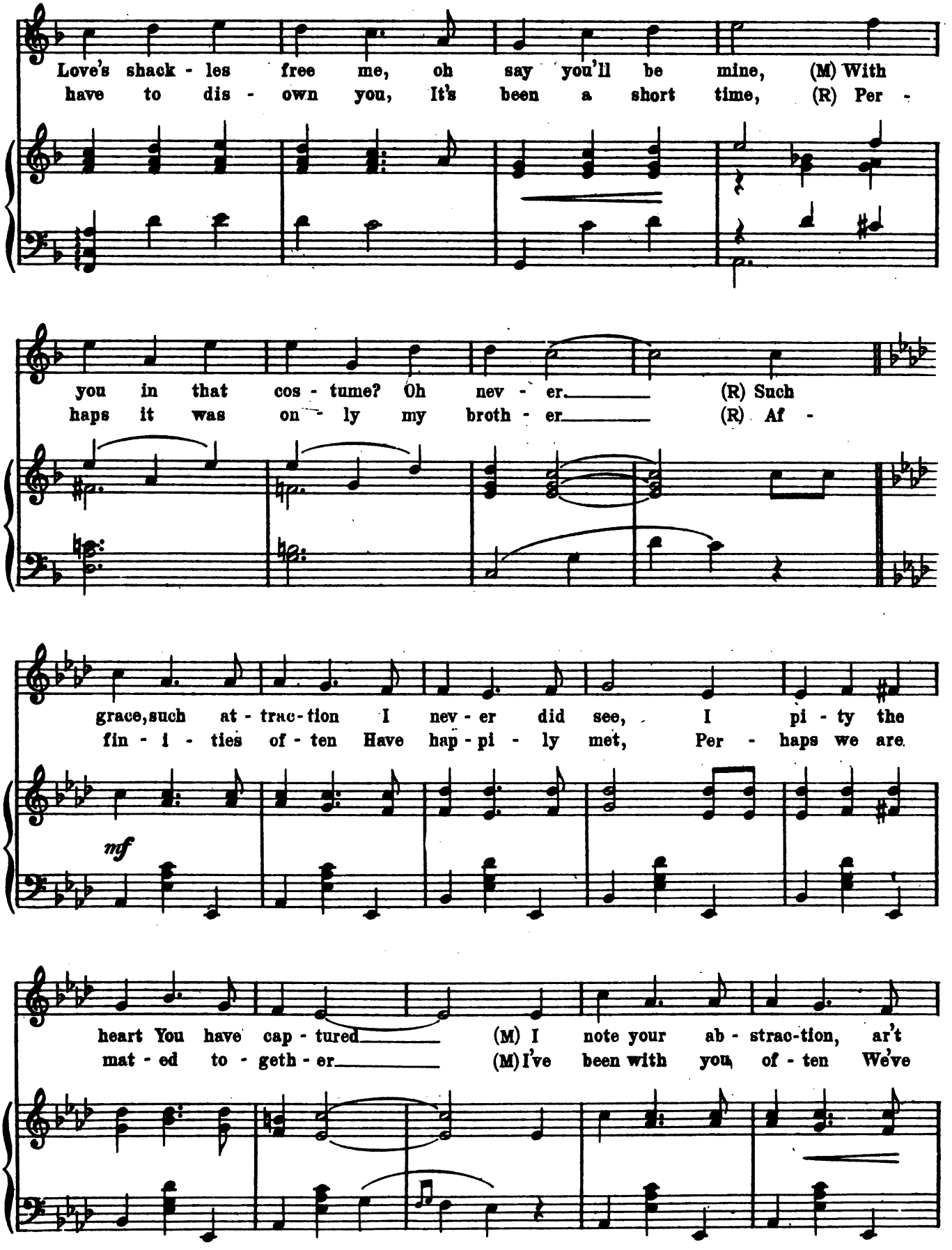
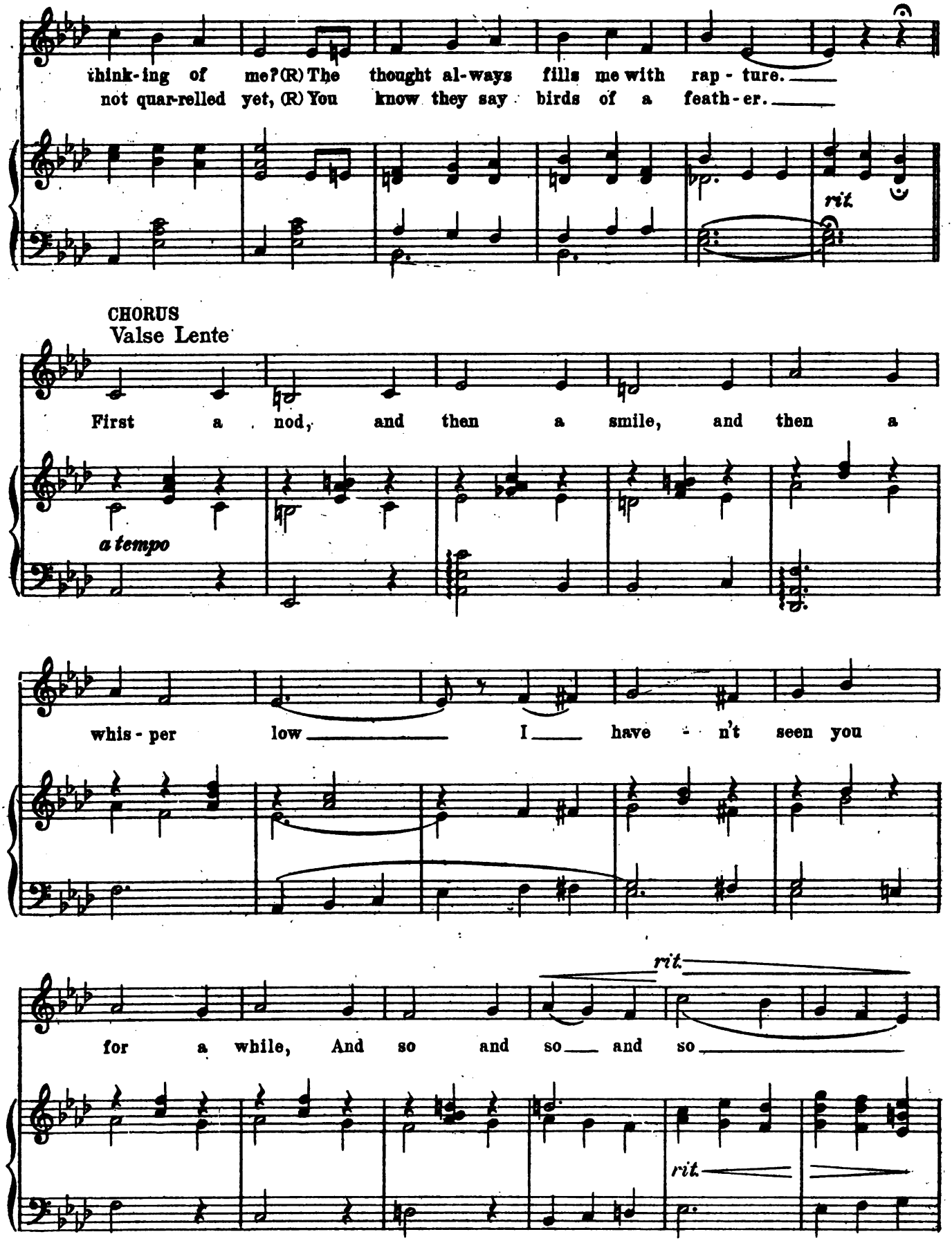
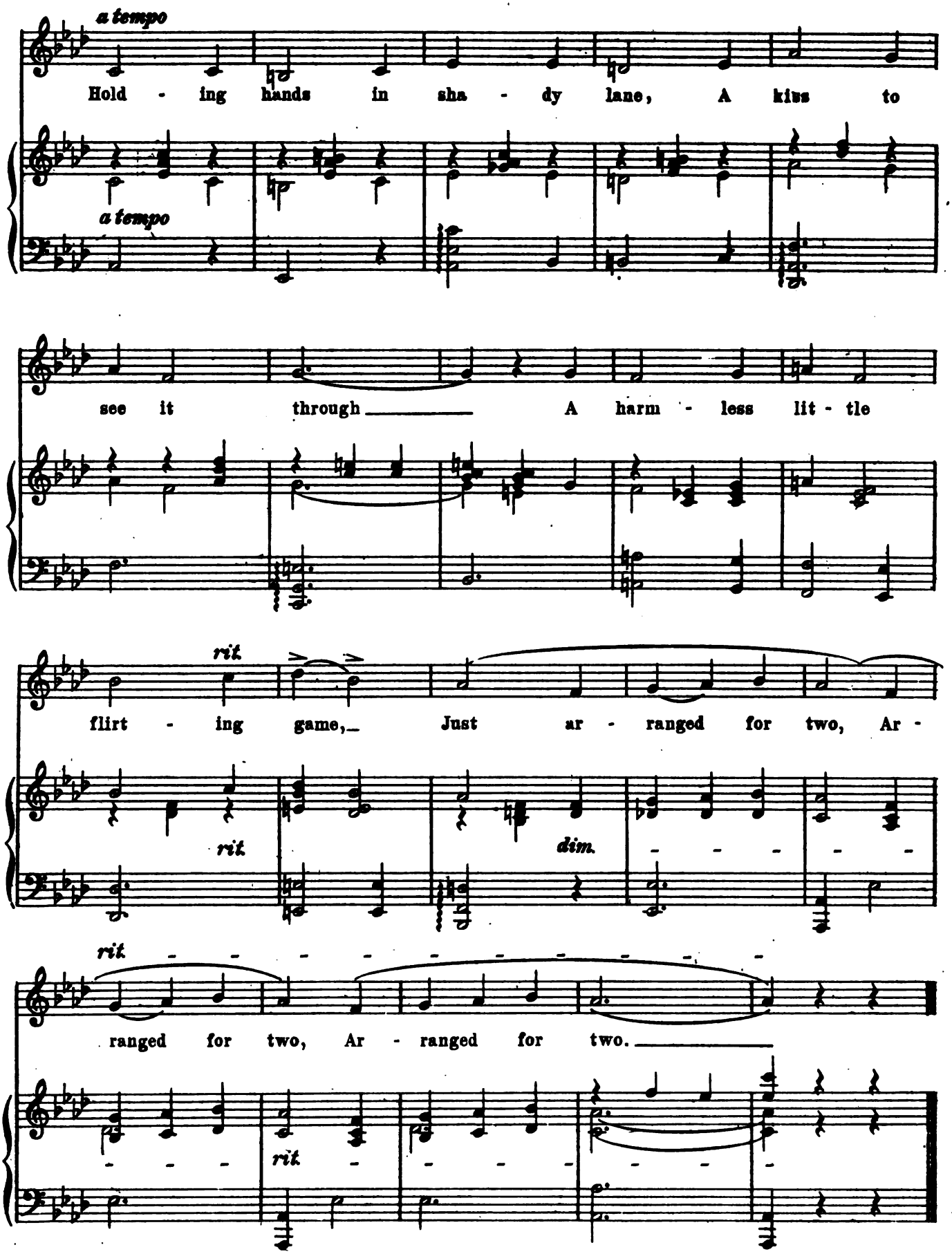
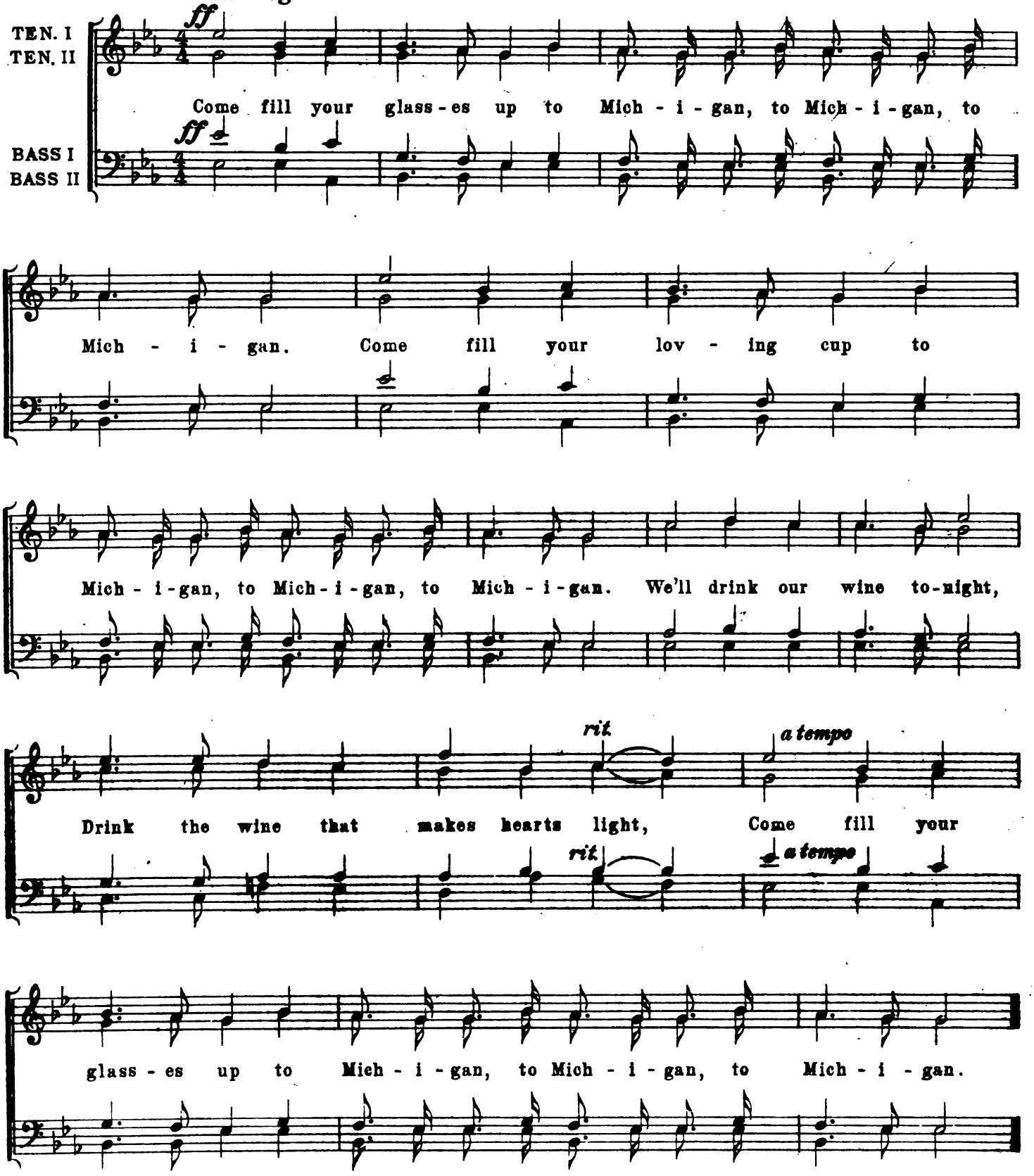

Love's shack - les free me, oh say you'll be mine, (M) With
have to dis - own you, It's been a short time, (R) Per -
you in that cos - tume? Oh nev - er. (R) Such
haps it was on - ly my broth - er. (R) Af -
grace, such at - trac - tion I nev - er did see, I pi - ty the
fin - i - ties of - ten Have hap - pi - ly met, Per - haps we are
mf
heart You have cap - tured (M) I note your ab - strac - tion, ar't
mat - ed to - geth - er (M) I've been with you of - ten We've

think-ing of me? (R) The thought al-ways fills me with rap - ture.
not quar-relled yet, (R) You know they say birds of a feath-er.
rit.
CHORUS
Valse Lente
First a nod, and then a smile, and then a
a tempo
whis - per low I have - n't seen you
rit.
for a while, And so and so and so
rit.

a tempo
Hold - ing hands in sha - dy lane, A kiss to
a tempo
see it through A harm - less lit - tle
rit.
flirt - ing game, Just ar - ranged for two, Ar -
rit.
dim.
rit
ranged for two, Ar - ranged for two.
rit.

Come Fill Your Glasses

MALE VOICES

Arr. by E. V. M.

With Vigor

TEN. I
TEN. II
BASS I
BASS II
ff
Come fill your glass-es up to Mich-i-gan, to Mich-i-gan, to
Mich-i-gan. Come fill your lov-ing cup to
Mich-i-gan, to Mich-i-gan, to Mich-i-gan. We'll drink our wine to-night,
rit.
a tempo
Drink the wine that makes hearts light, Come fill your
glass-es up to Mich-i-gan, to Mich-i-gan, to Mich-i-gan.

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Take Me Back To College

"CRIMSON CHEST"

J. FRED LAWTON — ROBERT T. MORELAND

Moderato

f

Lento

Some - times when I sit all a - lone Near hearth fire's rud - dy glow ___ I see those col - lege scenes a - gain I
Some - times I puff my faith - ful pipe, And trace old mem - 'ries back, ___ Re - call the hap - py hours I spent With

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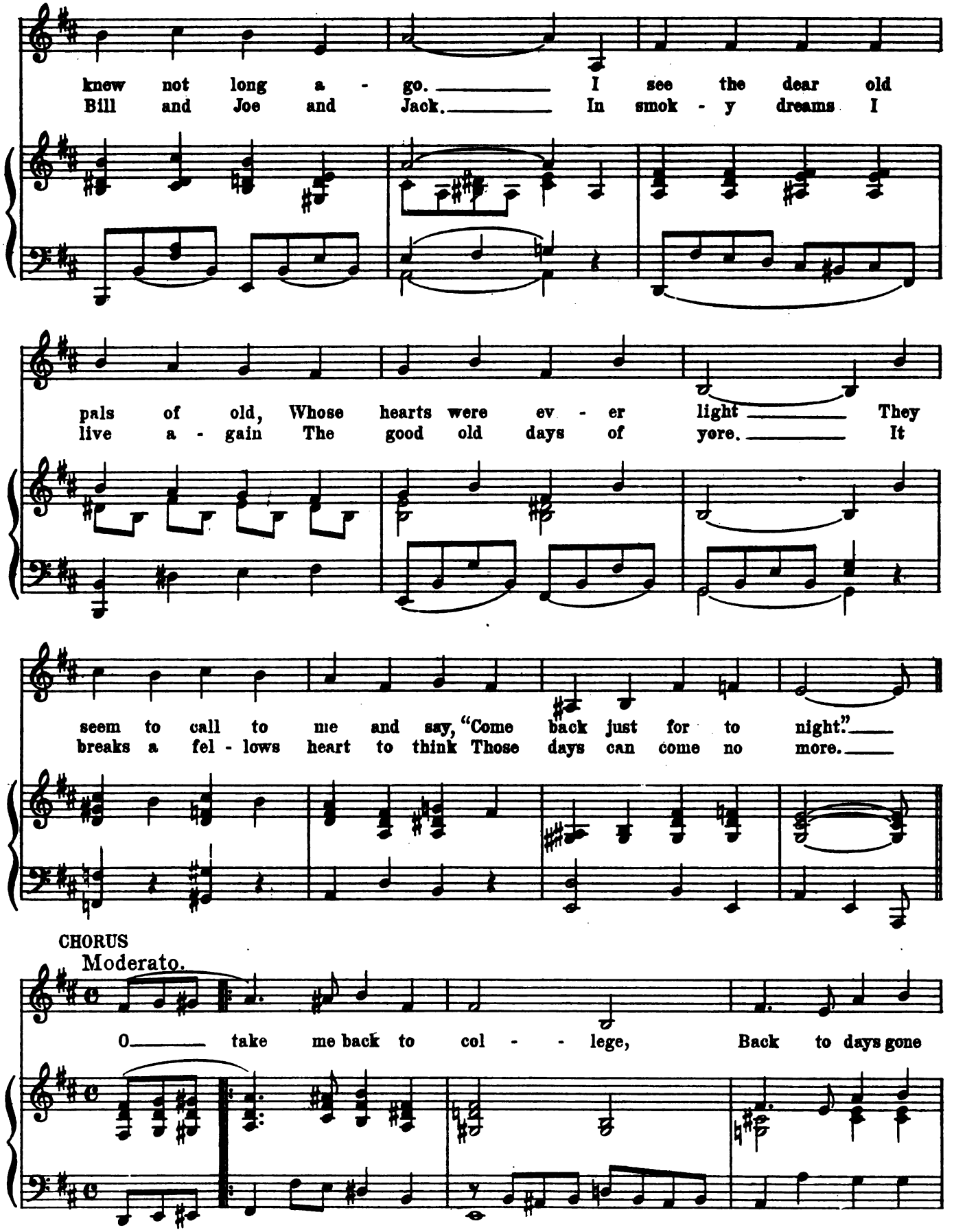
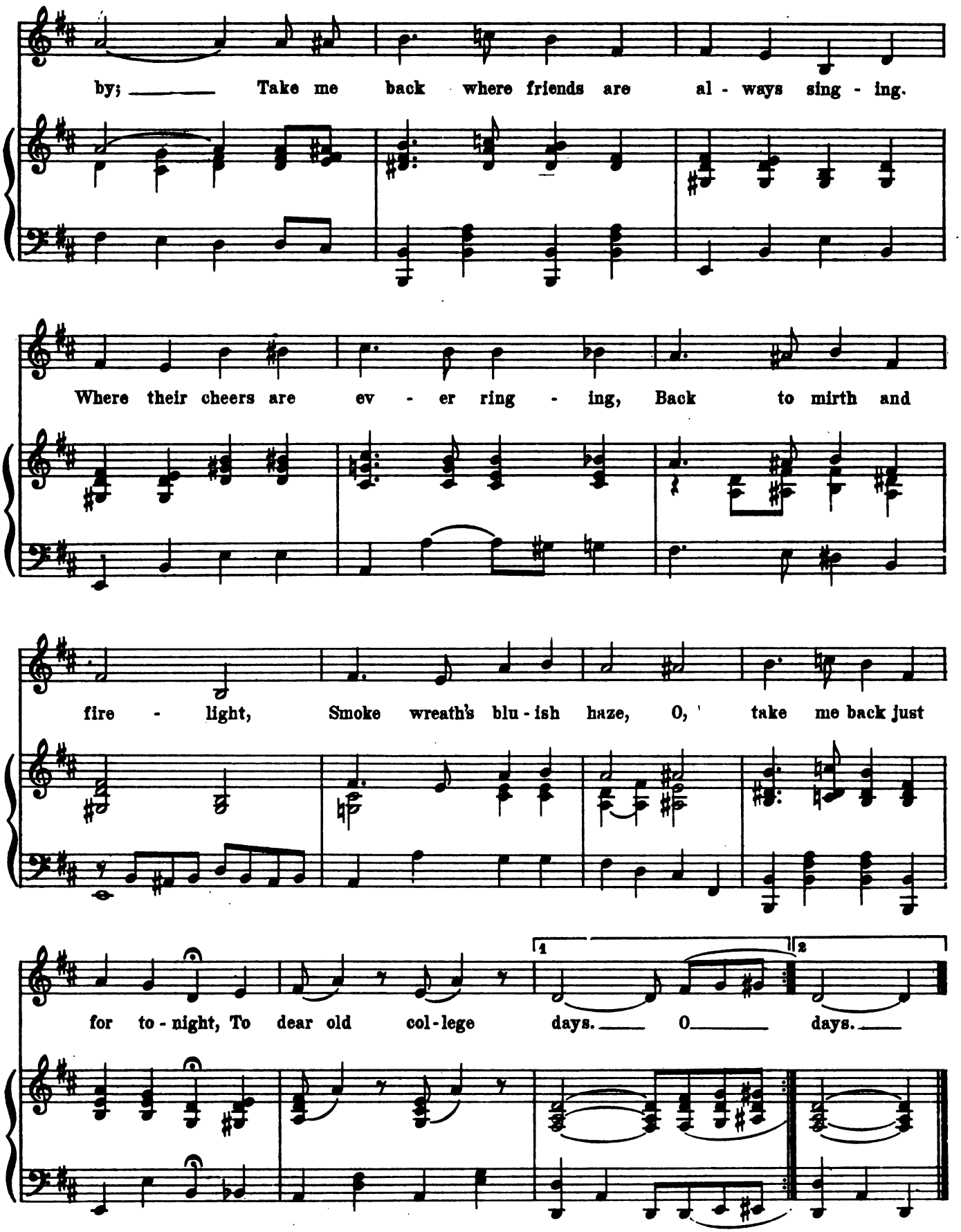
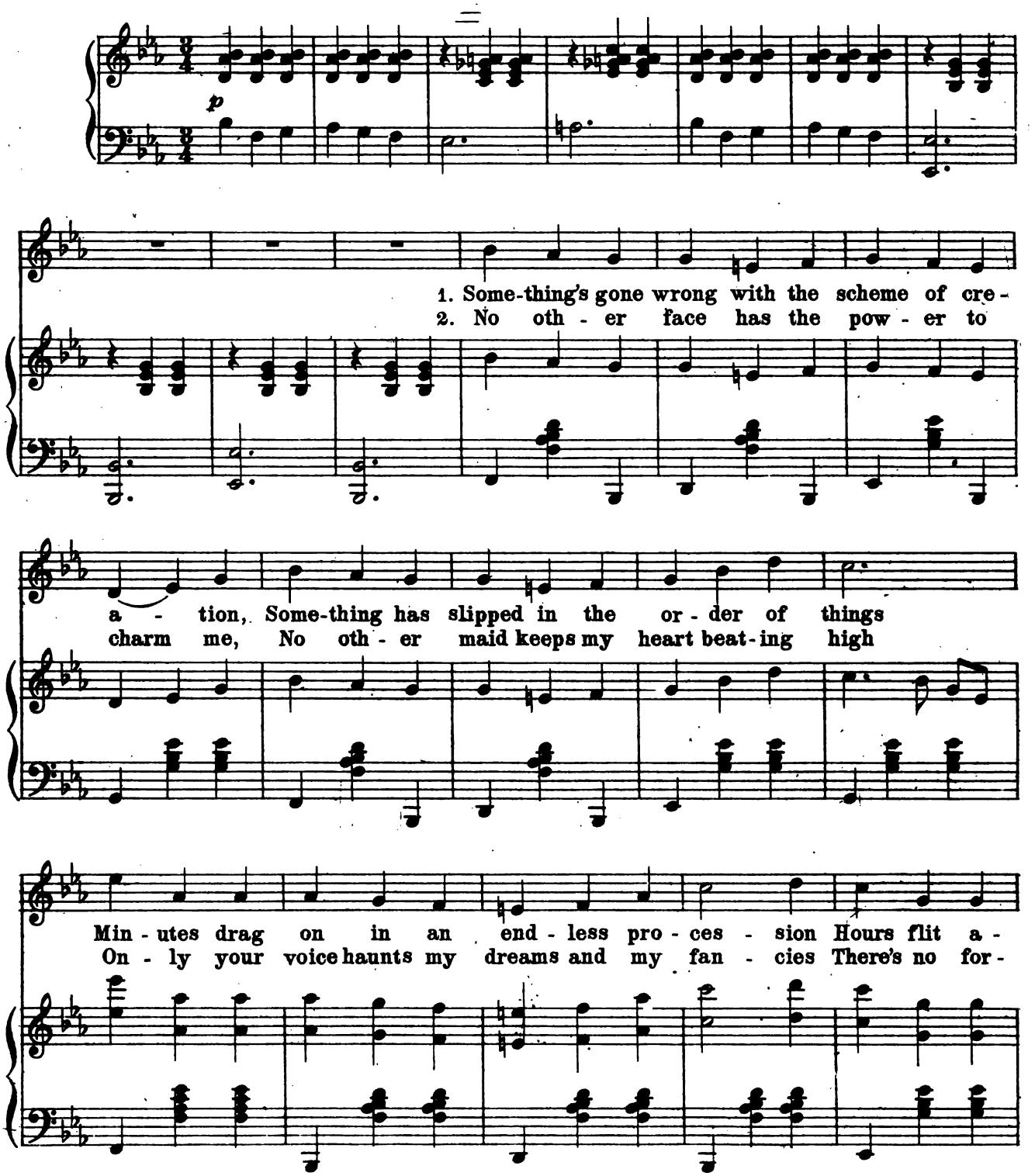

knew not long a - go. I see the dear old
Bill and Joe and Jack. In smok - y dreams I
pals of old, Whose hearts were ev - er light They
live a - gain The good old days of yore. It
seem to call to me and say, "Come back just for to night."
breaks a fel - lows heart to think Those days can come no more.
CHORUS
Moderato.
O take me back to col - - lege, Back to days gone

by; Take me back where friends are al - ways sing - ing.
Where their cheers are ev - er ring - ing, Back to mirth and
fire - light, Smoke wreath's blu - ish haze, O, take me back just
for to - night, To dear old col - lege days. O days.
1
2

Culture

Wishing Just Wishing

"CULTURE"

Words by
DONAL H. HAINES

Music by
ROY DICKINSON WELCH

p
1. Some-thing's gone wrong with the scheme of cre-
2. No oth - er face has the pow - er to
a - tion, Some-thing has slipped in the or - der of things
charm me, No oth - er maid keeps my heart beat - ing high
Min - utes drag on in an end - less pro - ces - sion Hours flit a -
On - ly your voice haunts my dreams and my fan - cies There's no for -

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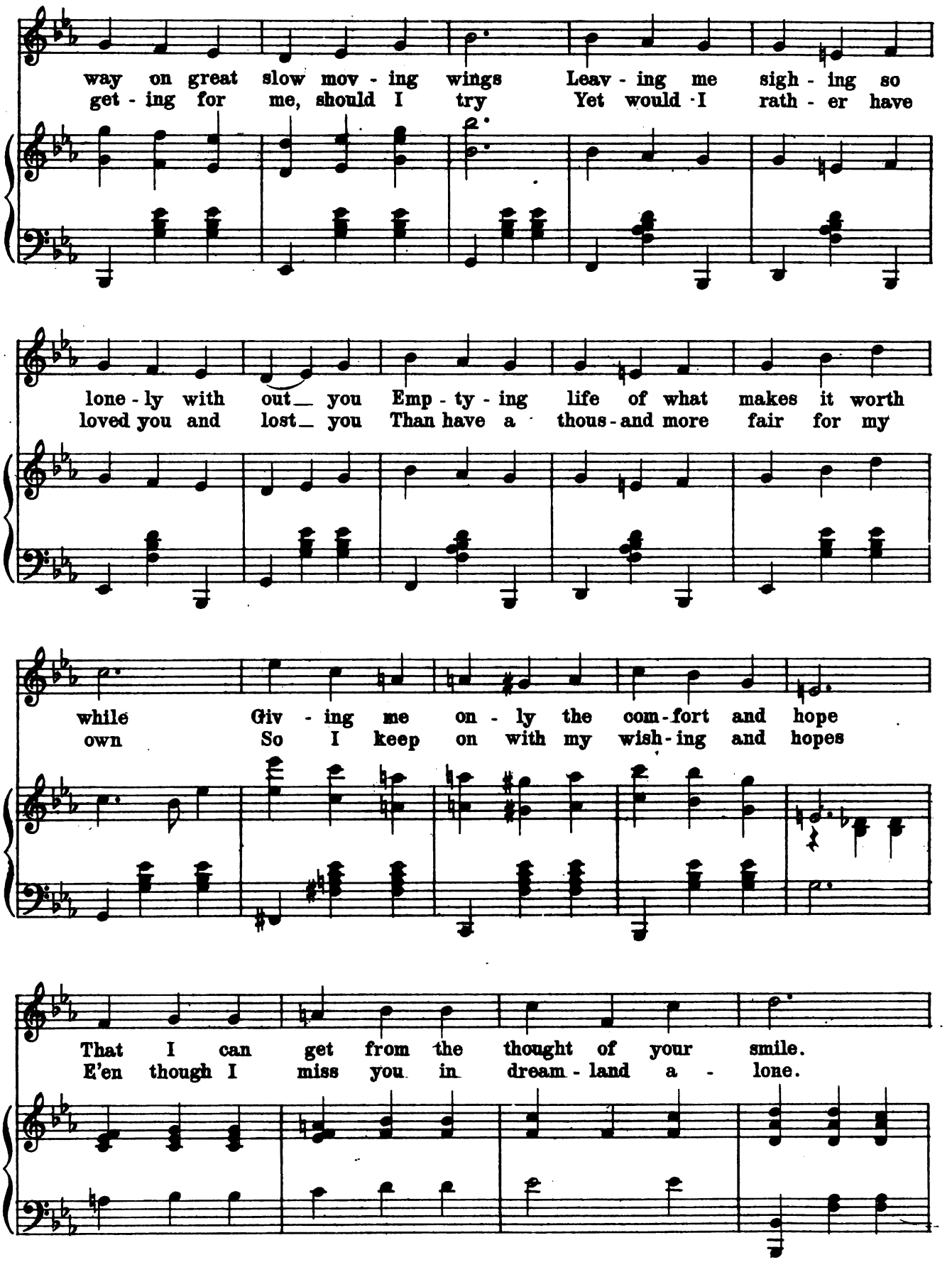
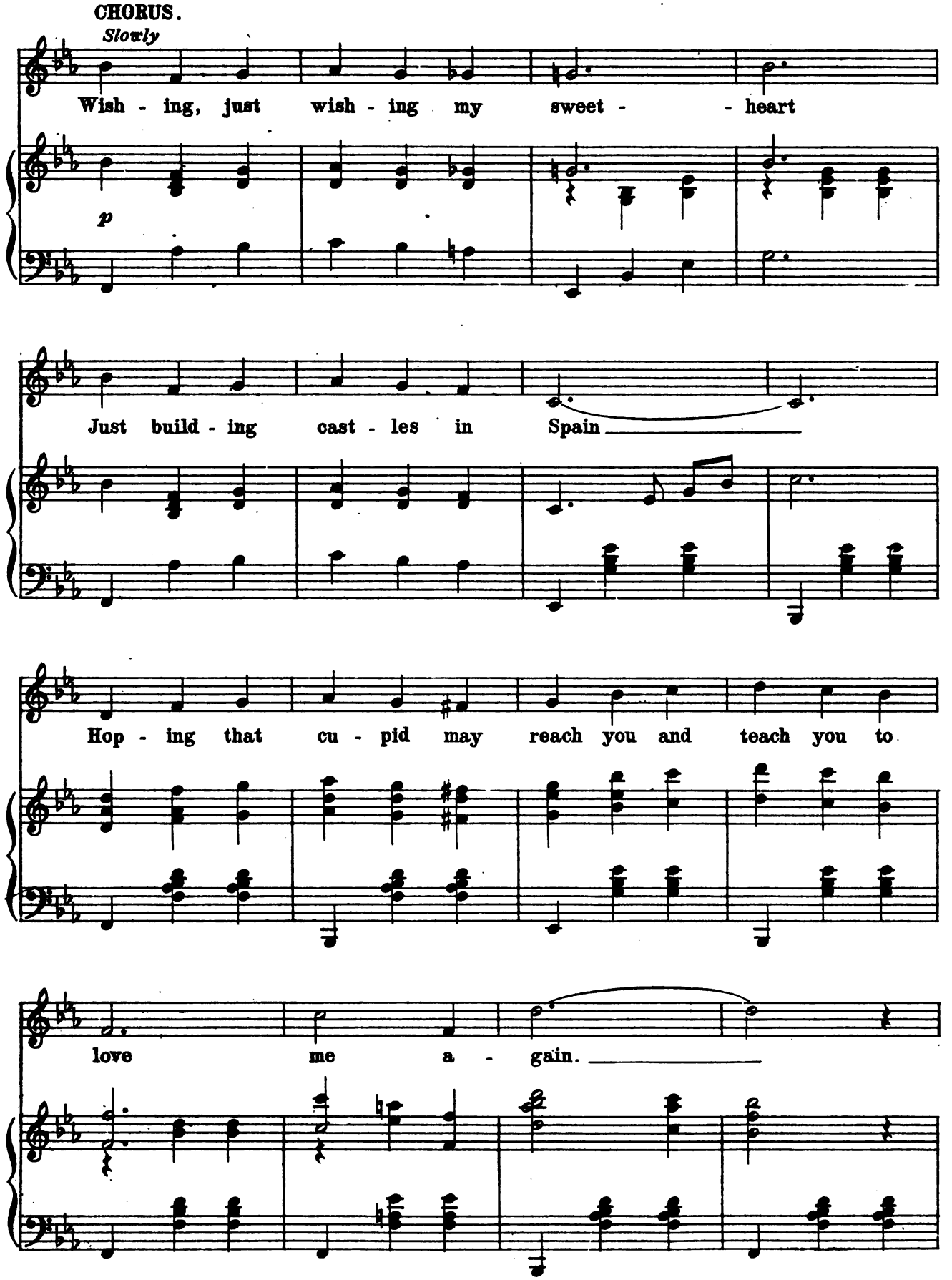
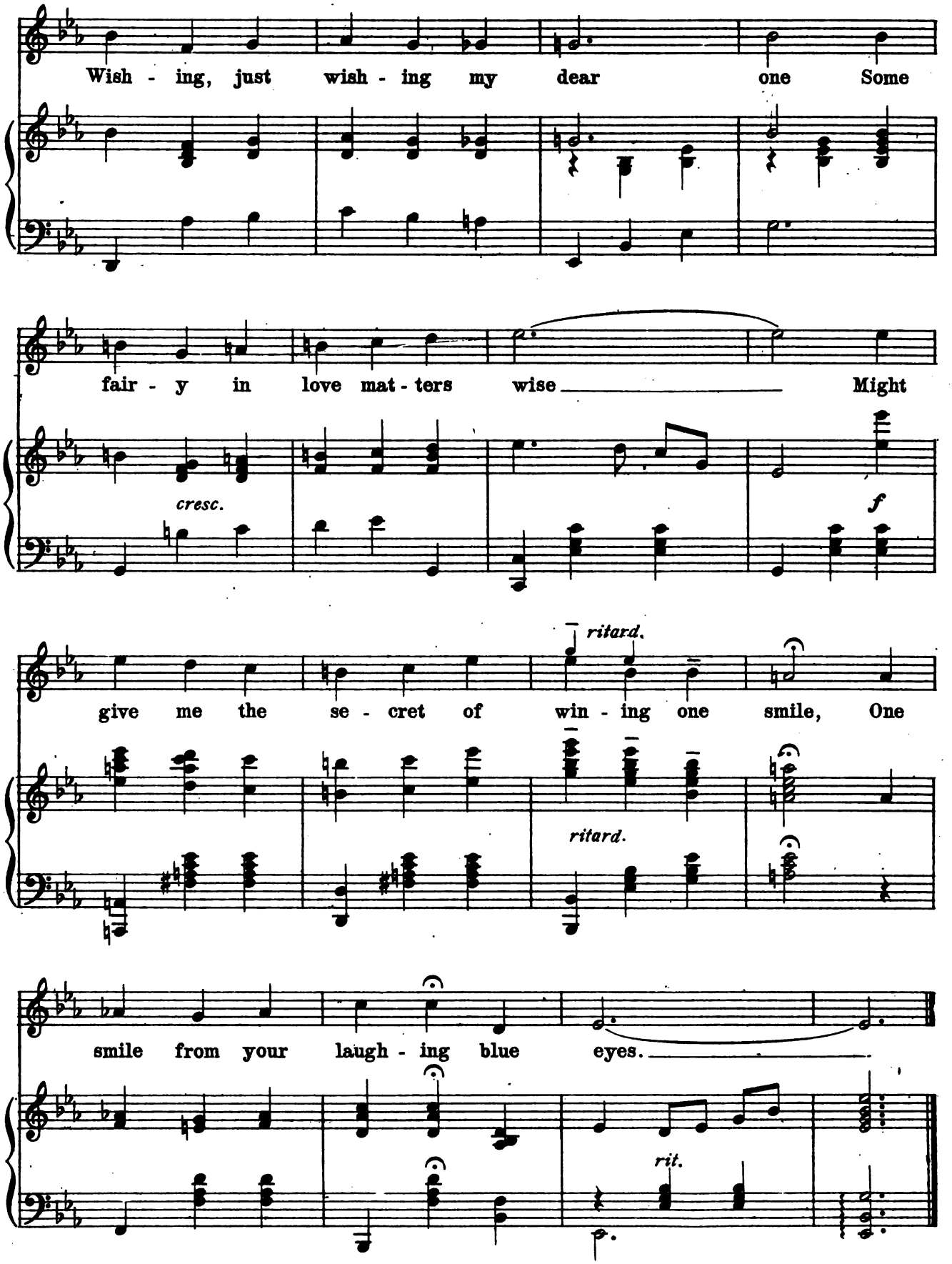
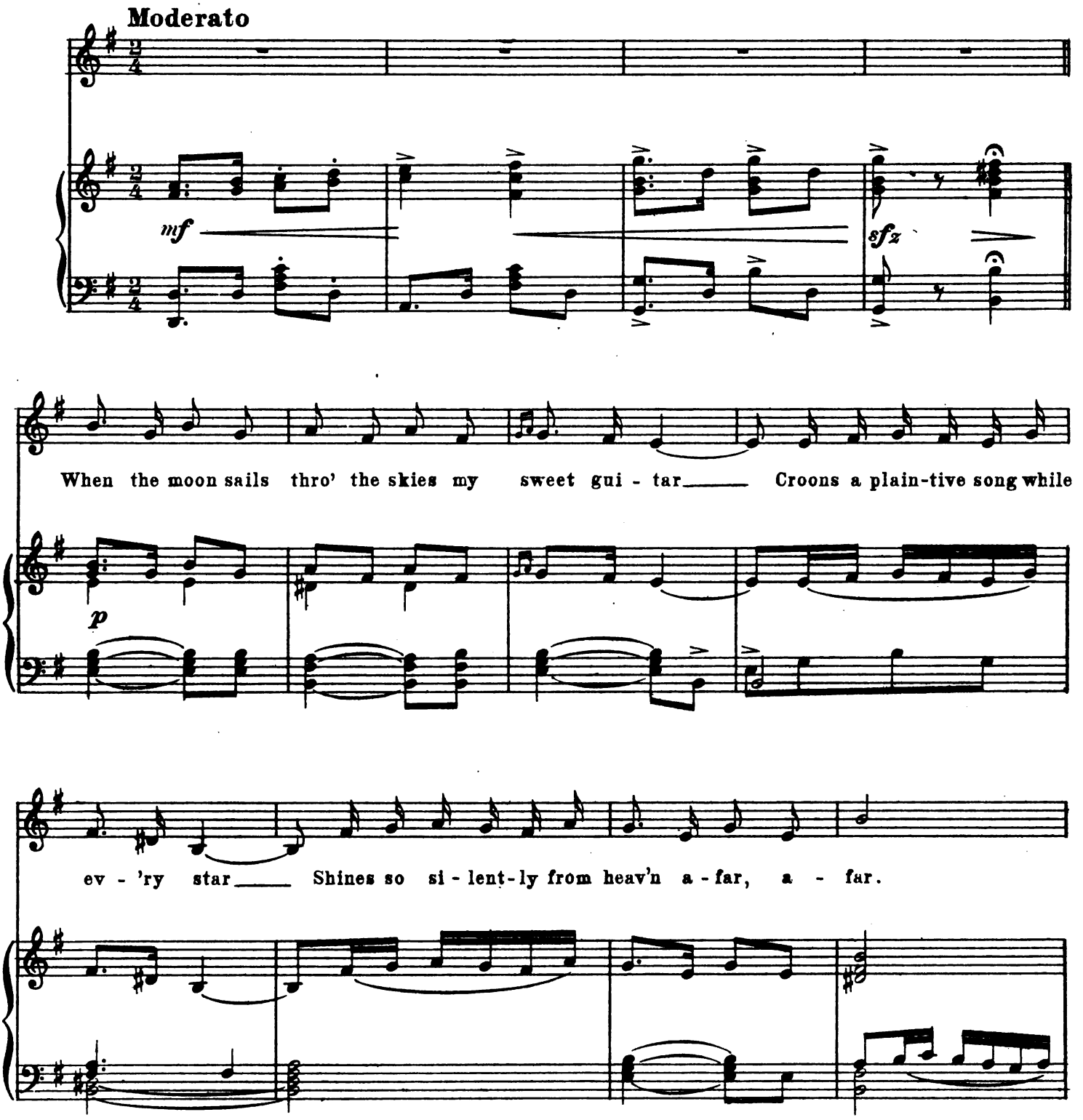

way on great slow mov - ing wings Leav - ing me sigh - ing so
get - ing for me, should I try Yet would I rath - er have
lone - ly with out_ you Emp - ty - ing life of what makes it worth
loved you and lost_ you Than have a thous - and more fair for my
while Giv - ing me on - ly the com - fort and hope
own So I keep on with my wish - ing and hopes
That I can get from the thought of your smile.
E'en though I miss you in dream - land a - lone.

CHORUS.
Slowly
Wish - ing, just wish - ing my sweet - - heart
p
Just build - ing cast - les in Spain
Hop - ing that cu - pid may reach you and teach you to
love me a - gain.

Wish - ing, just wish - ing my dear one Some
fair - y in love mat - ters wise Might
cresc.
f
ritard.
give me the se - cret of win - ing one smile, One
ritard.
smile from your laugh - ing blue eyes.
rit.

Underneath Your Balcony

"TRES ROUGE"

W. A. P. JOHN

A. J. GORNETZKY

Moderato
mf
sfz
When the moon sails thro' the skies my sweet gui - tar Croons a plain-tive song while
p
ev - 'ry star Shines so si - lent-ly from heav'n a - far, a - far.

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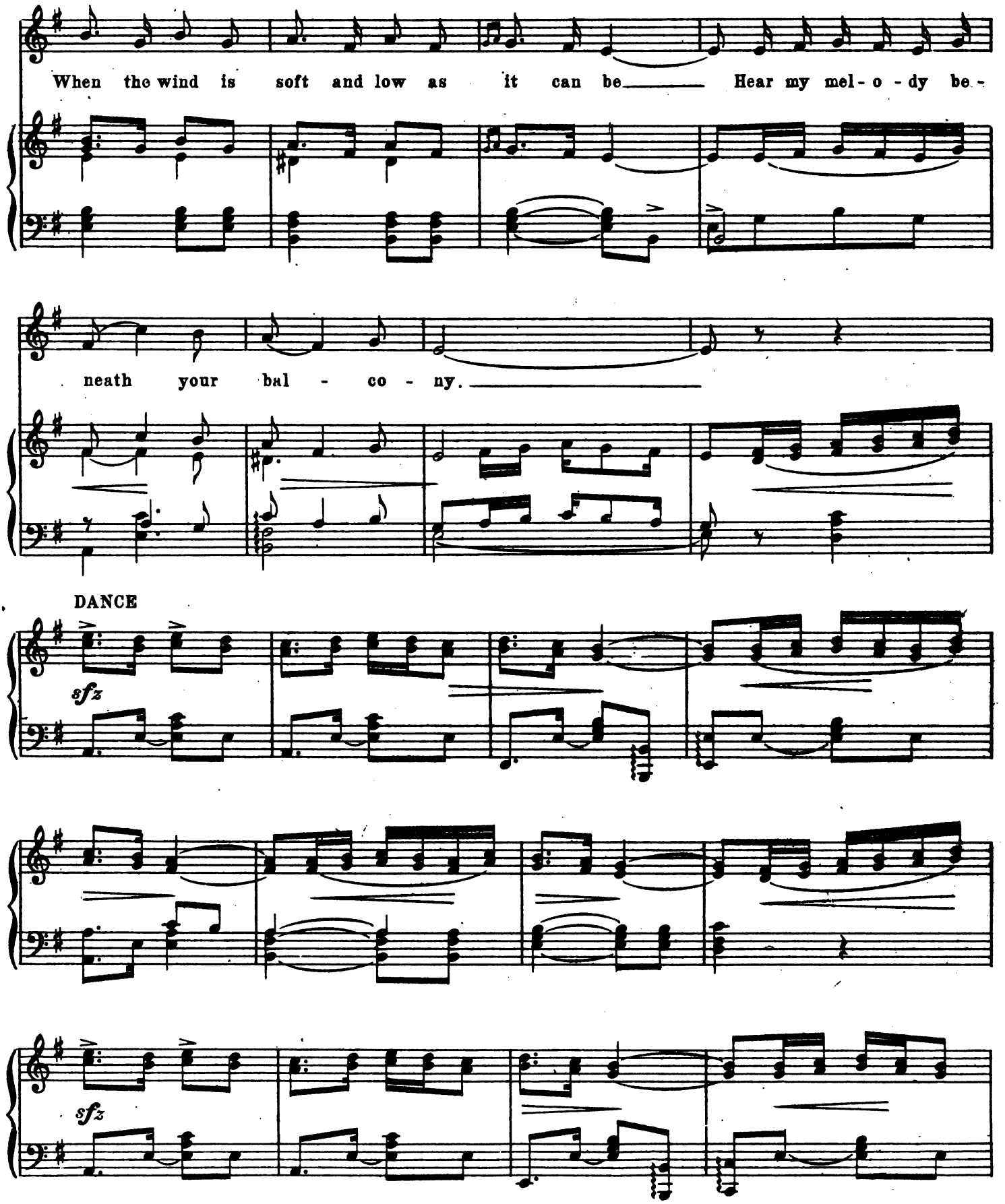
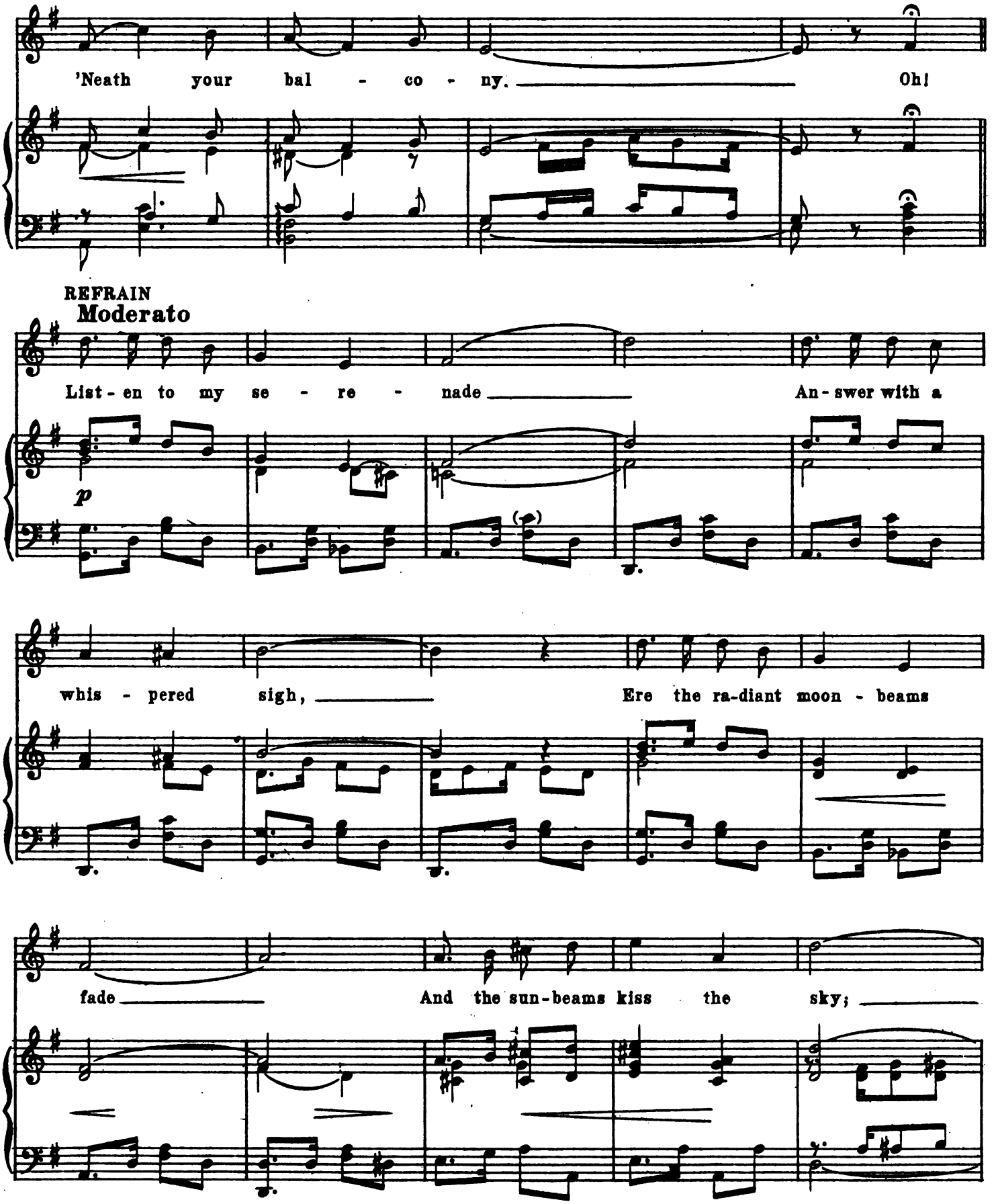
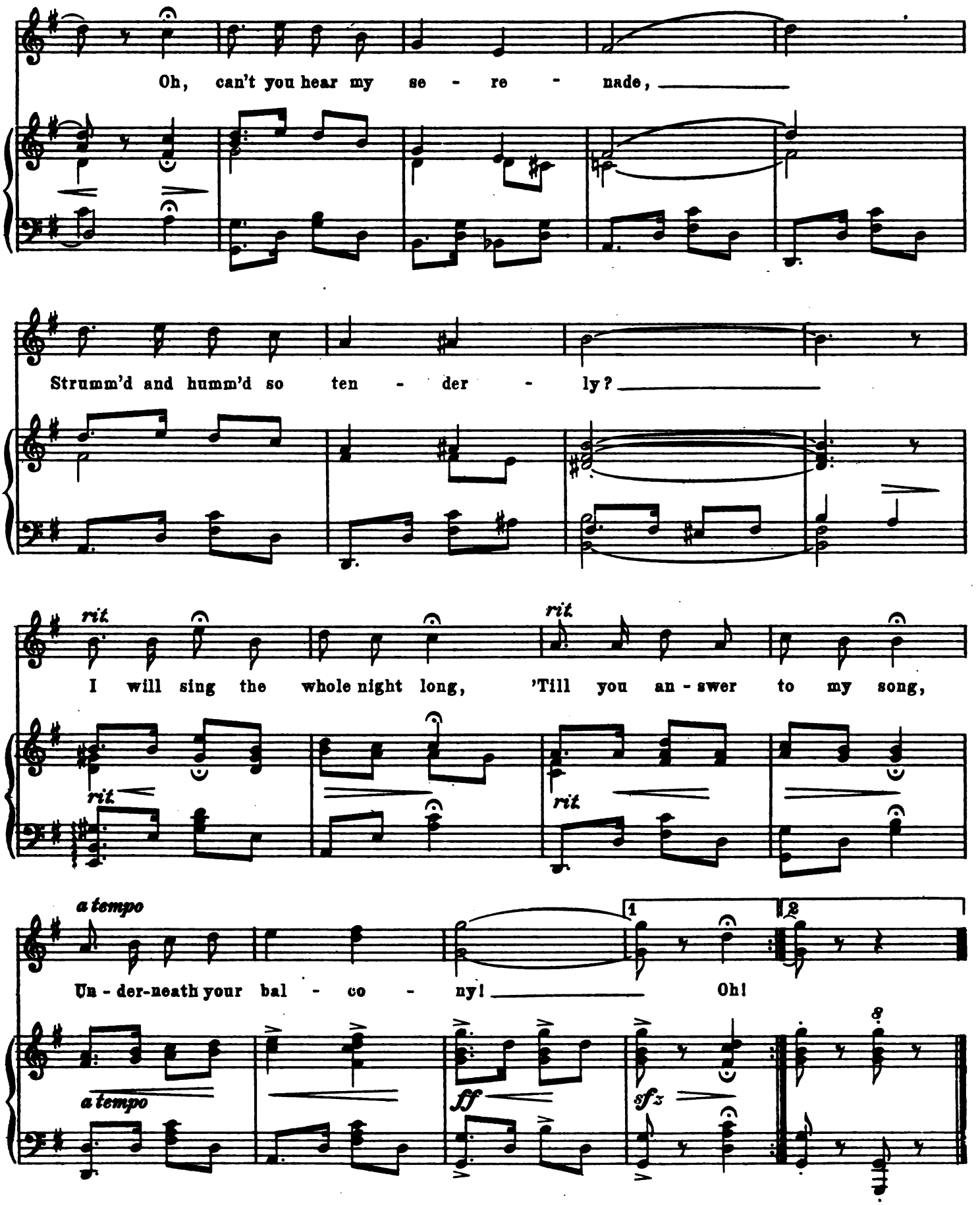

When the wind is soft and low as it can be Hear my mel - o - dy be -
neath your bal - co - ny.
DANCE
sfz
sfz

'Neath your bal - co - ny. Oh!
REFRAIN
Moderato
List - en to my se - re - nade An - swer with a
p
whis - pered sigh, Ere the ra-diant moon - beams
fade And the sun-beams kiss the sky;

Oh, can't you hear my se - re - nade,
Strumm'd and humm'd so ten - der - ly?
rit
rit
I will sing the whole night long, 'Till you an - swer to my song,
rit
rit
a tempo
1
2
Un - der-neath your bal - co - ny! Oh!
a tempo
ff
sfz
8

Underneath Your Balcony

Arr. by W. SCOTT WESTERMAN

CHORUS

TEN. I
TEN. II

List en to my ser - e - nade, An - swer with a whis - pered

BASS I
BASS II

An - swer with a

sigh, Ere the ra - diant moon-beams fade, And the sun-beams

sigh,

kiss the sky. Oh, can't you hear my ser - e - nade,

Strumm'd and humm'd so ten - der - ly, I will sing the whole night long,

so ten - der - ly,

humm'd so ten - der - ly,

your bal-co - ny.

'Till you an - swer to my song, Un - der-neath your bal- co - ny.

your bal-co - ny.

That Michigan Band

C. D. KOUNTZ.
HARRY TURNER.
Composers of "Men of Yost" "Michigan Drinking Song" etc.

INTRO.
Marcia

VOICE

With beat of drum the band will come and mel - o - dy in -

spir - ing Our cour - age will be fir - ing to vic - to - ry as -

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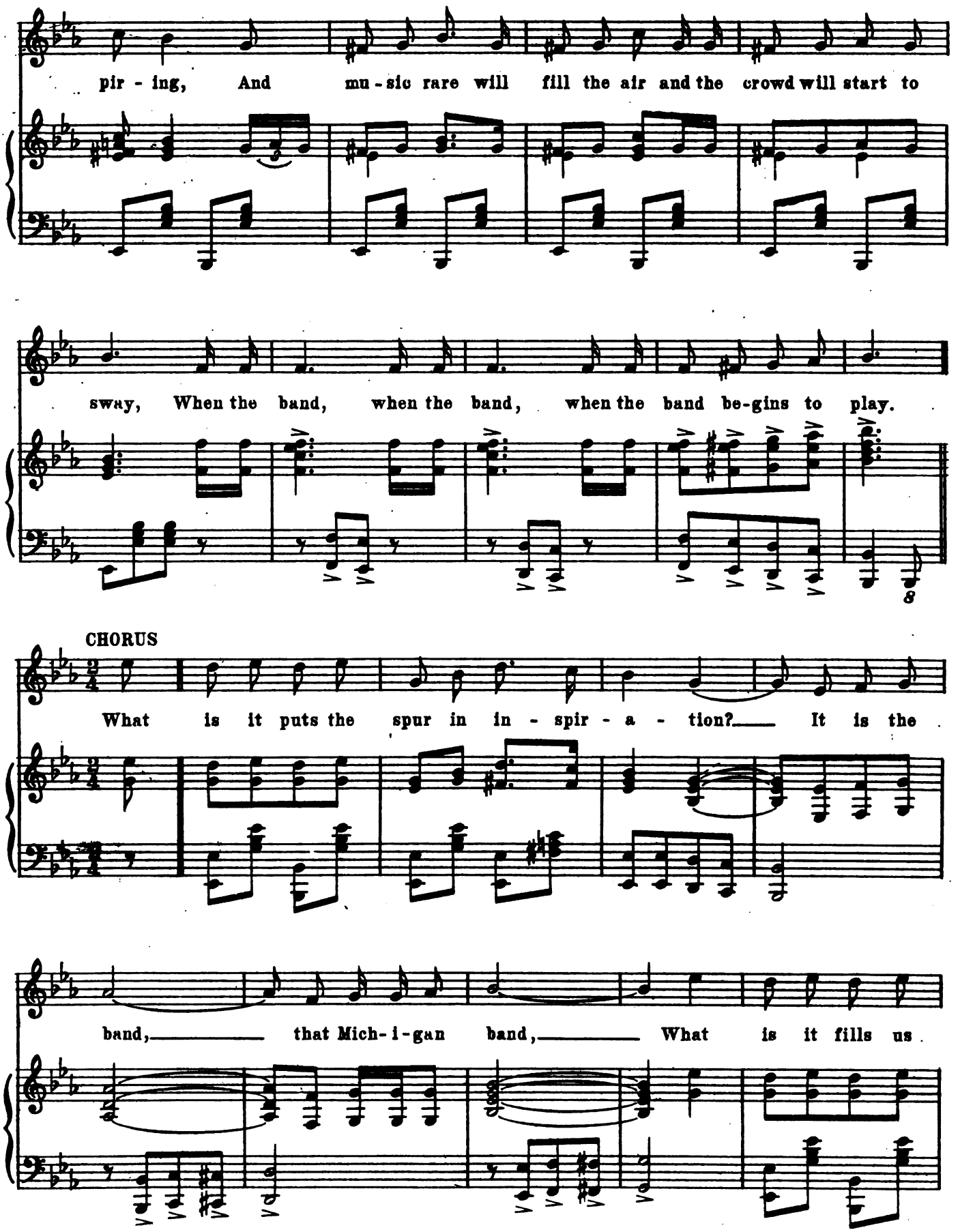
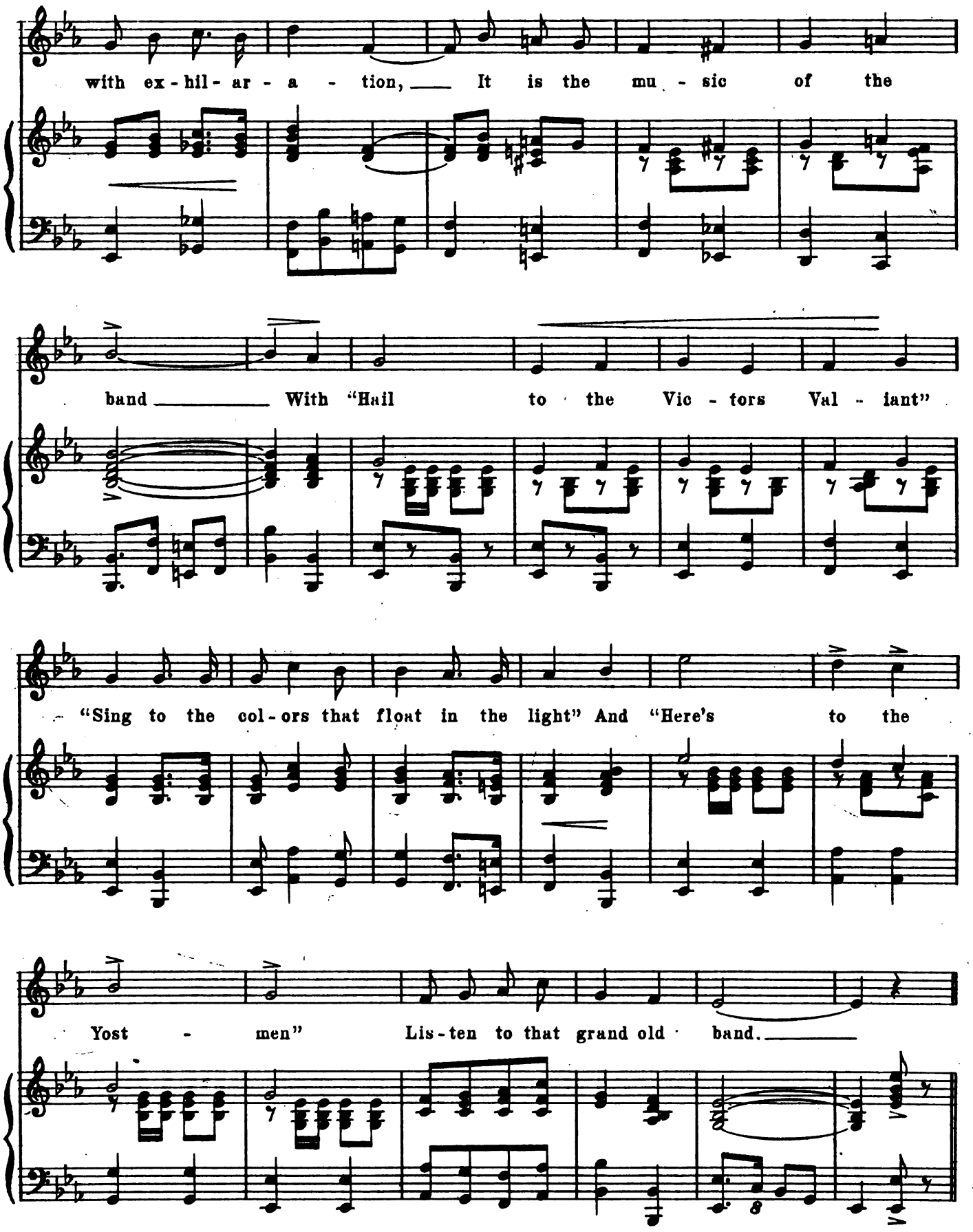
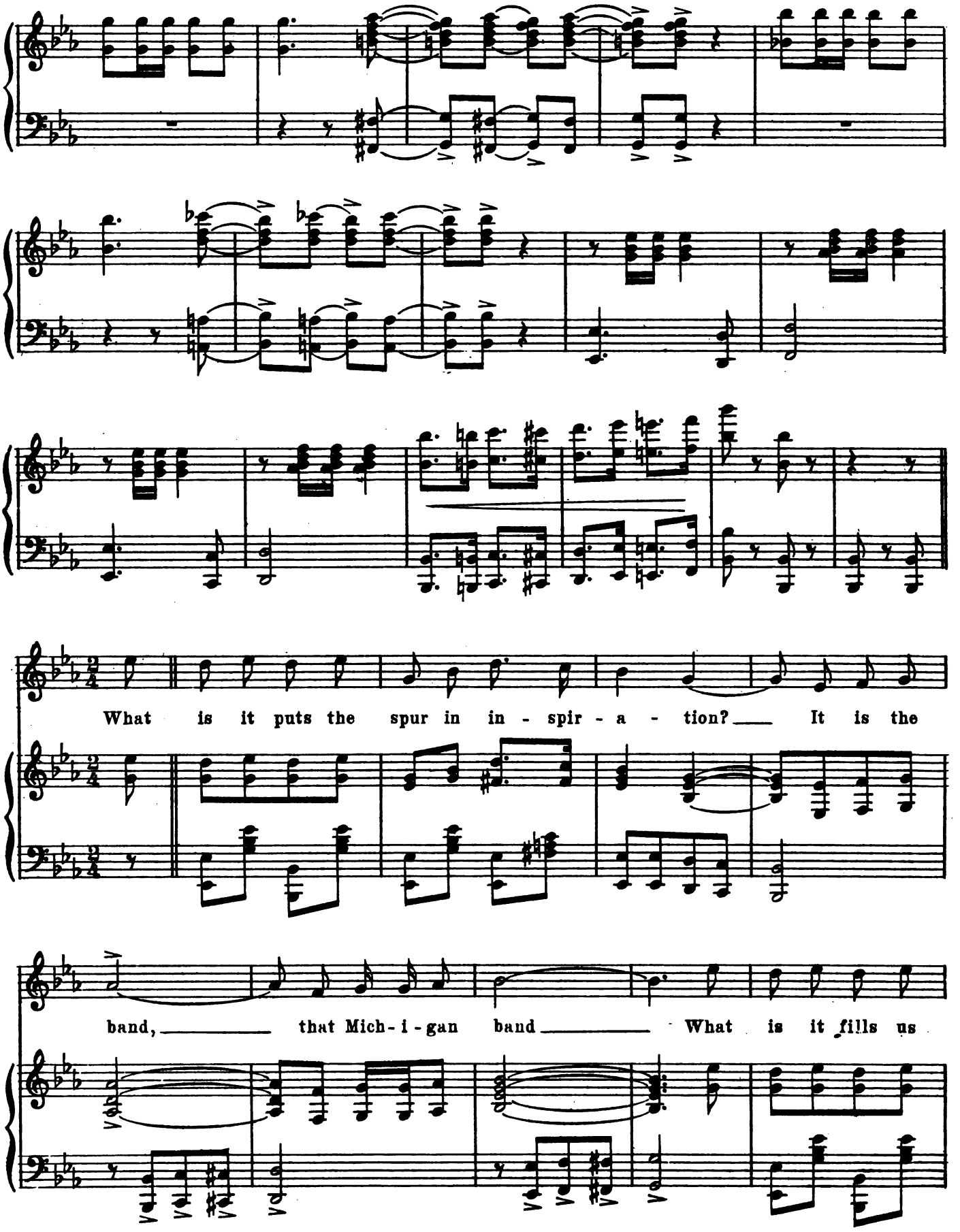
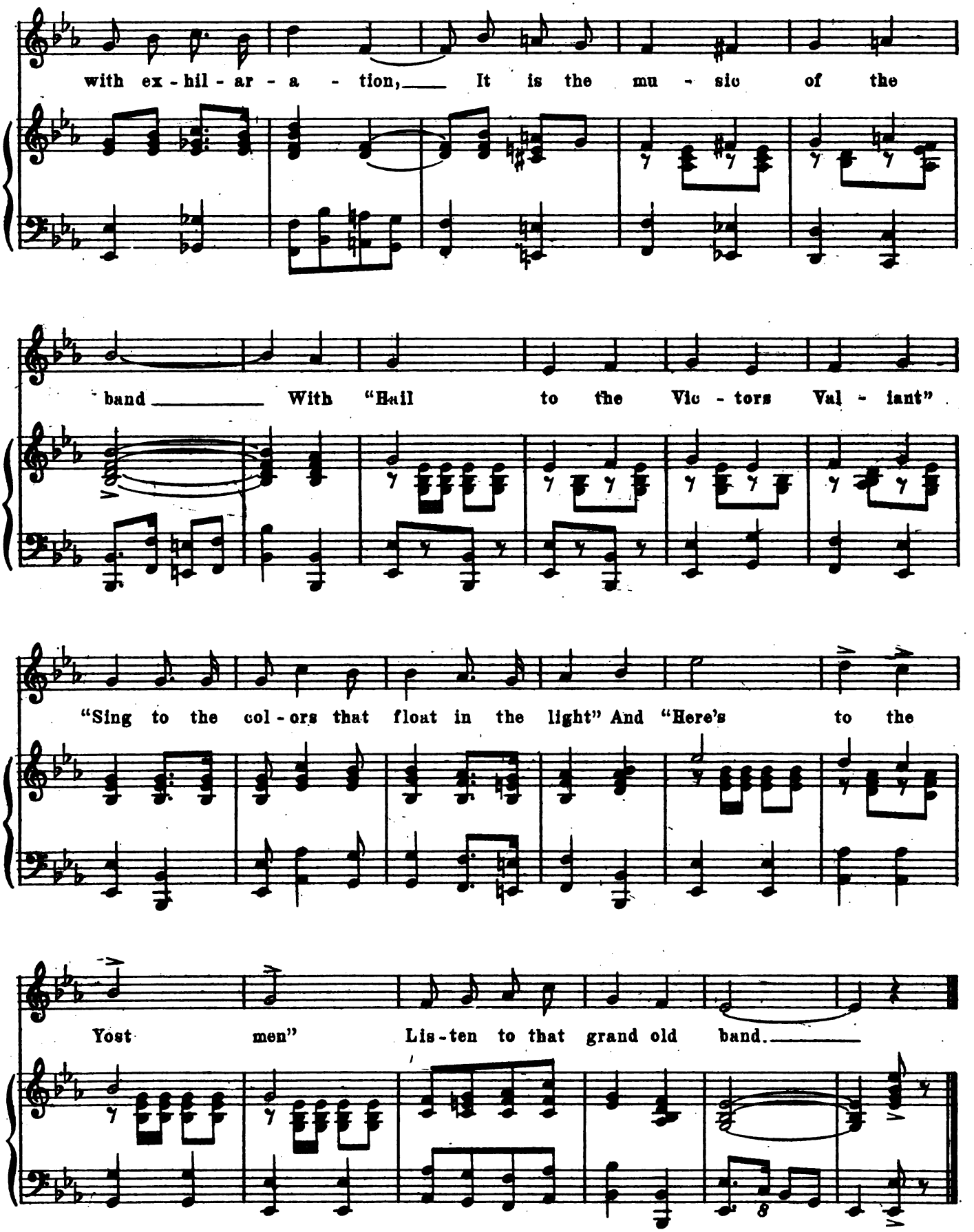
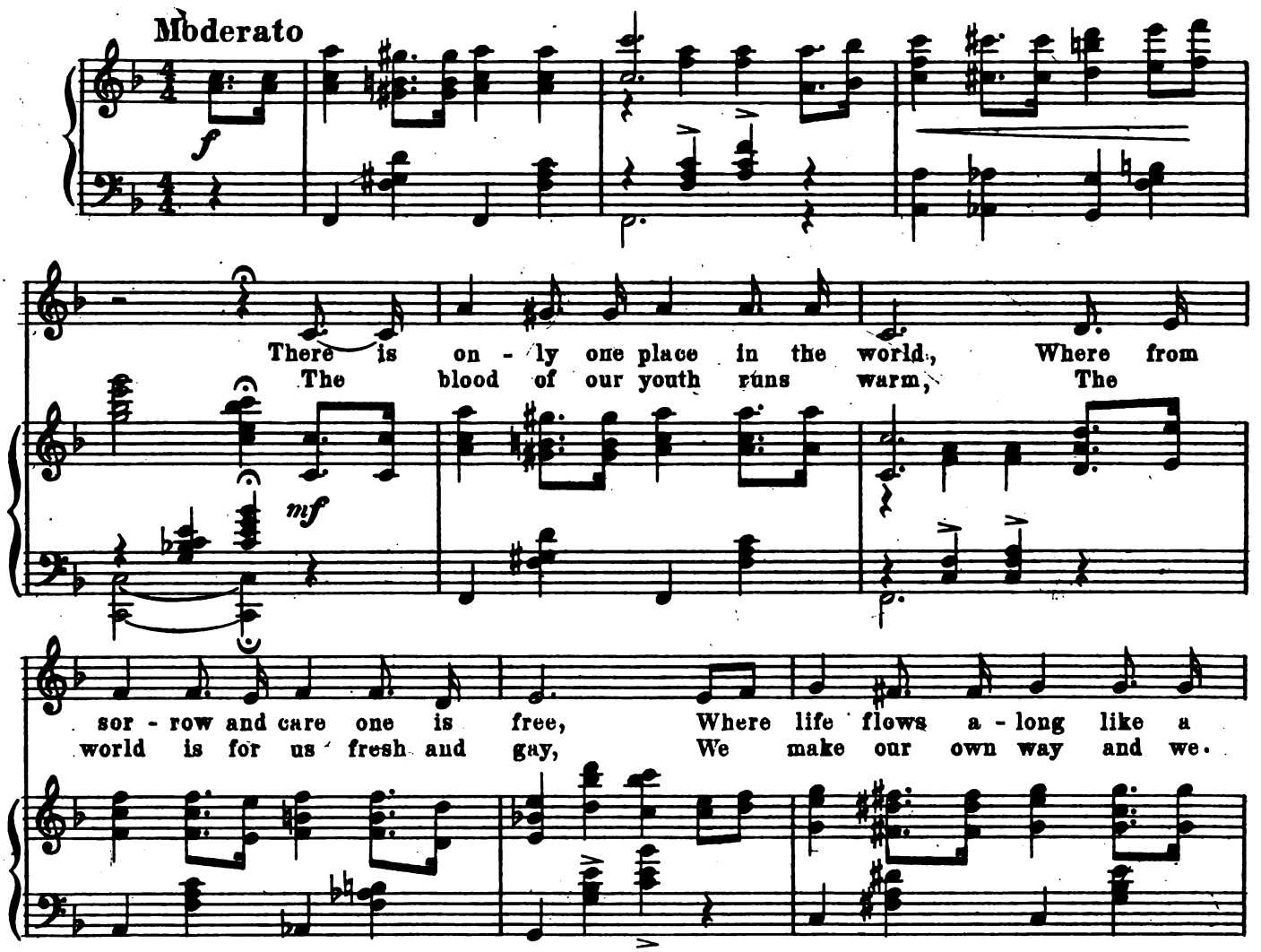

pir - ing, And mu - sic rare will fill the air and the crowd will start to
sway, When the band, when the band, when the band be-gins to play.
CHORUS
What is it puts the spur in in - spir - a - tion? It is the
band, that Mich-i-gan band, What is it fills us

with ex - hil - ar - a - tion, It is the mu - sic of the
band With "Hail to the Vic - tors Val - iant"
"Sing to the col - ors that float in the light" And "Here's to the
Yost - men" Lis - ten to that grand old band.

What is it puts the spur in in - spir - a - tion? It is the
band, that Mich - i - gan band What is it fills us

with ex - hil - ar - a - tion, It is the mu - sic of the
band With "Hail to the Vic - tors Val - iant"
"Sing to the col - ors that float in the light" And "Here's to the
Yost men" Lis - ten to that grand old band.

When we were in College

"MICHIGENDA"

ROY D. WELCH

Moderato
f
There is on - ly one place in the world, Where from
The blood of our youth runs warm, The
mf
sor - row and care one is free, Where life flows a - long like a
world is for us fresh and gay, We make our own way and we.

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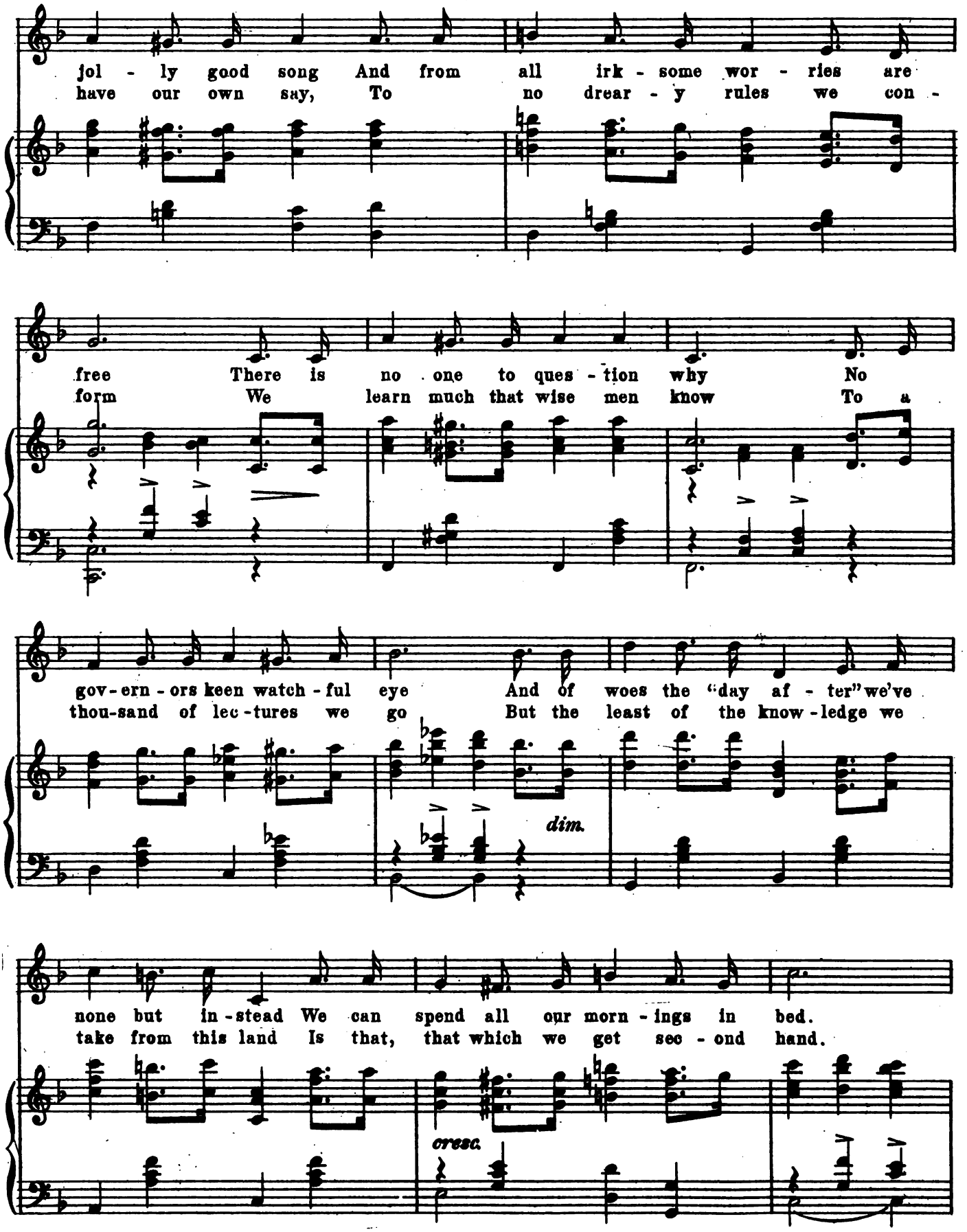
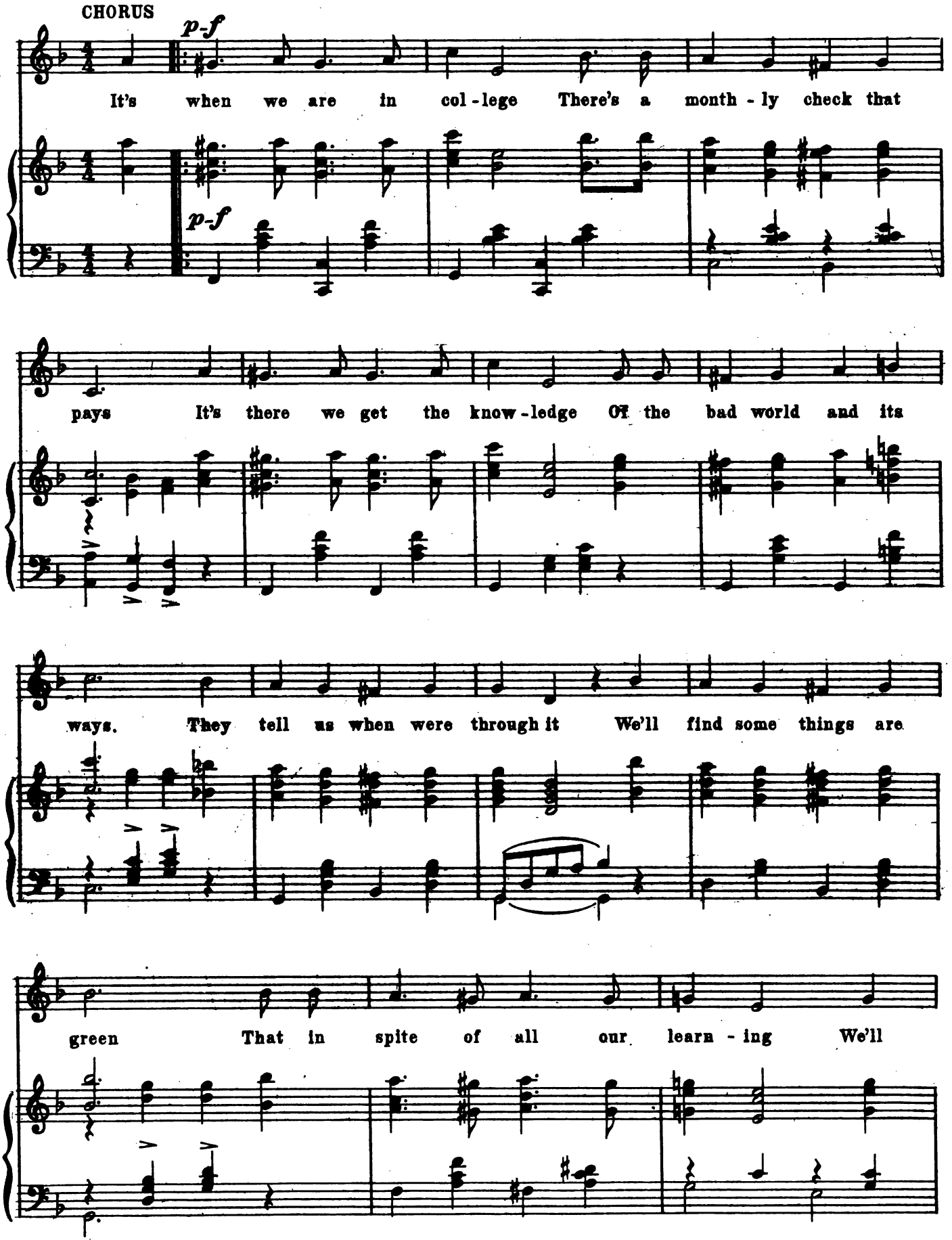
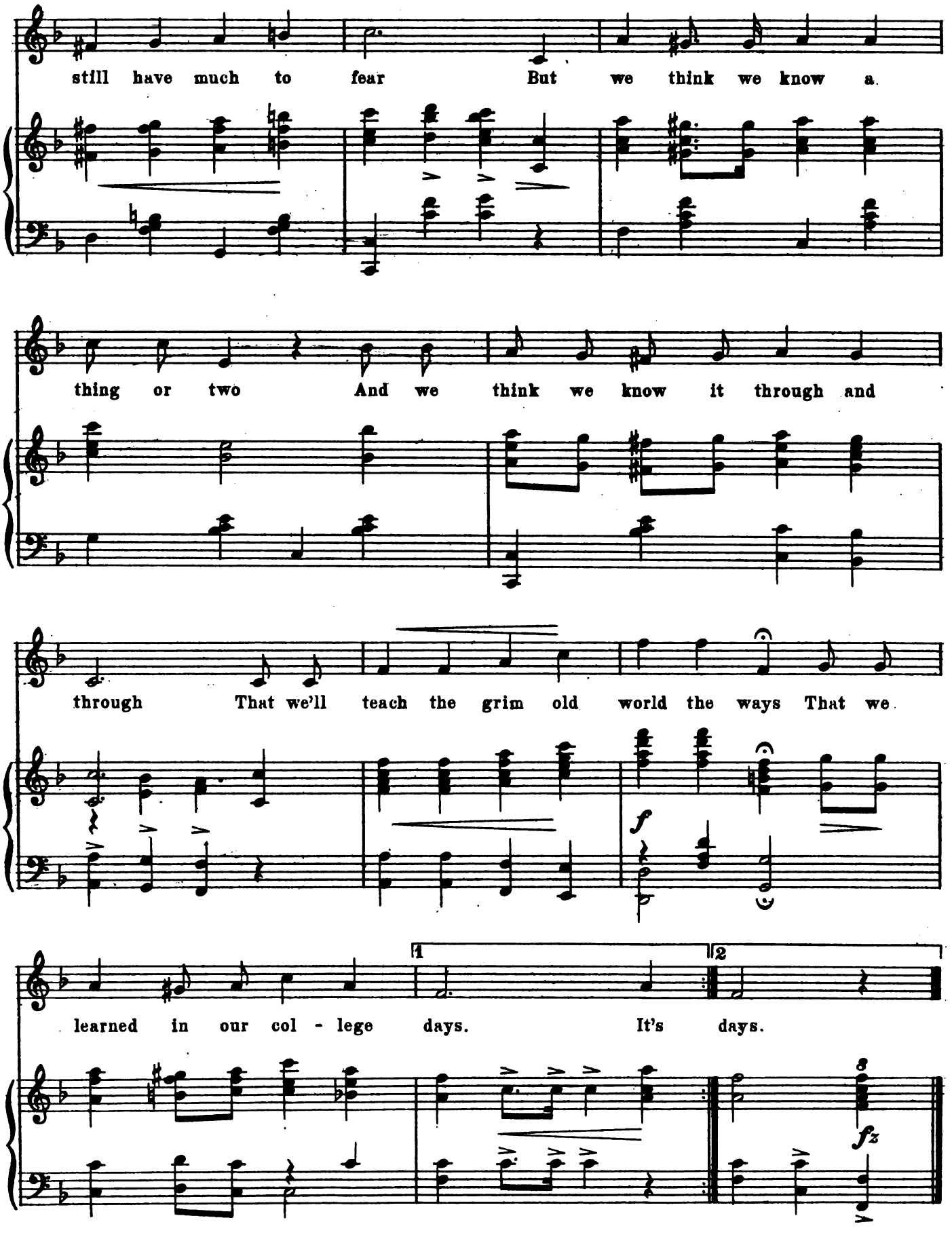
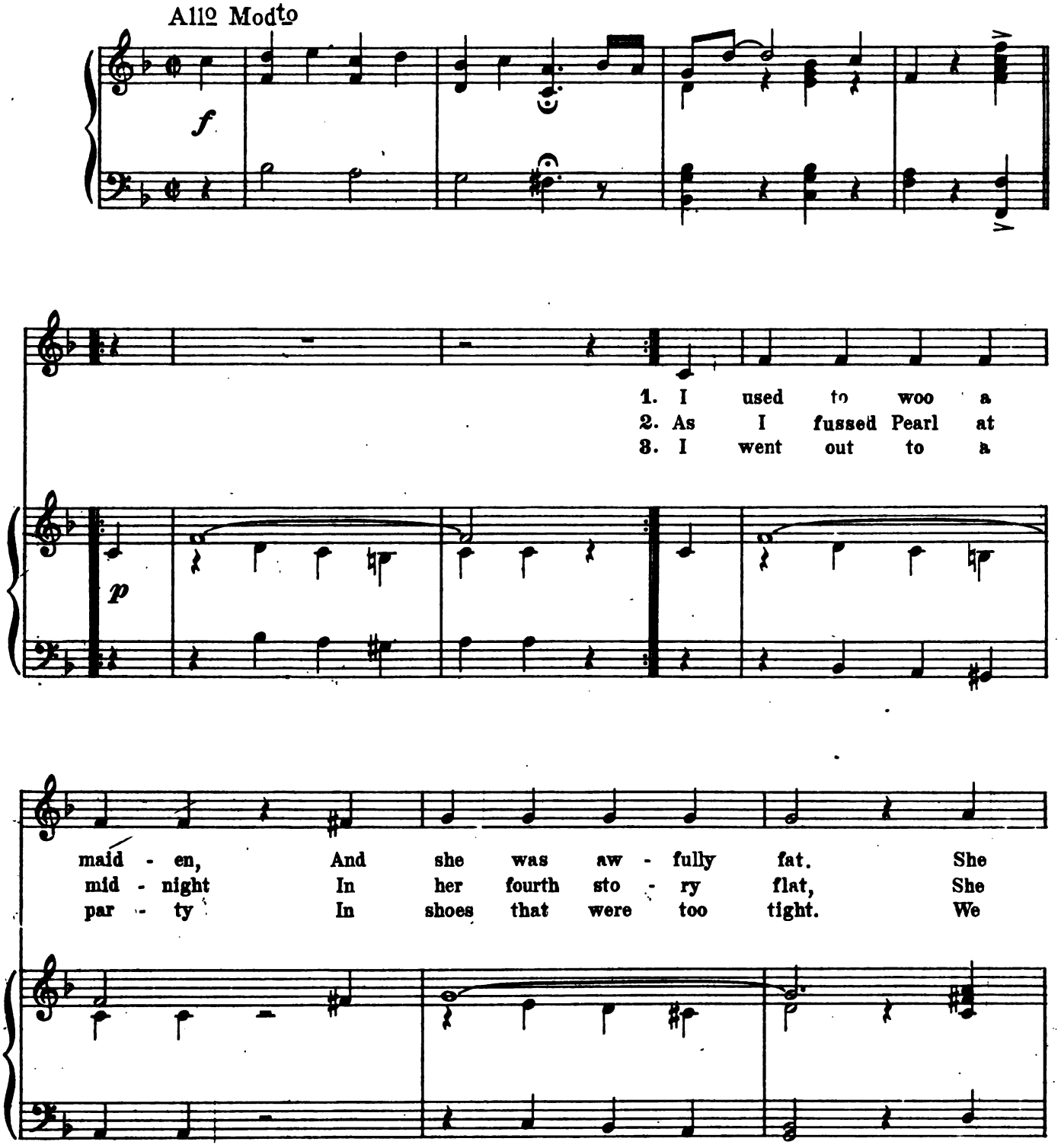

jol - ly good song And from all irk - some wor - ries are
have our own say, To no drear - y rules we con -
free There is no one to ques - tion why No
form We learn much that wise men know To a
gov - ern - ors keen watch - ful eye And of woes the "day af - ter" we've
thou-sand of lec - tures we go But the least of the know - ledge we
dim.
none but in - stead We can spend all our morn - ings in bed.
take from this land Is that, that which we get sec - ond hand.
cresc.

CHORUS
p-f
It's when we are in col-lege There's a month-ly check that
p-f
pays It's there we get the know-ledge Of the bad world and its
ways. They tell us when were through it We'll find some things are
green That in spite of all our learn-ing We'll

still have much to fear But we think we know a
thing or two And we think we know it through and
through That we'll teach the grim old world the ways That we
learned in our col - lege days. It's days.
1
2
f
fz

Just A Little Bit Too Far.

"CRIMSON CHEST"

J. FRED LAWTON — EARL V. MOORE


All⁹ Mod⁹to
f
p
1. I used to woo a
2. As I fussed Pearl at
3. I went out to a
maid - en, And she was aw - fully fat. She
mid - night In her fourth sto - ry flat, She
par - ty In shoes that were too tight. We

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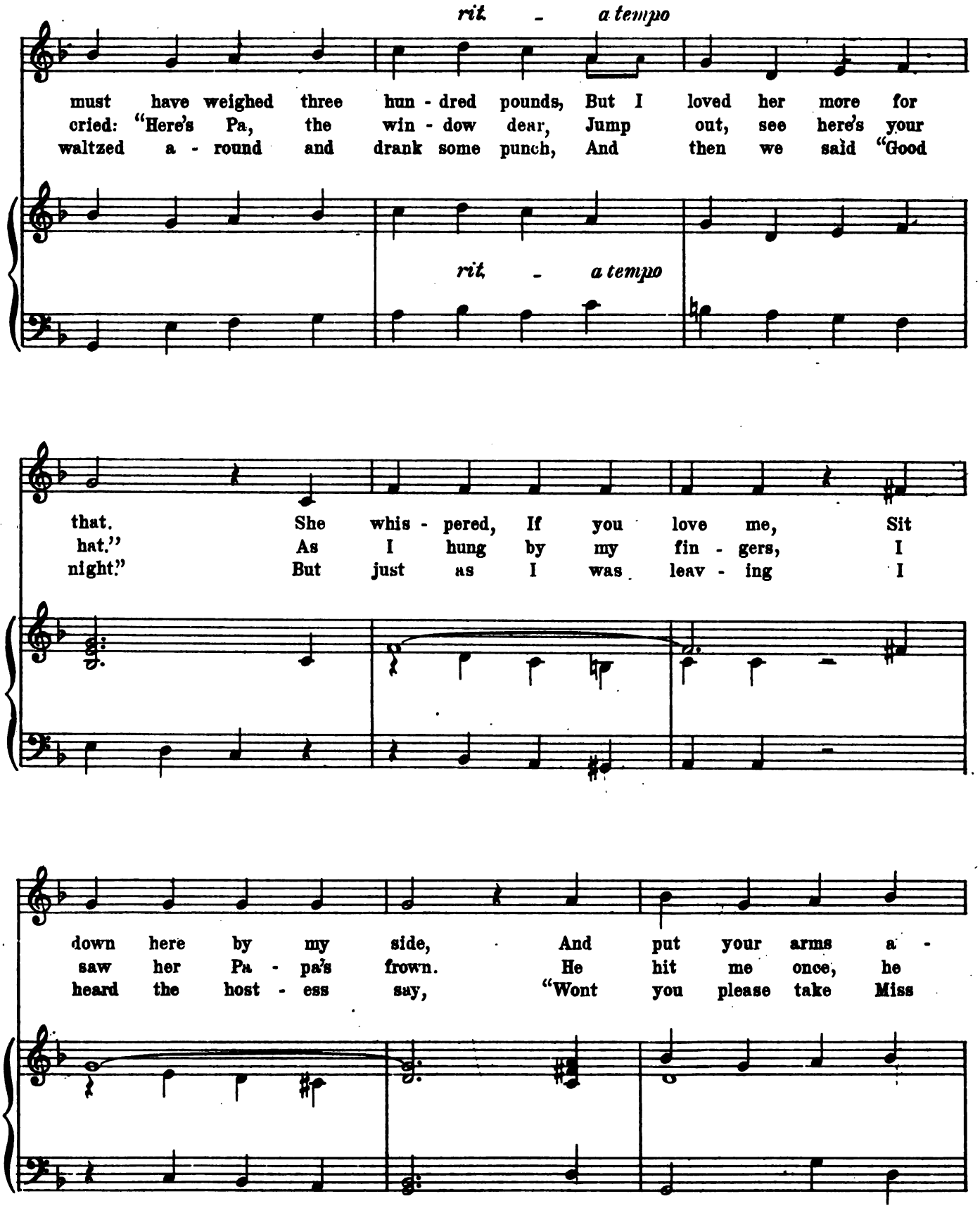
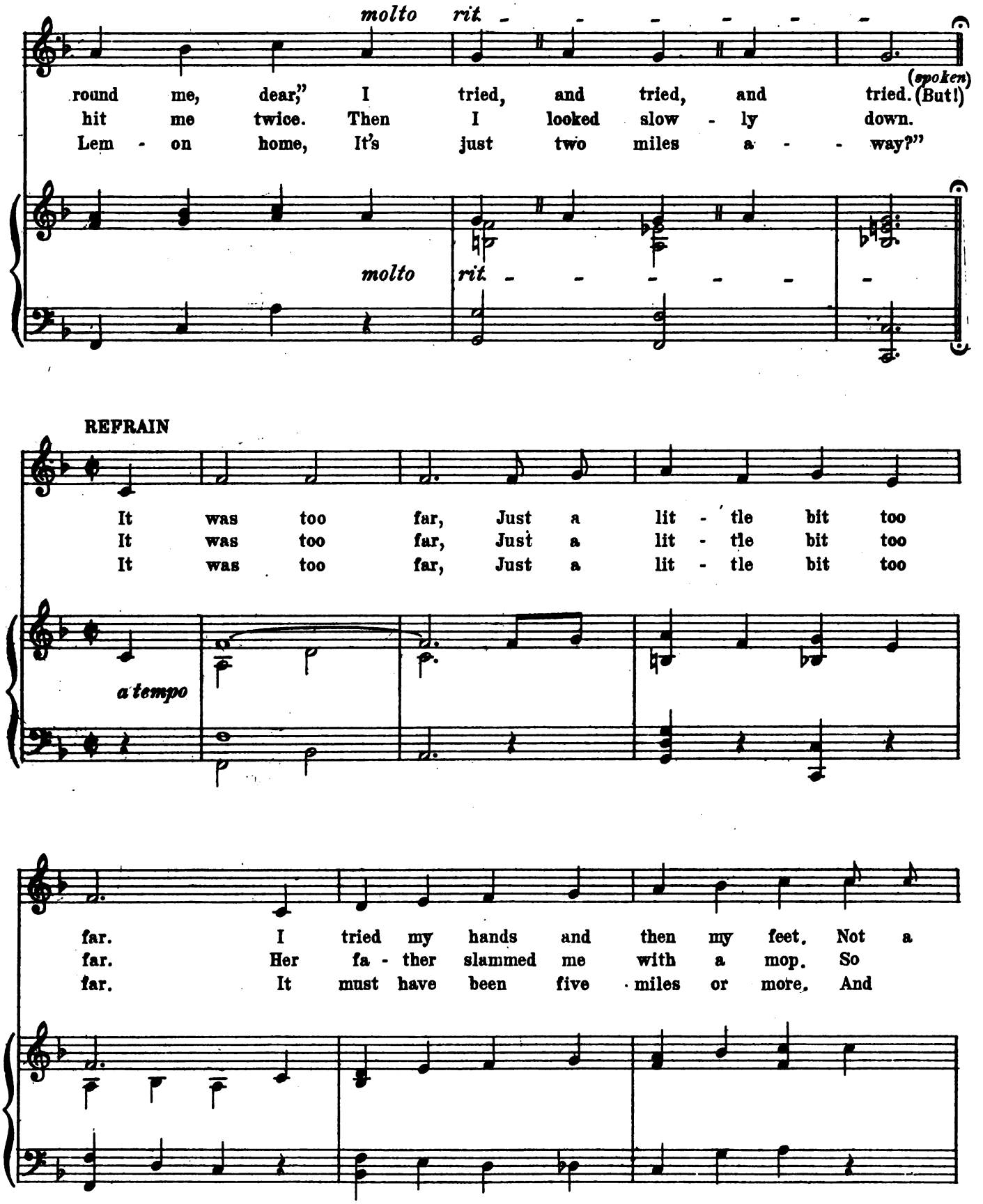
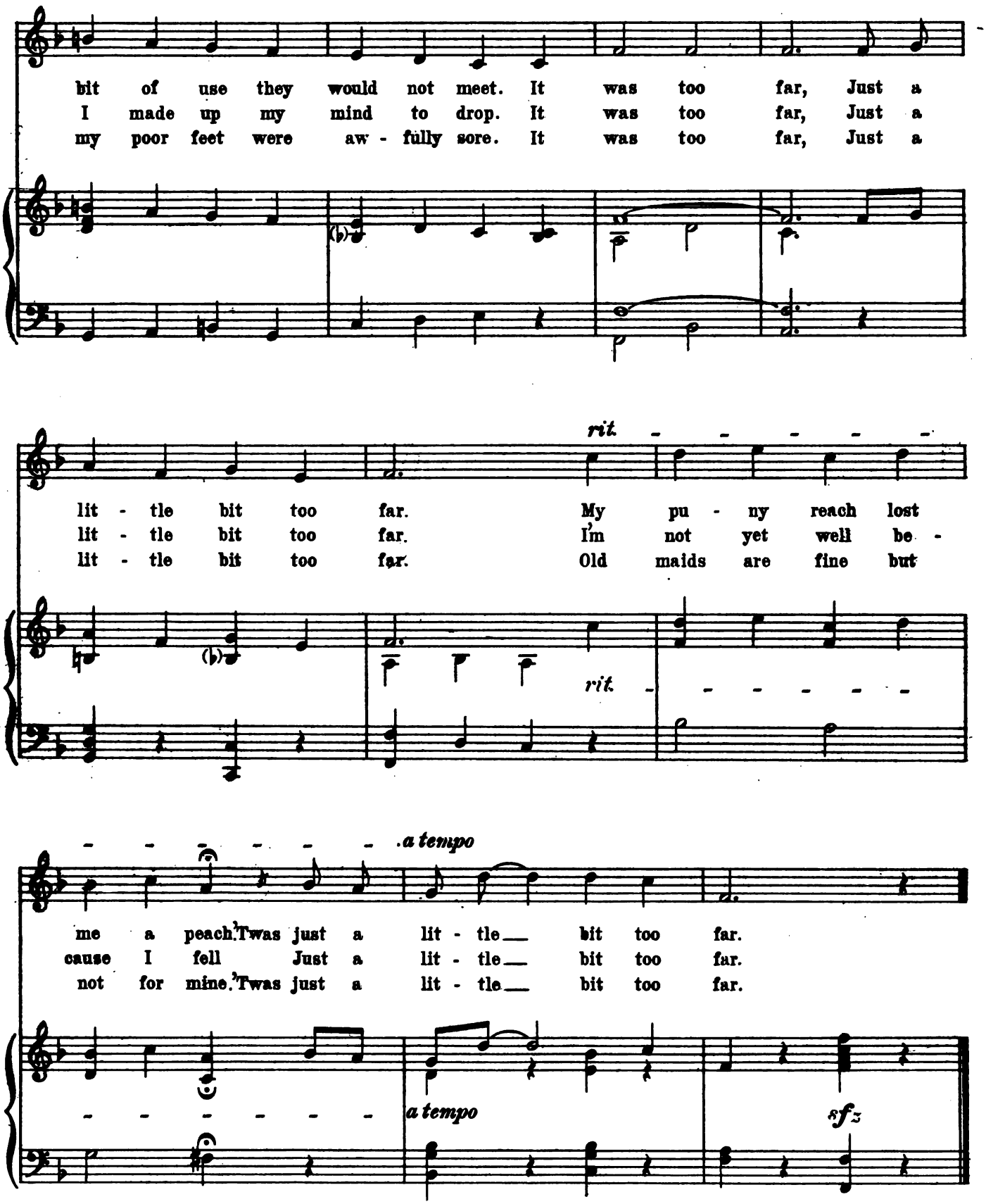

rit. - a tempo
must have weighed three hun - dred pounds, But I loved her more for
cried: "Here's Pa, the win - dow dear, Jump out, see here's your
waltzed a - round and drank some punch, And then we said "Good
rit. - a tempo
that. She whis - pered, If you love me, Sit
hat." As I hung by my fin - gers, I
night." But just as I was leav - ing I
down here by my side, And put your arms a -
saw her Pa - pa's frown. He hit me once, he
heard the host - ess say, "Wont you please take Miss

molto rit - - - - - -
round me, dear," I tried, and tried, and tried. (But!)
hit me twice. Then I looked slow - ly down.
Lem - on home, It's just two miles a - - way?"
(spoken)
molto rit - - - - - -
REFRAIN
It was too far, Just a lit - tle bit too
It was too far, Just a lit - tle bit too
It was too far, Just a lit - tle bit too
a tempo
far. I tried my hands and then my feet. Not a
far. Her fa - ther slammed me with a mop. So
far. It must have been five miles or more. And

bit of use they would not meet. It was too far, Just a
I made up my mind to drop. It was too far, Just a
my poor feet were aw - fully sore. It was too far, Just a
rit.
lit - tle bit too far. My pu - ny reach lost
lit - tle bit too far. I'm not yet well be -
lit - tle bit too far. Old maids are fine but
rit.
a tempo
me a peach. 'Twas just a lit - tle bit too far.
cause I fell Just a lit - tle bit too far.
not for mine. 'Twas just a lit - tle bit too far.
a tempo
sfz

Extra Verses

LAST WINTER I decided
To attend the Junior Hop,
I took my full-dress trousers
To the nearest tailor shop.
I said, "I want them shorter,
One inch will be all right"—
You should have seen those trousers
When I called 'round that night.

CHORUS—He cut too far,
Just a little bit too far
I thought my legs would surely freeze,
He'd cut them half way to the knees,
He'd cut too far,
Just a little bit too far—
I did not dance in those short pants
Just a little bit too far.

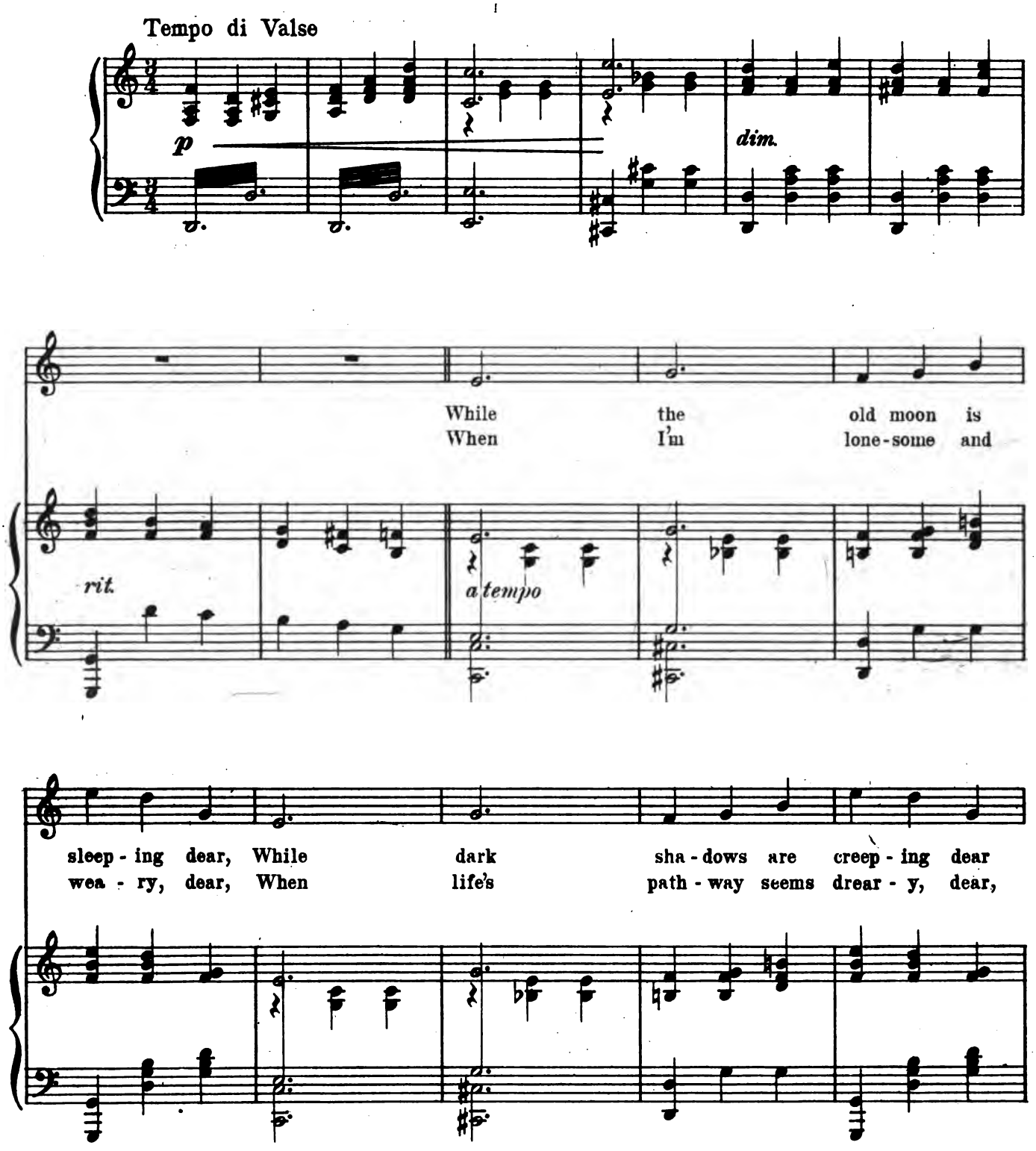
Now, Mr. St. John told me,
When singing to the crowd,
That I should not speak so low
But holler out quite loud—
I'll try it on that nice girl
About fourteen rows away,
I say, my pretty little girl,
Can you hear what I say?

CHORUS—It is too far,
Just a little bit too far—
I'll speak a little louder, dear,
Now, is that better? Can you hear?
It is too far,
Just a little bit too far—
It is no use,
So I'll vamoose,
Just a little bit too far.

When All The World's Asleep

"CRIMSON CHEST"

J. FRED LAWTON

ROBERT T. MORELAND

Tempo di Valse
p
dim.
While the old moon is
When I'm lone-some and
rit.
a tempo
sleep - ing dear, While dark sha - dows are creep - ing dear
wea - ry, dear, When life's path - way seems drear - y, dear,

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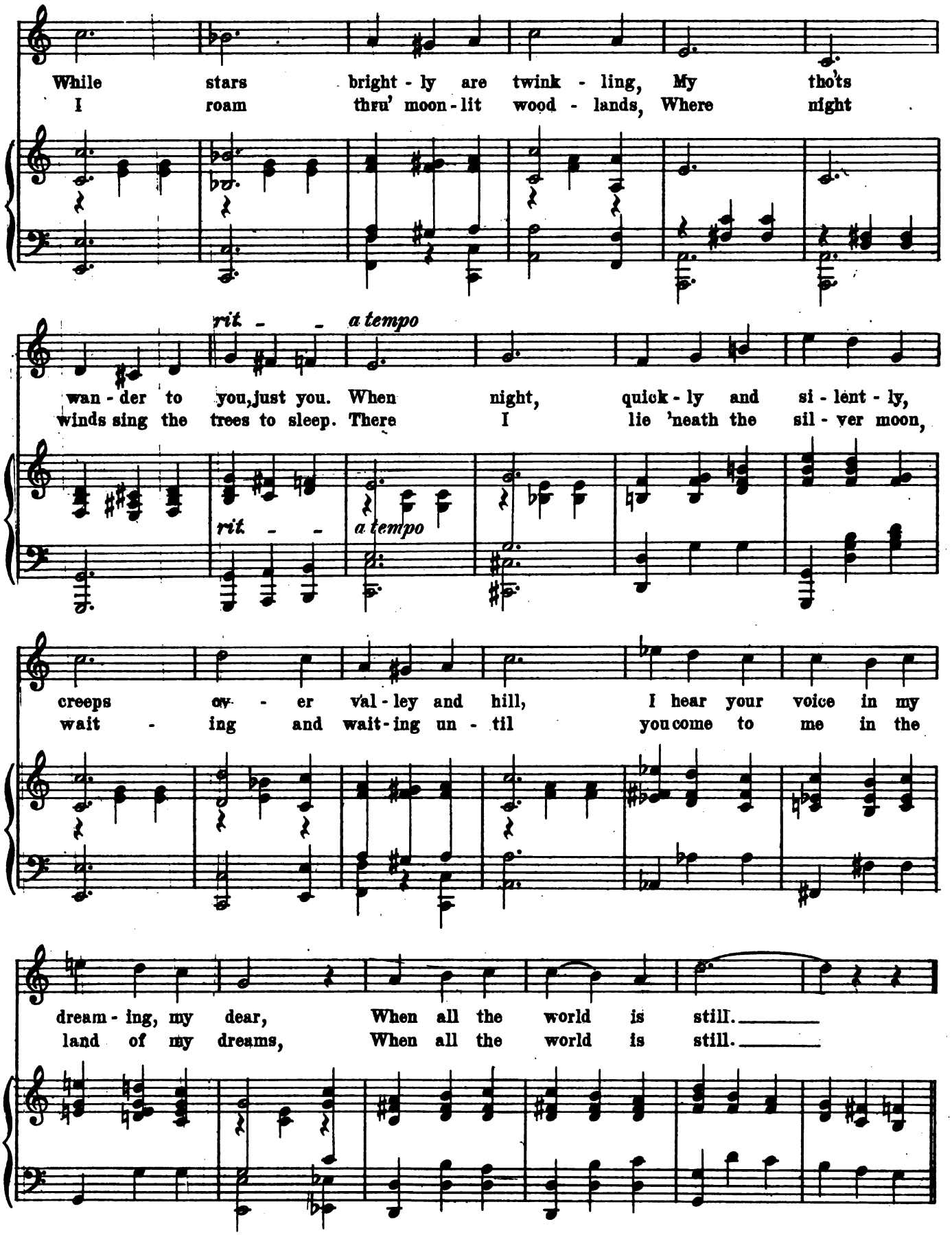
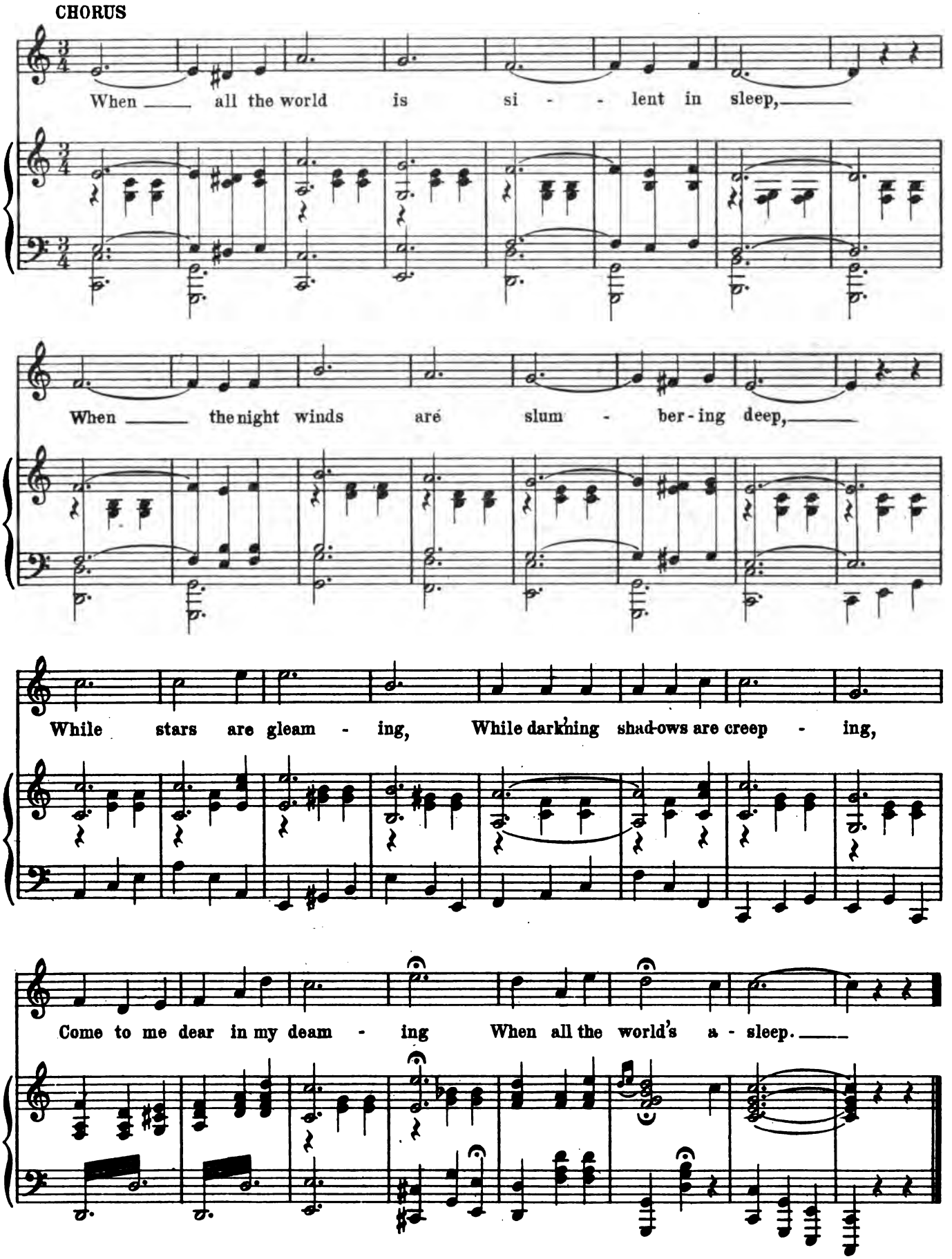

While stars bright - ly are twink - ling, My tho'ts
I roam thru' moon - lit wood - lands, Where night
rit - - a tempo
wan - der to you, just you. When night, quick - ly and si - lent - ly,
winds sing the trees to sleep. There I lie 'neath the sil - ver moon,
rit - - a tempo
creeps ov - er val - ley and hill, I hear your voice in my
wait - ing and wait - ing un - til you come to me in the
dream - ing, my dear, When all the world is still.
land of my dreams, When all the world is still.

CHORUS
When all the world is si - lent in sleep,
When the night winds are slum - ber-ing deep,
While stars are gleam - ing, While darkning shad-ows are creep - ing,
Come to me dear in my deam - ing When all the world's a - sleep.

Teach Me How To Say Good Bye

Words by
A. L. WEEKS

Music by
E. V. MOORE

Andante Espressivo

Violin Solo

RUTH

You must go, your coun - try is call - ing, How can

a tempo

rit.

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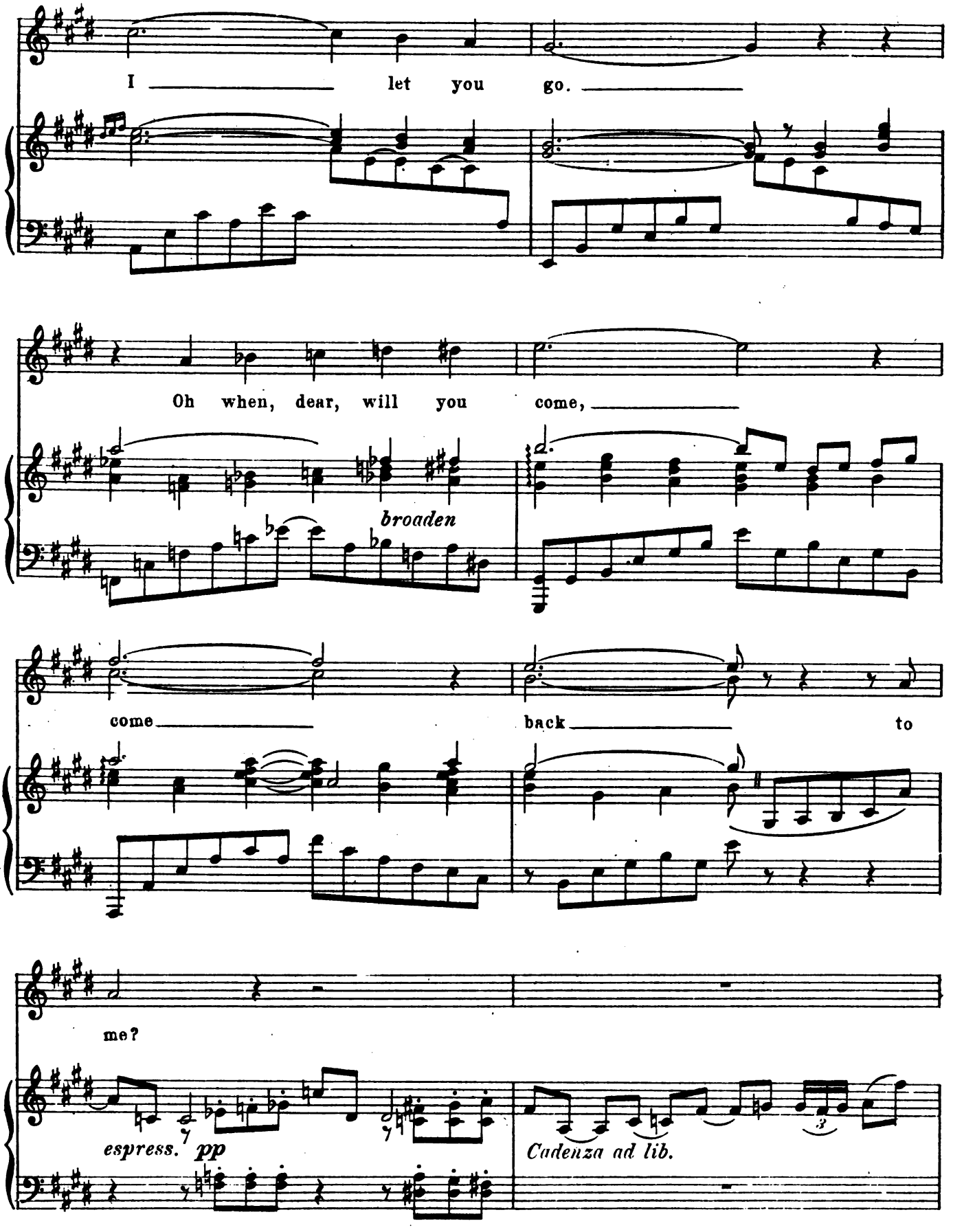
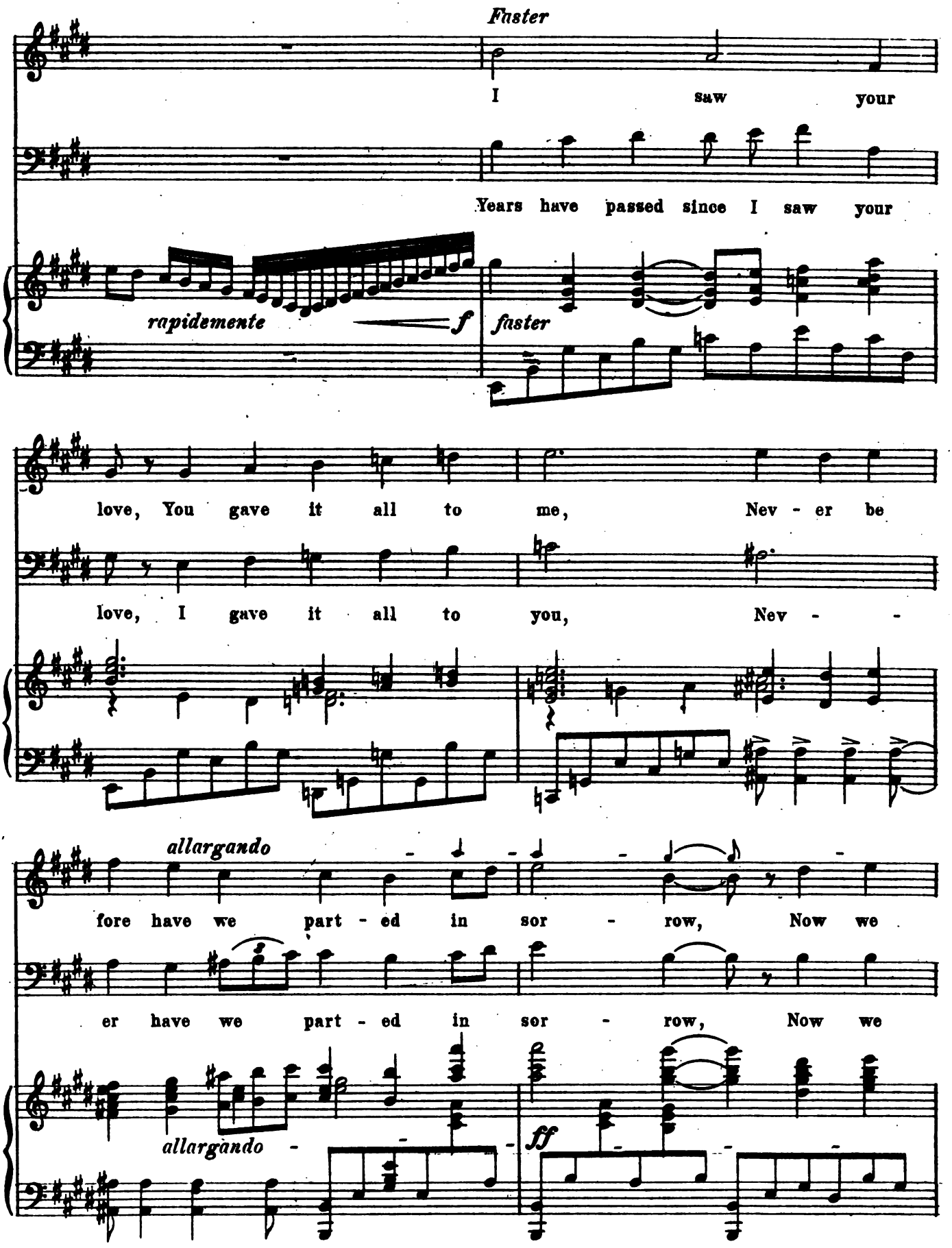
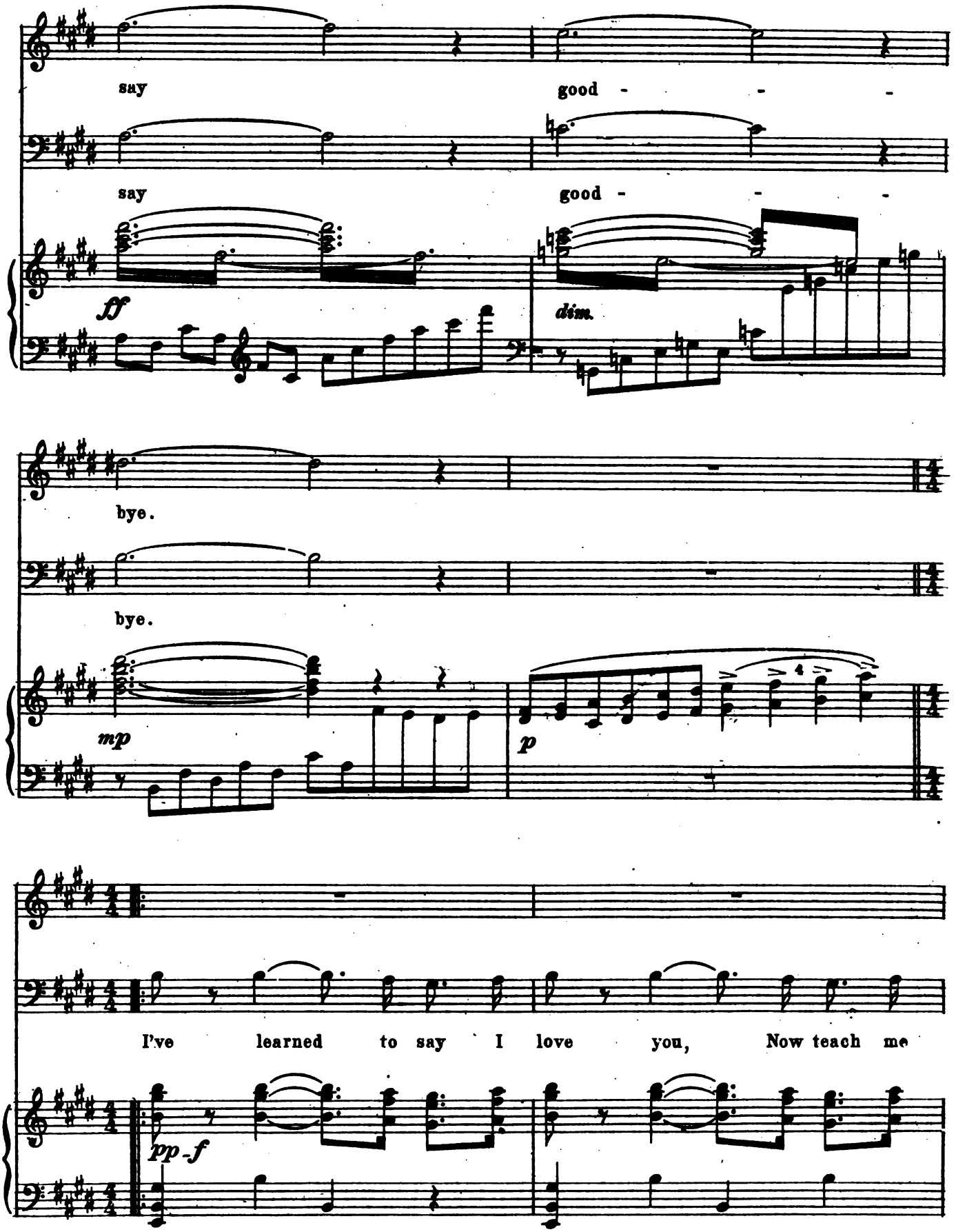
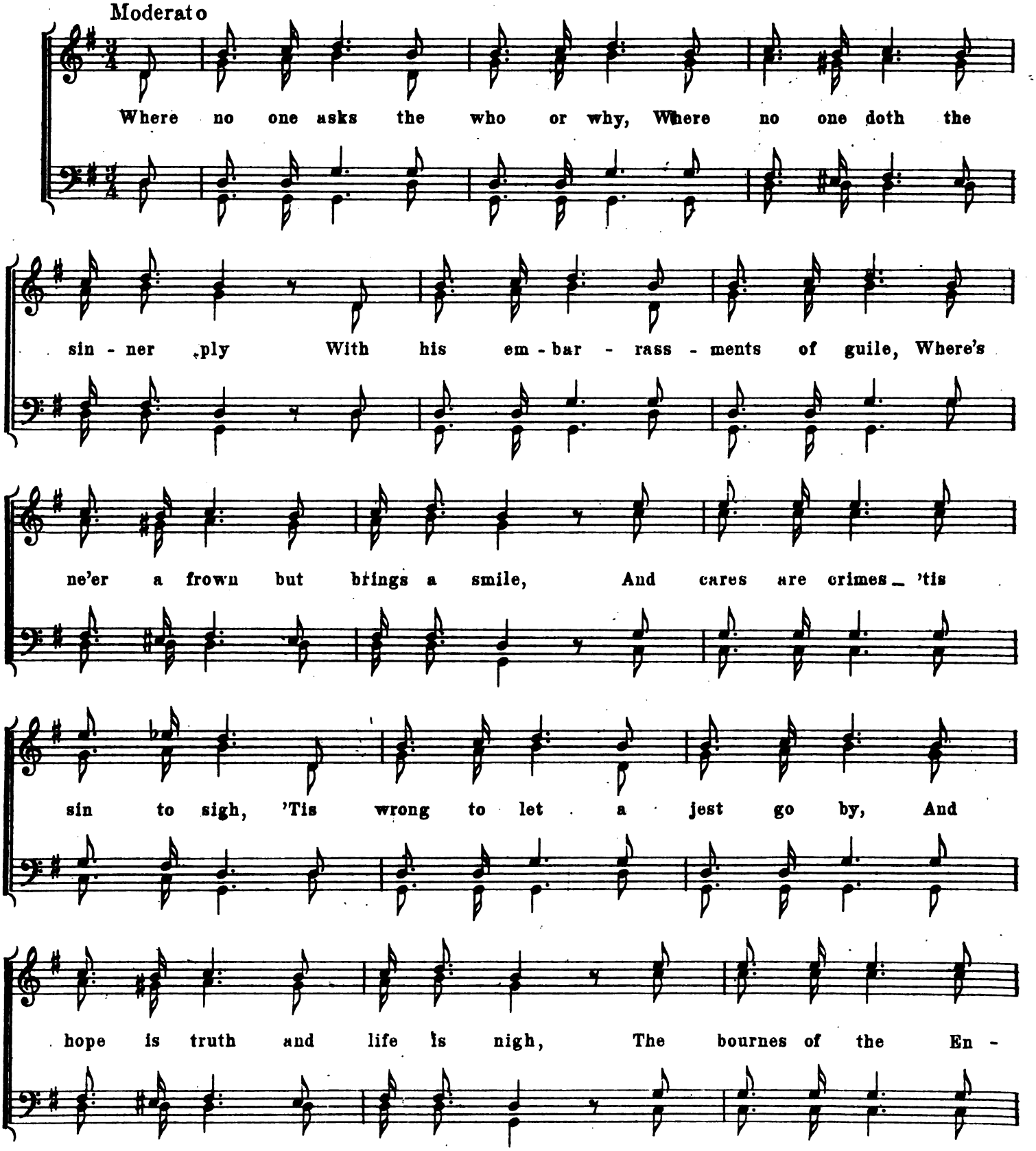

I let you go.
Oh when, dear, will you come,
broaden
come back to
me?
espress. pp
Cadenza ad lib.

Faster
I saw your
Years have passed since I saw your
rapidemente
f
faster
love, You gave it all to me, Nev - er be
love, I gave it all to you, Nev - -
allargando
fore have we part - ed in sor - row, Now we
er have we part - ed in sor - row, Now we
allargando
ff

say
good - - -
say
good - - -
ff
dim.
bye.
bye.
mp
p
I've learned to say I love you, Now teach me
pp - f

In College Days

The Old Friars' Song

Words by
HAROLD M. BOWMAN '00

Arr. by
ROBERT R. DIETERLE, 18 Lit.

Moderato

Where no one asks the who or why, Where no one doth the
sin - ner ply With his em - bar - rass - ments of guile, Where's
ne'er a frown but brings a smile, And cares are crimes _ 'tis
sin to sigh, 'Tis wrong to let a jest go by, And
hope is truth and life is nigh, The bournes of the En -

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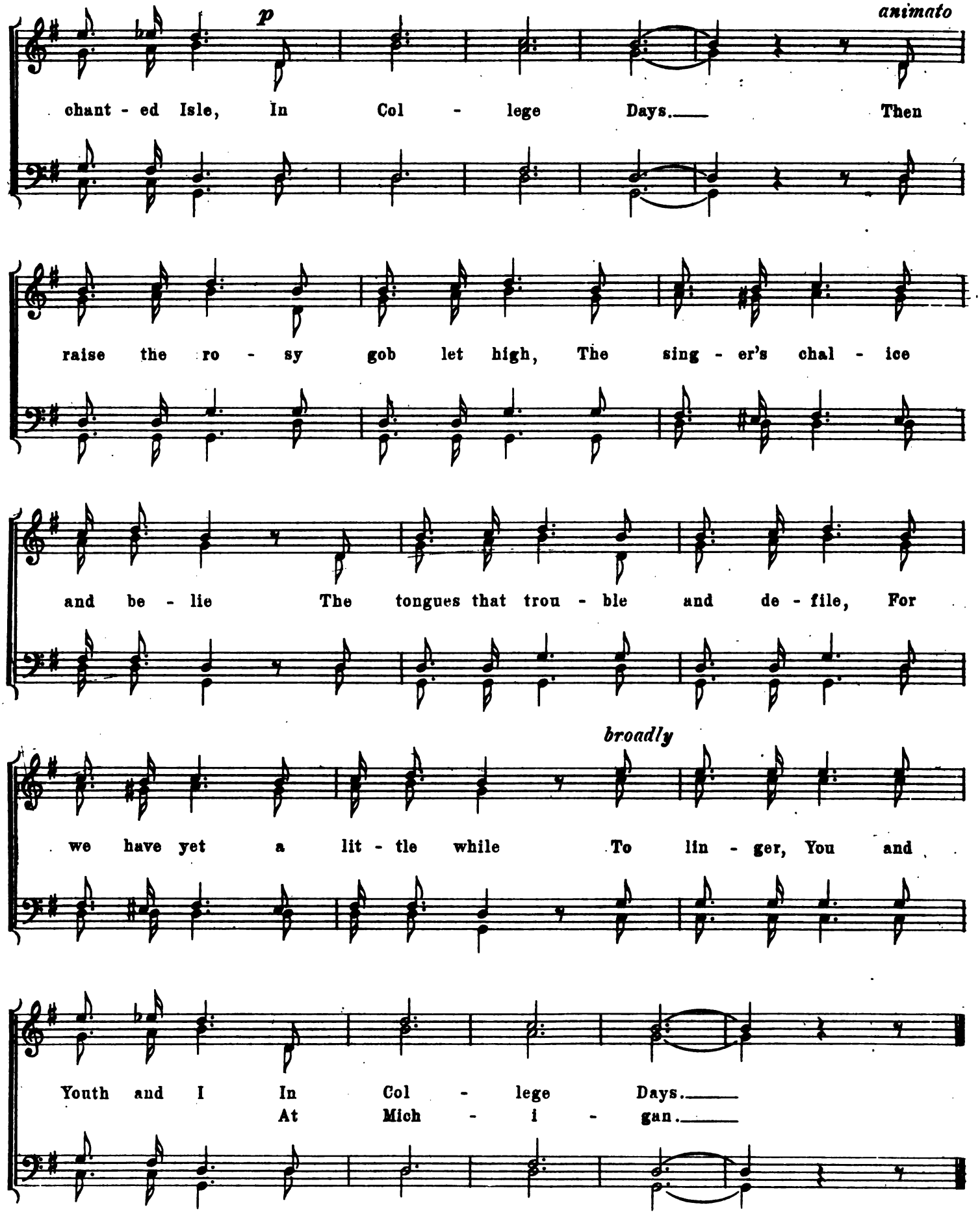
p
animato
chant - ed Isle, In Col - lege Days. Then
raise the ro - sy gob let high, The sing - er's chal - ice
and be - lie The tongues that trou - ble and de - file, For
broadly
we have yet a lit - tle while To lin - ger, You and
Youth and I In Col - lege Days.
At Mich - i - gan.

In College Days

The Old Friars' Song

Words by
HAROLD M. BOWMAN '00

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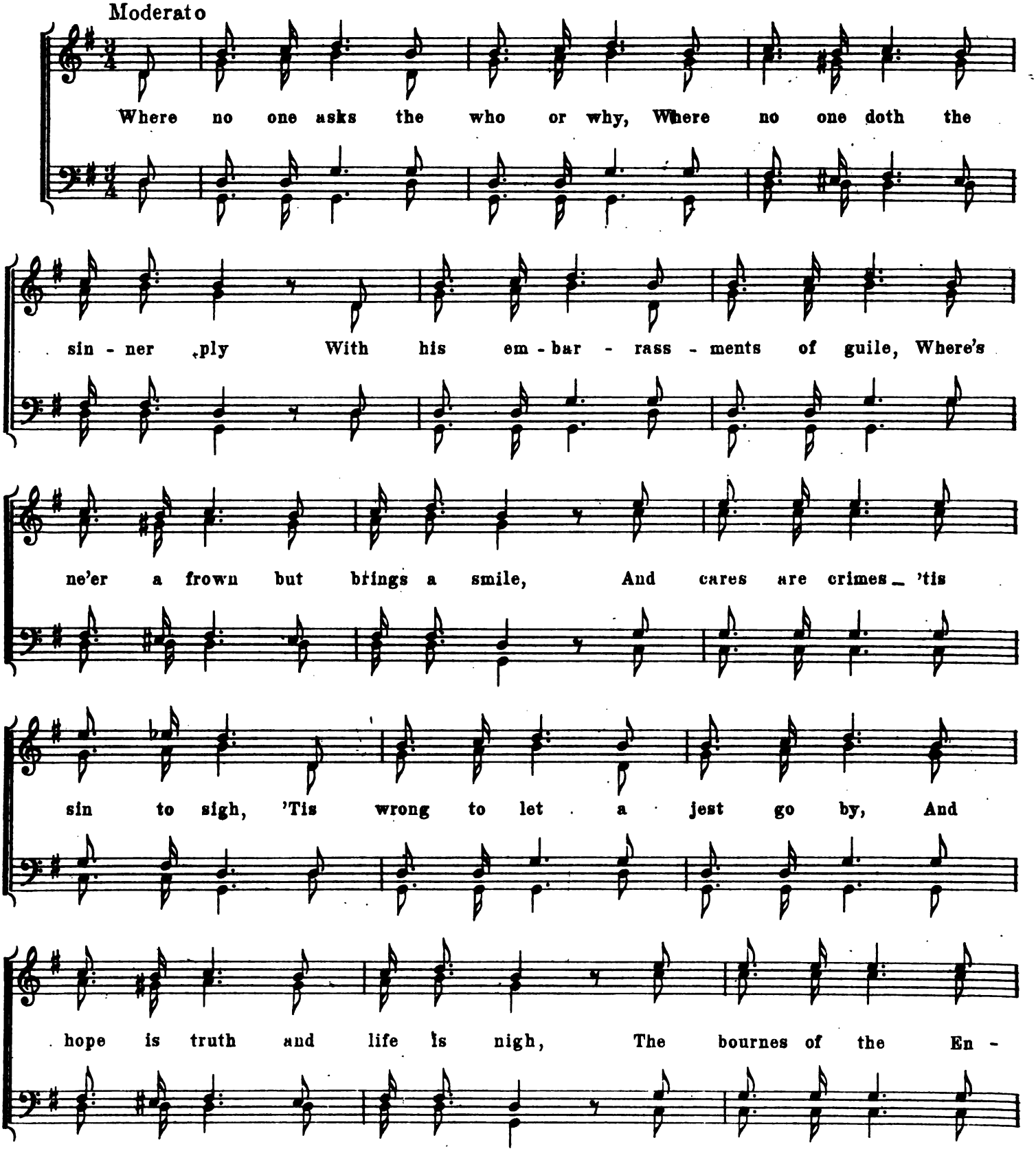
Moderato
Where no one asks the who or why, Where no one doth the
sin - ner ply With his em - bar - rass - ments of guile, Where's
ne'er a frown but brings a smile, And cares are crimes — 'tis
sin to sigh, 'Tis wrong to let a jest go by, And
hope is truth and life is nigh, The bournes of the En -

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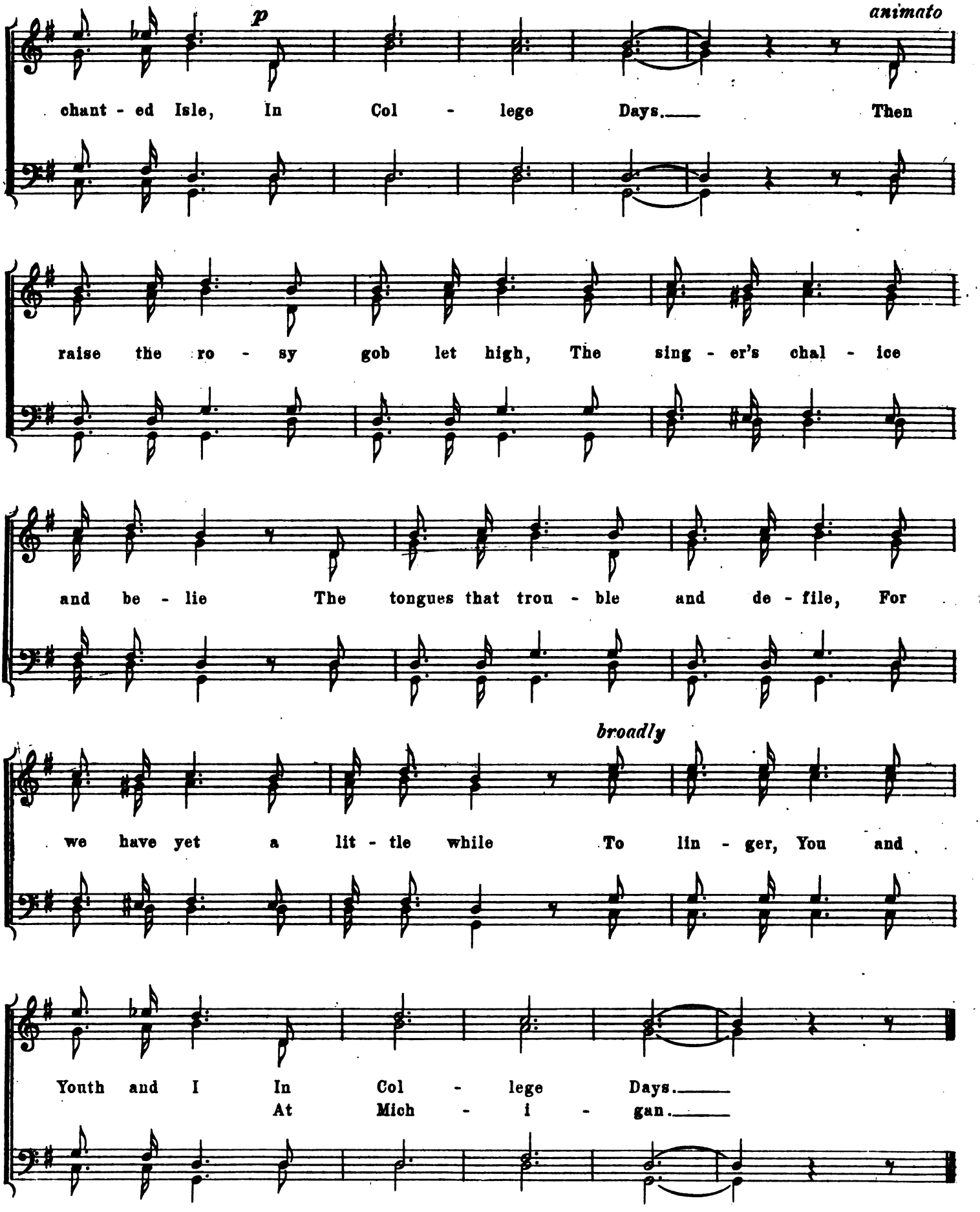
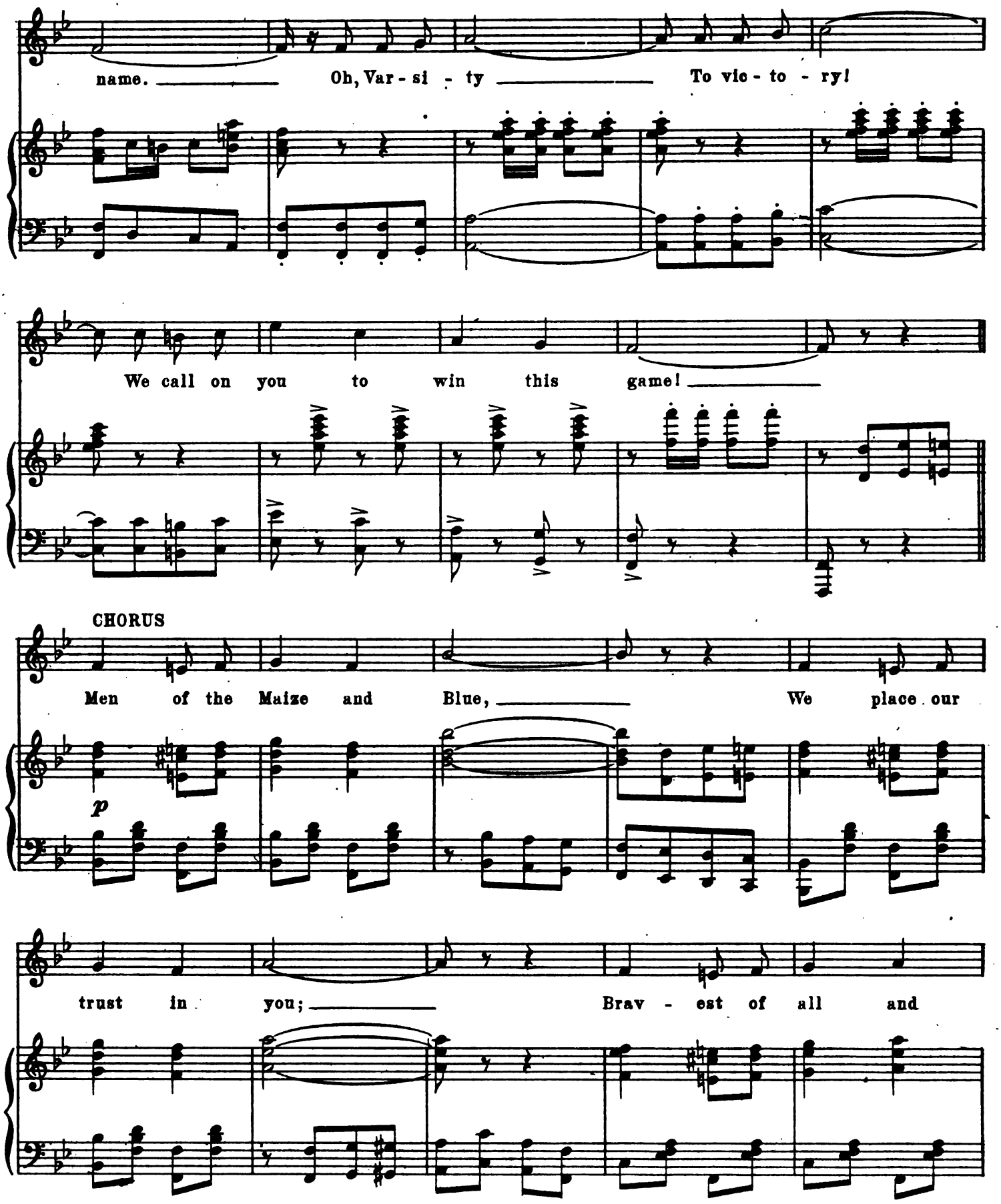
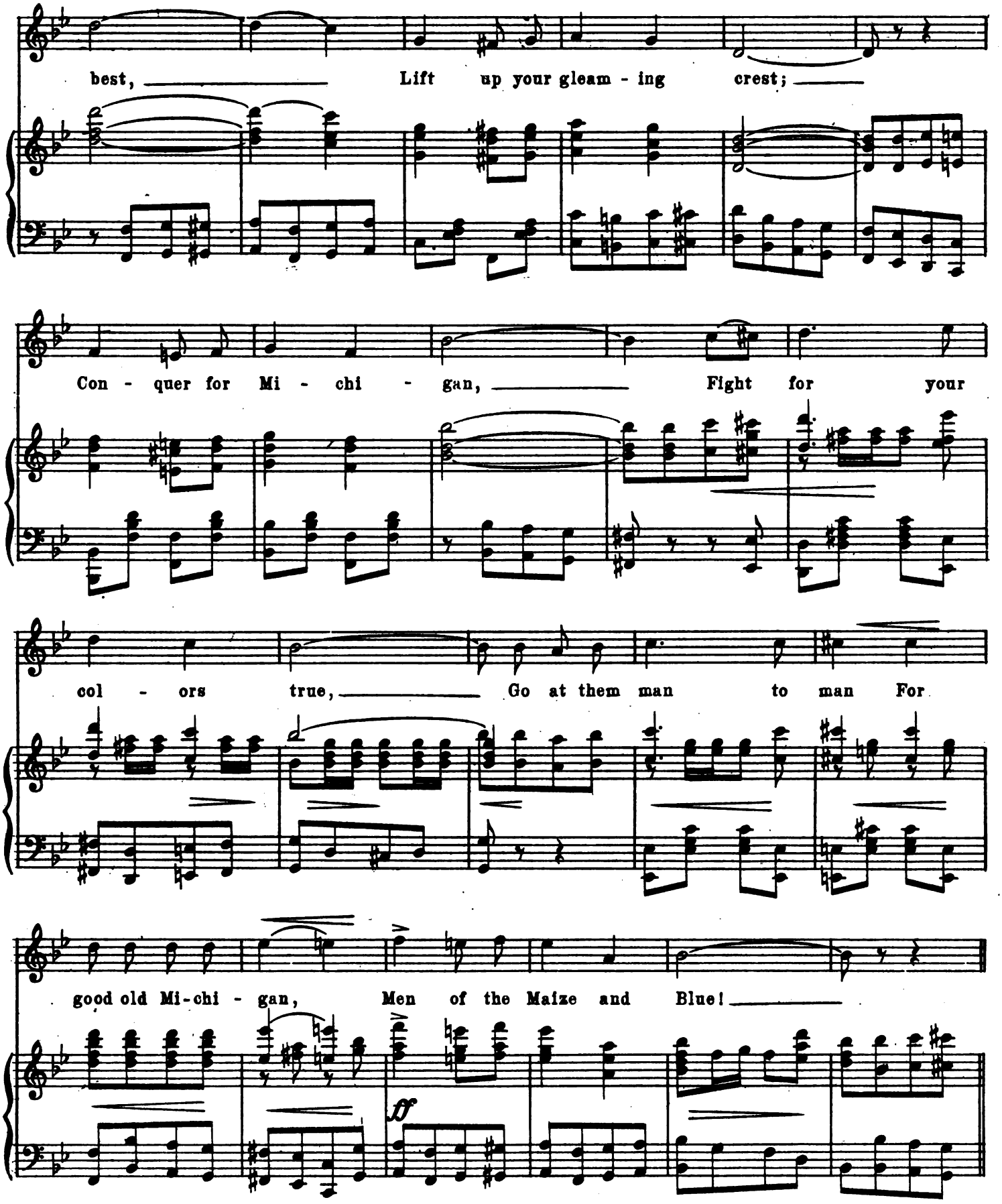
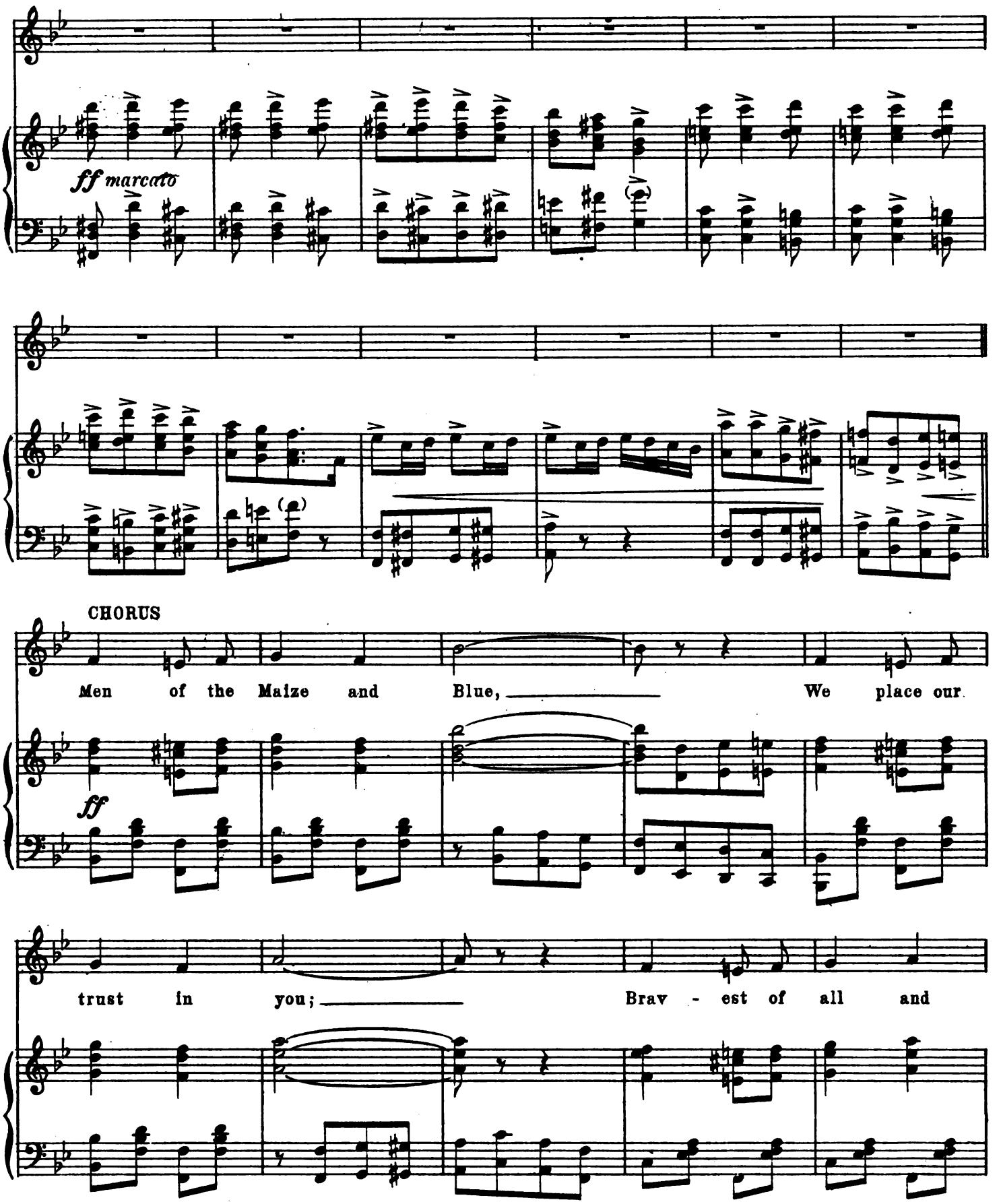
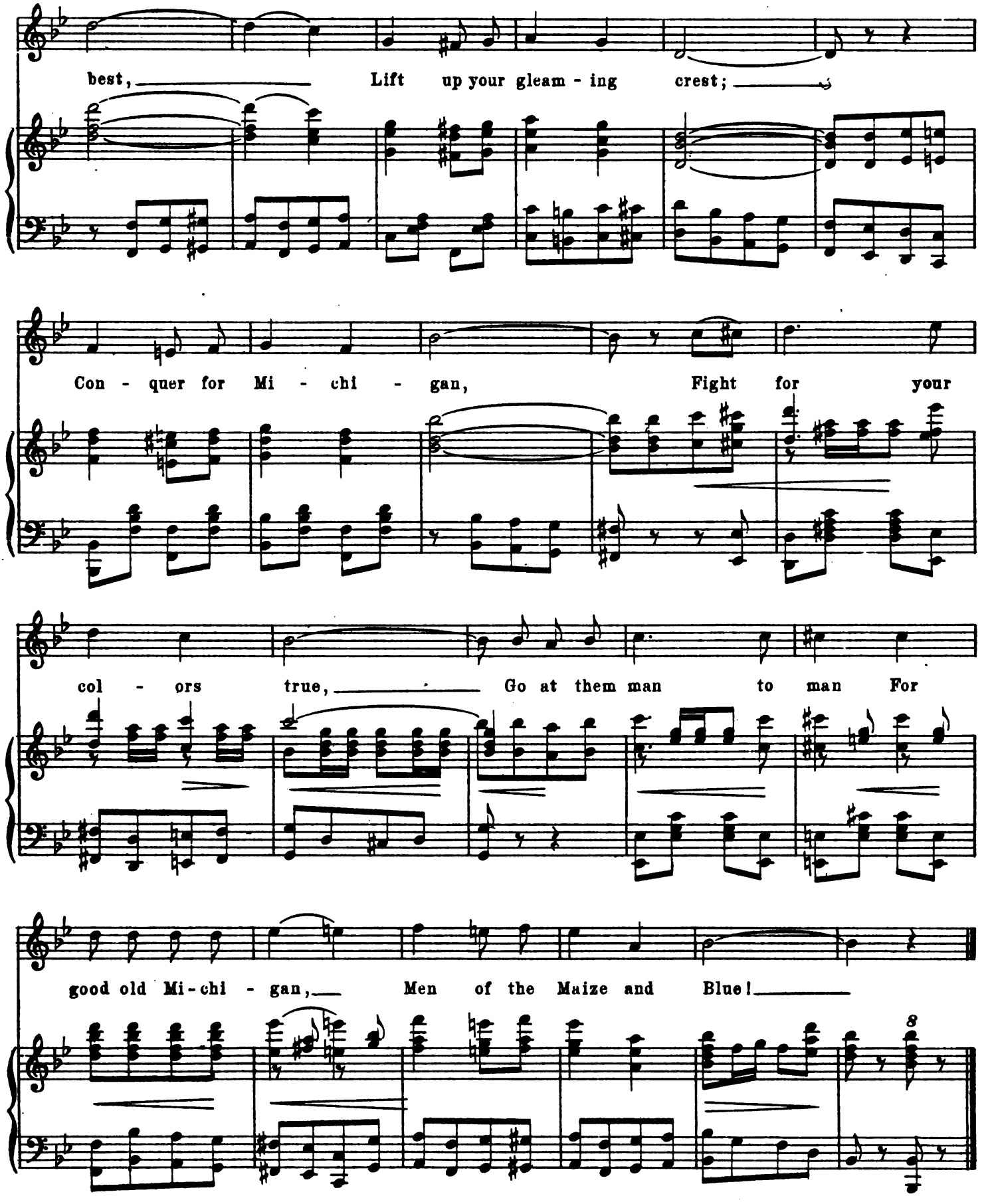
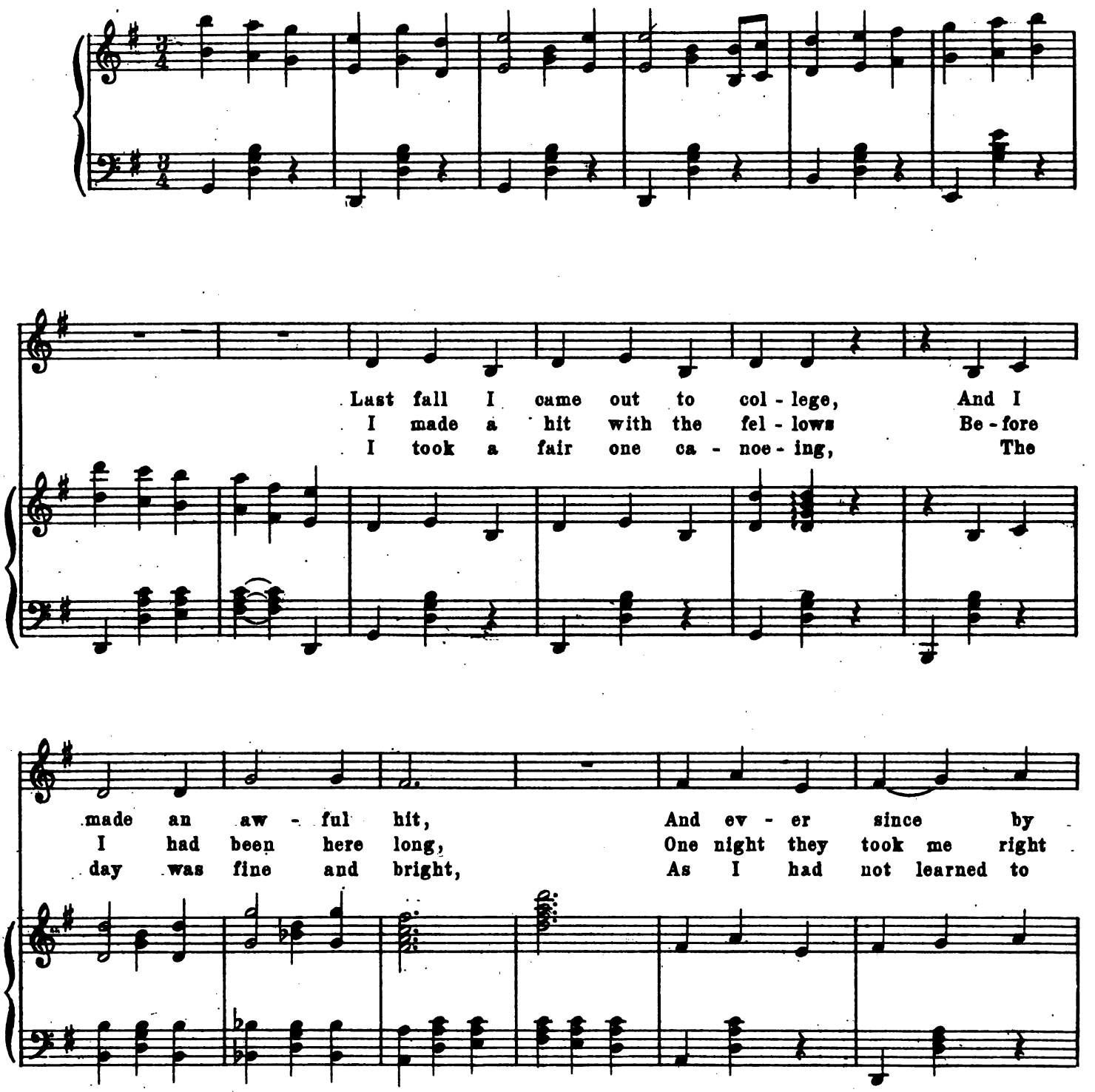

p
animato
chant - ed Isle, In Col - lege Days. Then
raise the ro - sy gob let high, The sing - er's chal - ice
and be - lie The tongues that trou - ble and de - file, For
broadly
we have yet a lit - tle while To lin - ger, You and
Youth and I In Col - lege Days.
At Mich - i - gan.

name. Oh, Var - si - ty To vic - to - ry!
We call on you to win this game!
CHORUS
Men of the Maize and Blue, We place our
p
trust in you; Brav - est of all and

best, Lift up your gleam - ing crest;
Con - quer for Mi - chi - gan, Fight for your
col - ors true, Go at them man to man For
good old Mi-chi - gan, Men of the Maize and Blue!
ff

ff marcato
CHORUS
Men of the Maize and Blue, We place our
ff
trust in you; Brav - est of all and

best, Lift up your gleam - ing crest;
Con - quer for Mi - chi - gan, Fight for your
col - ors true, Go at them man to man For
good old Mi-chi - gan, Men of the Maize and Blue!

I'm Awfully Glad To Be Popular

MICHIGENDA

LUCIAN PRATT

ROY DICKINSON WELCH

Last fall I came out to col - lege, And I made an aw - ful hit,
I made a hit with the fel - lows Be - fore I had been here long,
I took a fair one ca - noe - ing, The day was fine and bright,
And ev - er since by One night they took me right As I had not learned to

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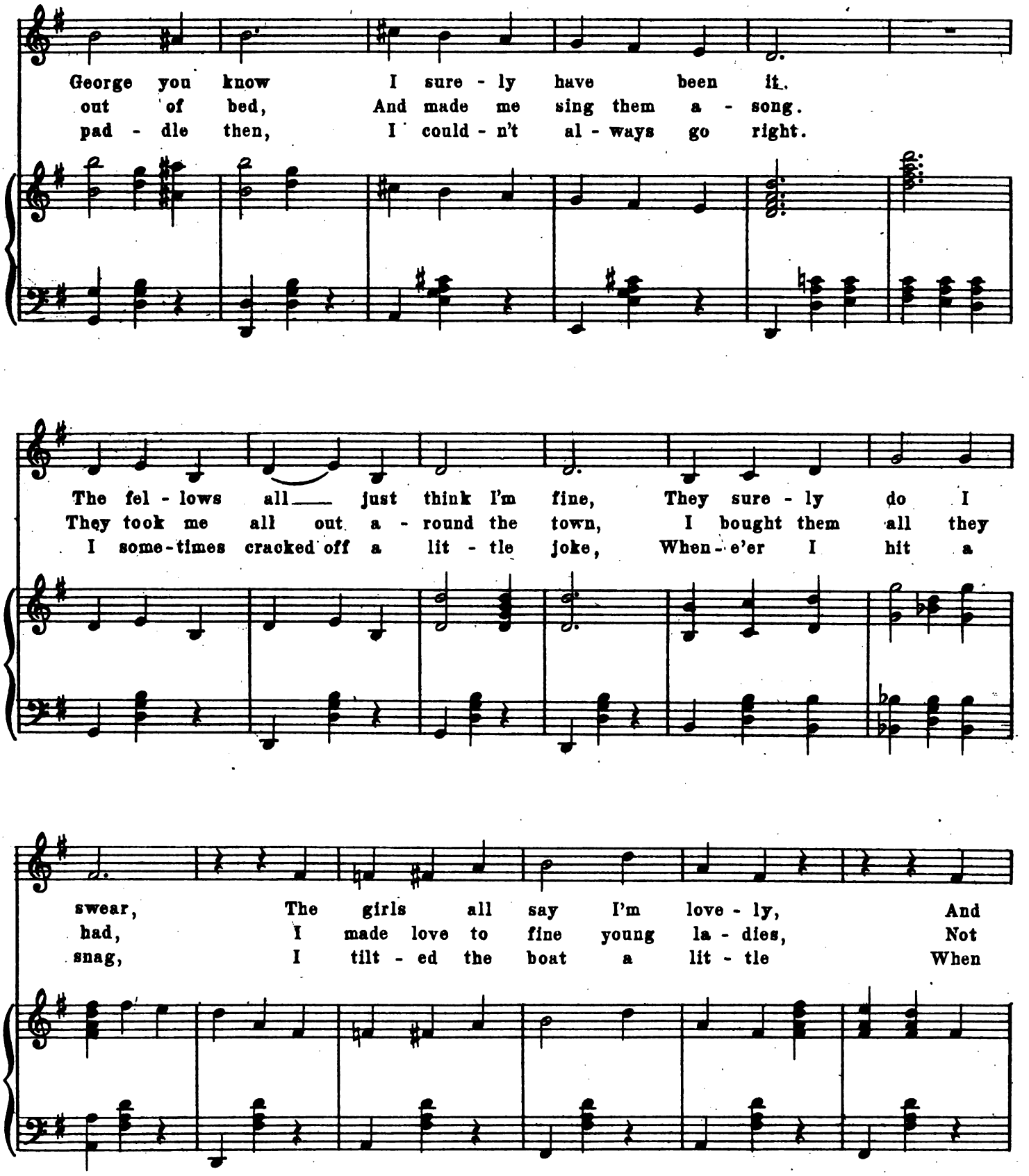
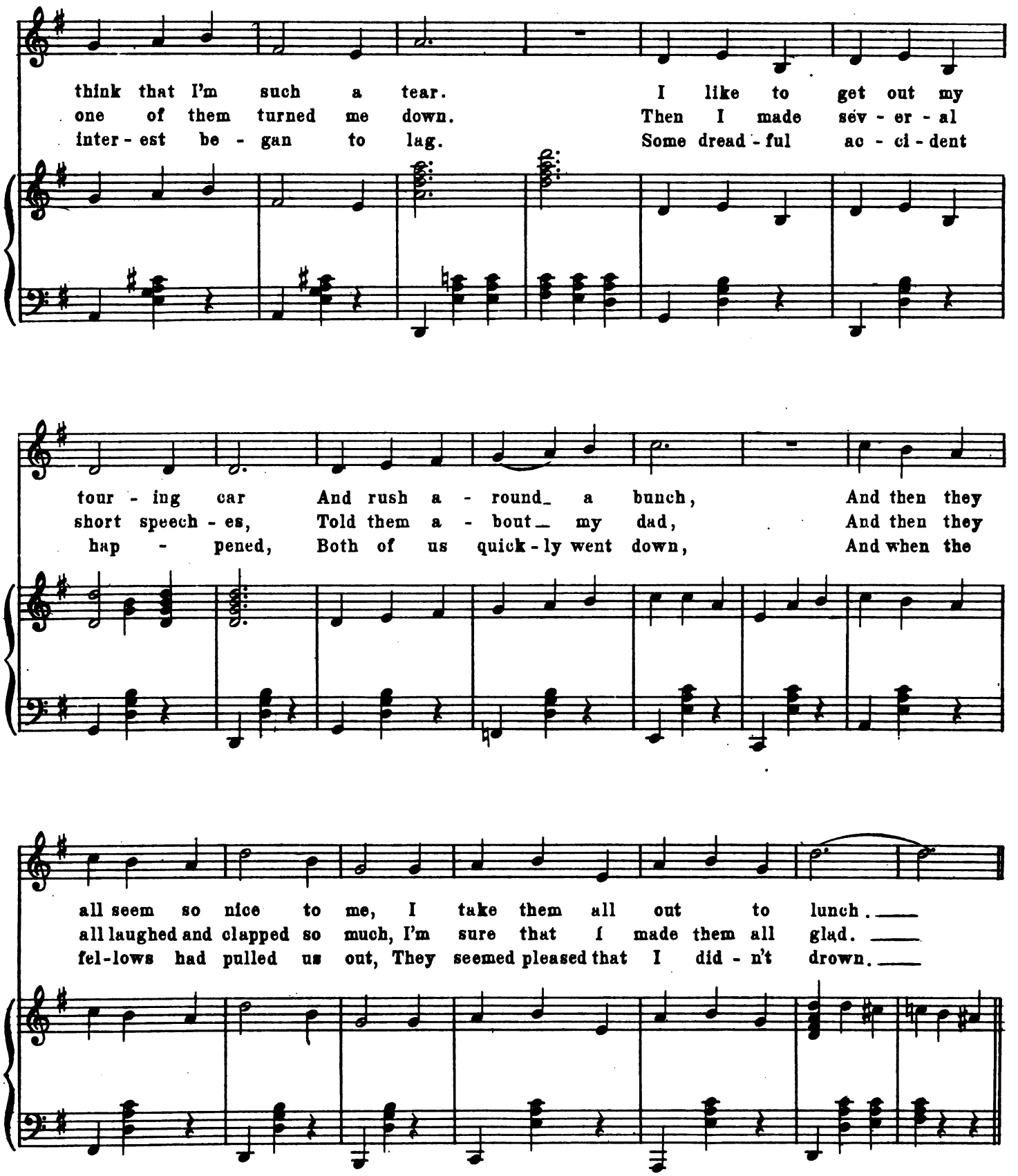
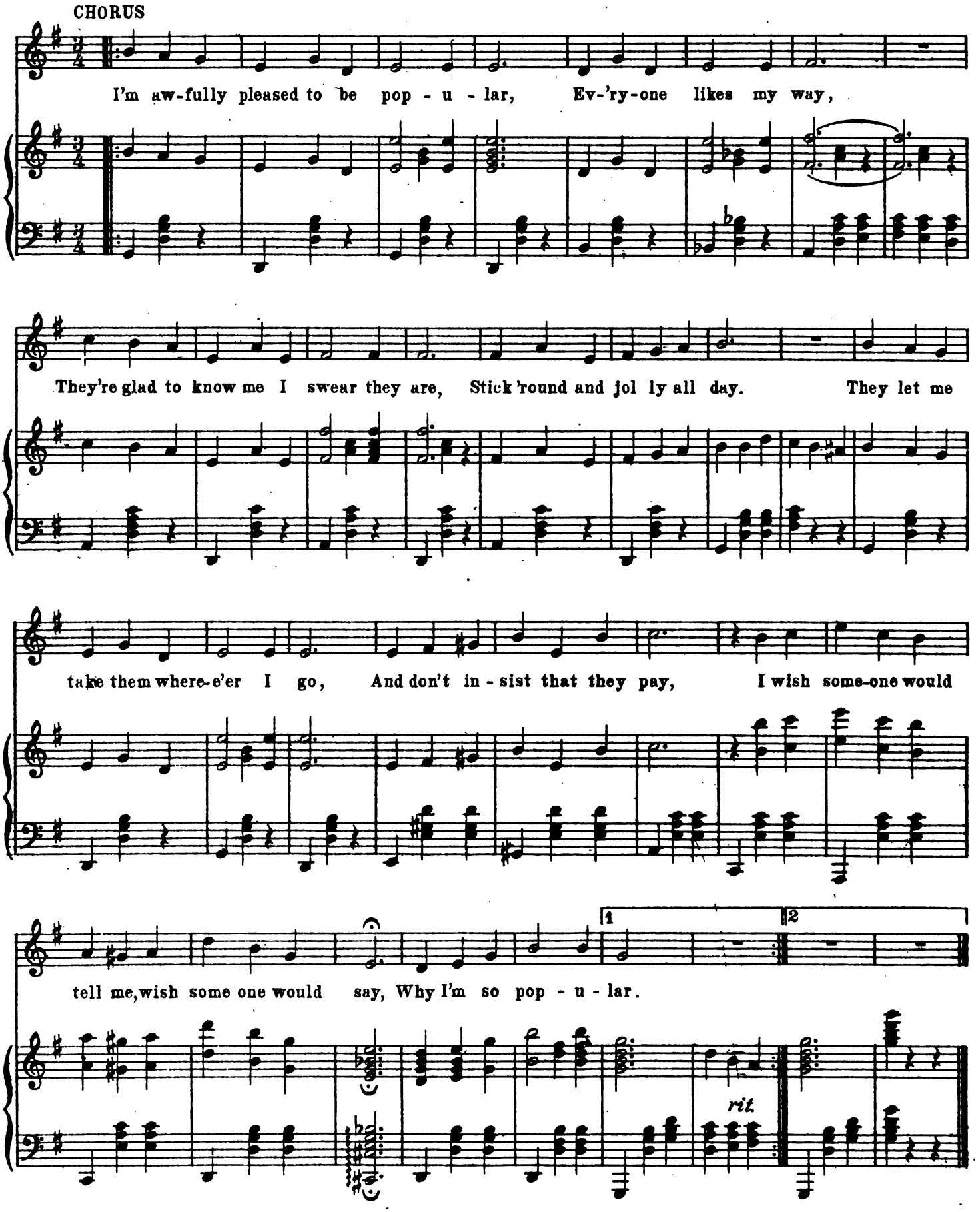

George you know I sure - ly have been it.
out of bed, And made me sing them a - song.
pad - dle then, I could - n't al - ways go right.
The fel - lows all — just think I'm fine, They sure - ly do I
They took me all out a - round the town, I bought them all they
I some-times cracked off a lit - tle joke, When - e'er I hit a
swear, The girls all say I'm love - ly, And
had, I made love to fine young la - dies, Not
snag, I tilt - ed the boat a lit - tle When


think that I'm such a tear. I like to get out my
one of them turned me down. Then I made sev - er - al
inter - est be - gan to lag. Some dread - ful ac - ci - dent
tour - ing car And rush a - round a bunch, And then they
short speech - es, Told them a - bout my dad, And then they
hap - pened, Both of us quick - ly went down, And when the
all seem so nice to me, I take them all out to lunch.
all laughed and clapped so much, I'm sure that I made them all glad.
fel-lows had pulled us out, They seemed pleased that I did - n't drown.

CHORUS

I'm aw-fully pleased to be pop - u - lar, Ev-'ry-one likes my way,
They're glad to know me I swear they are, Stick 'round and jol ly all day. They let me
take them where-e'er I go, And don't in - sist that they pay, I wish some-one would
tell me, wish some one would say, Why I'm so pop - u - lar.
1
2
rit.

Love's Gifts

"MICHIGENDA"

ROY DICKINSON WELCH

WALKER M. LANG

Jack. Lov - ers oft' do sing, Of the time of Spring,
Gladys. All that lov - ers bring, All the songs they sing,

l.h. *l.h.*

And of gifts they would be - stow, Pains they would en-dure,
All the deeds they wish to do, All they would ex-press,

l.h.

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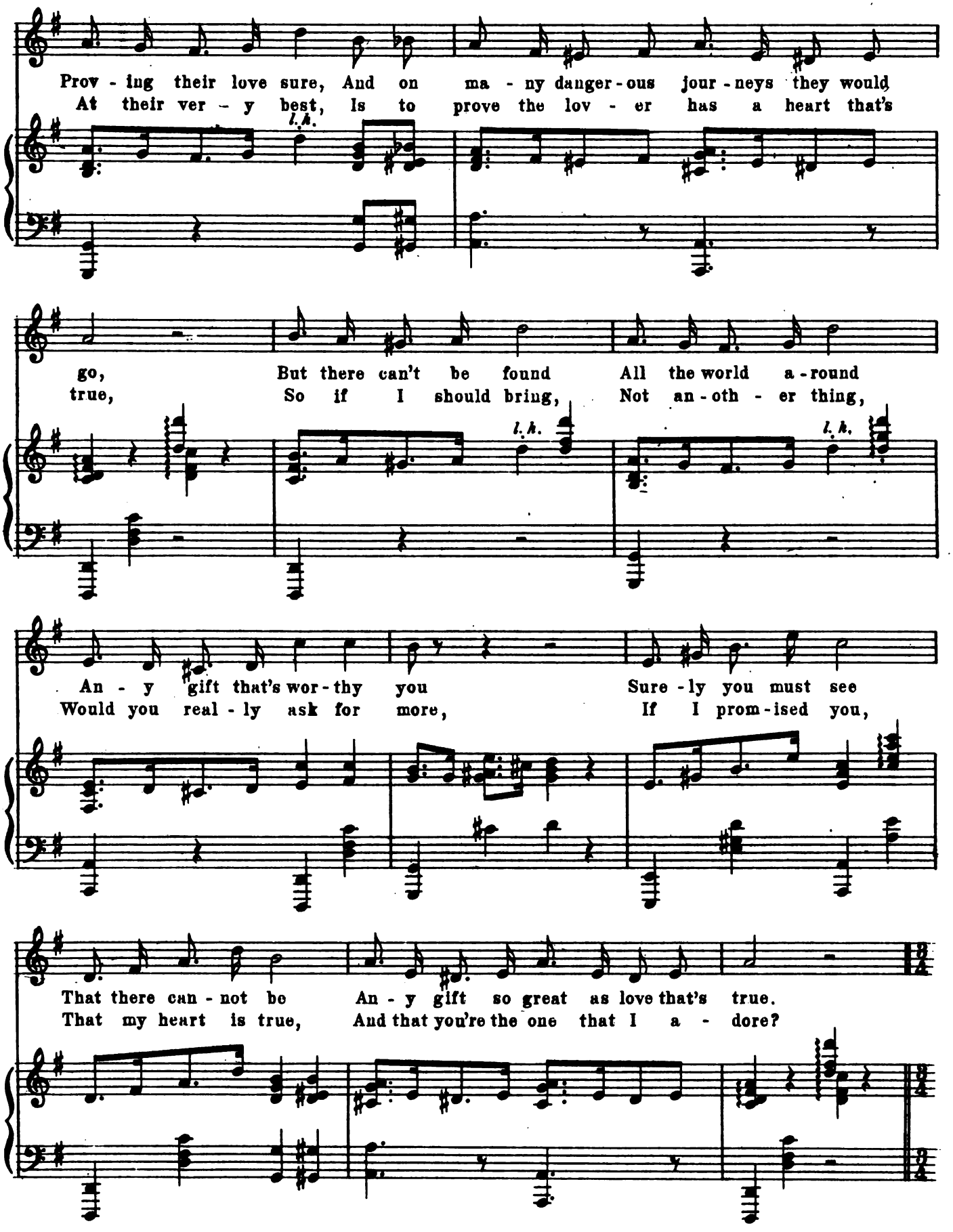
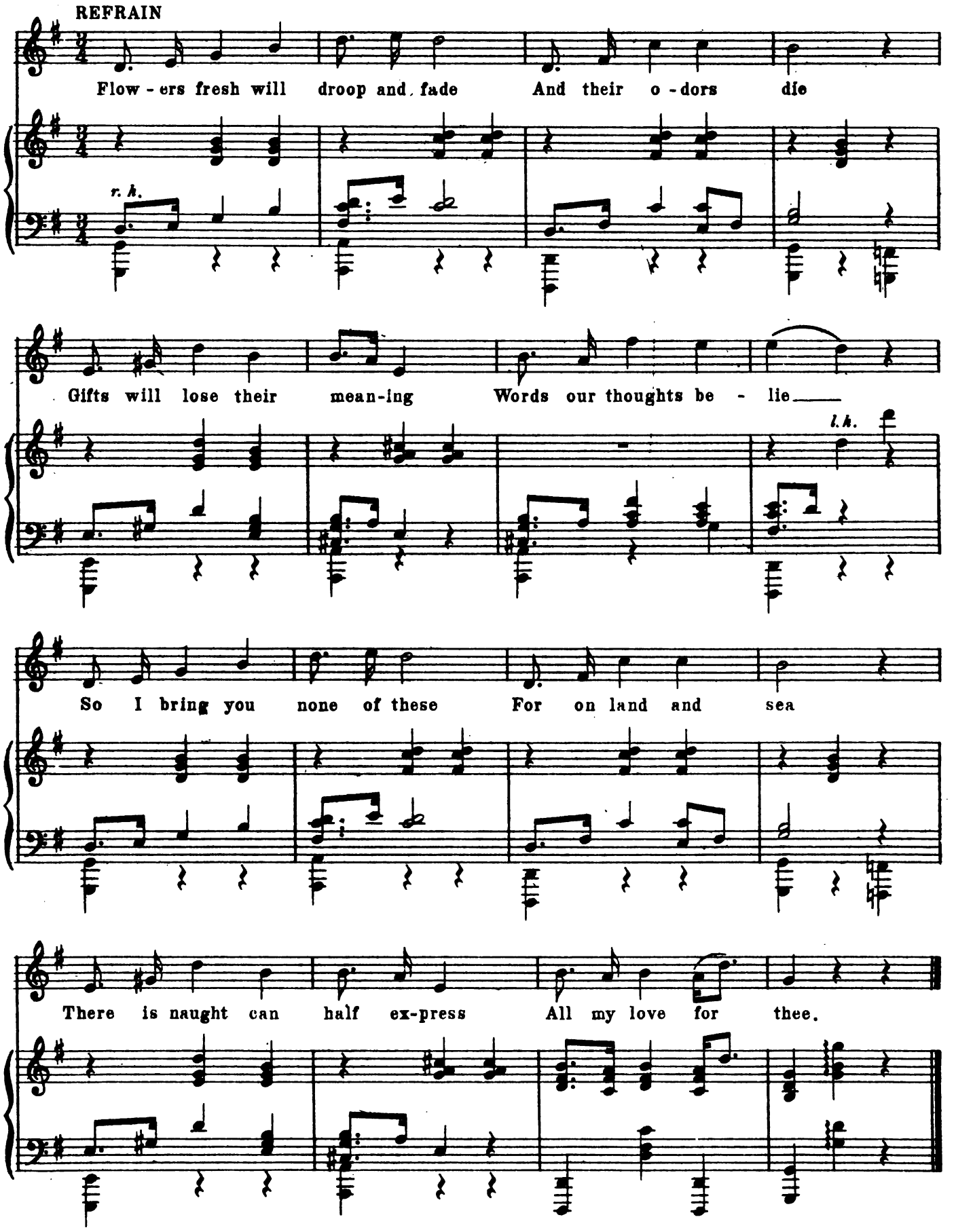
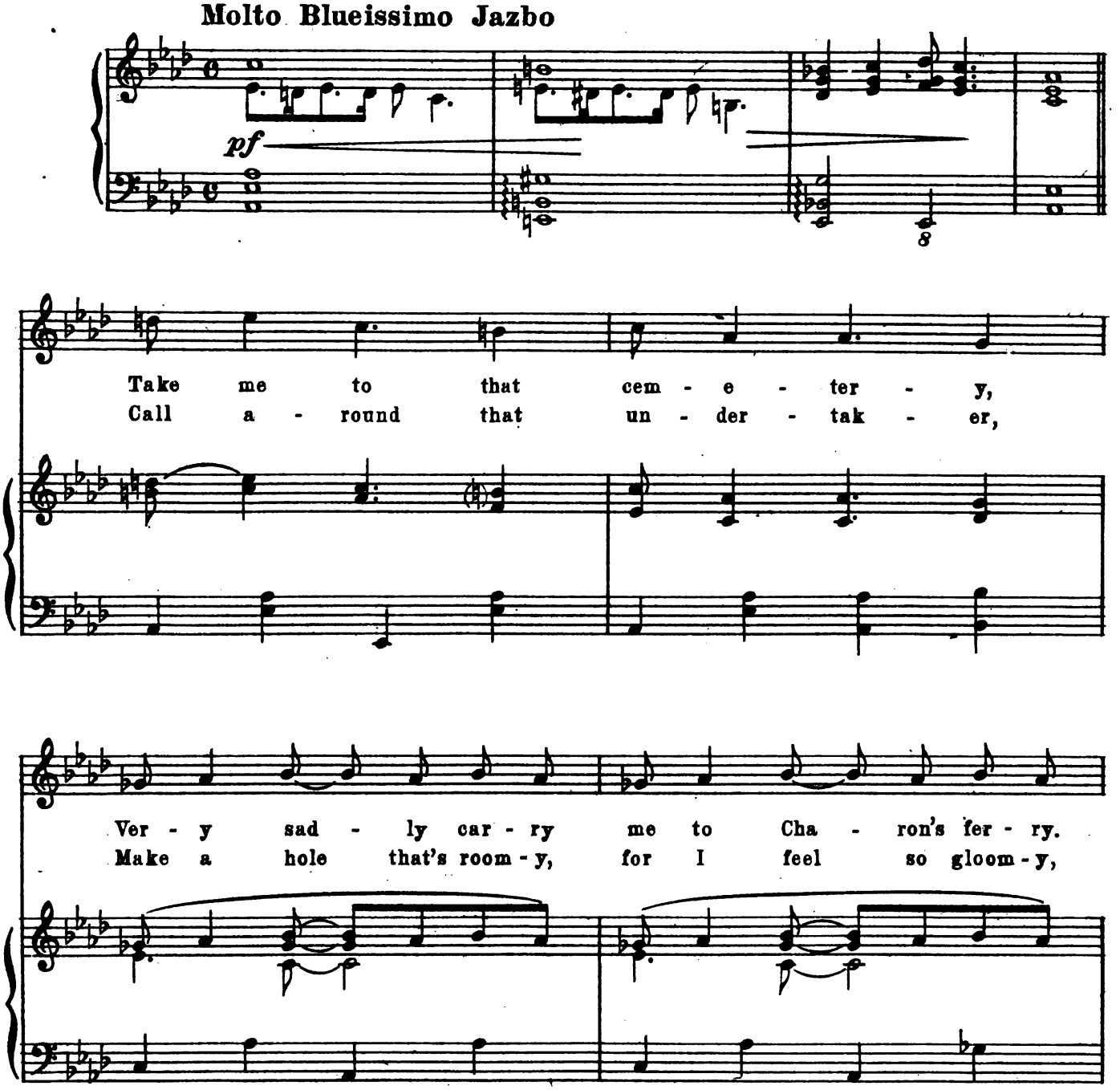

Prov - ing their love sure, And on ma - ny danger - ous jour - neys they would
At their ver - y best, Is to prove the lov - er has a heart that's
l. h.
go, But there can't be found All the world a - round
true, So if I should bring, Not an - oth - er thing,
l. h.
l. h.
An - y gift that's wor - thy you Sure - ly you must see
Would you real - ly ask for more, If I prom - ised you,
That there can - not be An - y gift so great as love that's true.
That my heart is true, And that you're the one that I a - dore?

REFRAIN
Flow - ers fresh will droop and fade And their o - dors die
r. h.
Gifts will lose their mean-ing Words our thoughts be - lie
l. h.
So I bring you none of these For on land and sea
There is naught can half ex-press All my love for thee.

Bluebook Blues

Words by
A. L. WEEKS

Music by
A. J. GORNETZKY

Molto Blueissimo Jazbo
pf
8
Take me to that cem - e - ter - y,
Call a - round that un - der - tak - er,
Ver - y sad - ly car - ry me to Cha - ron's fer - ry.
Make a hole that's room - y, for I feel so gloom - y,

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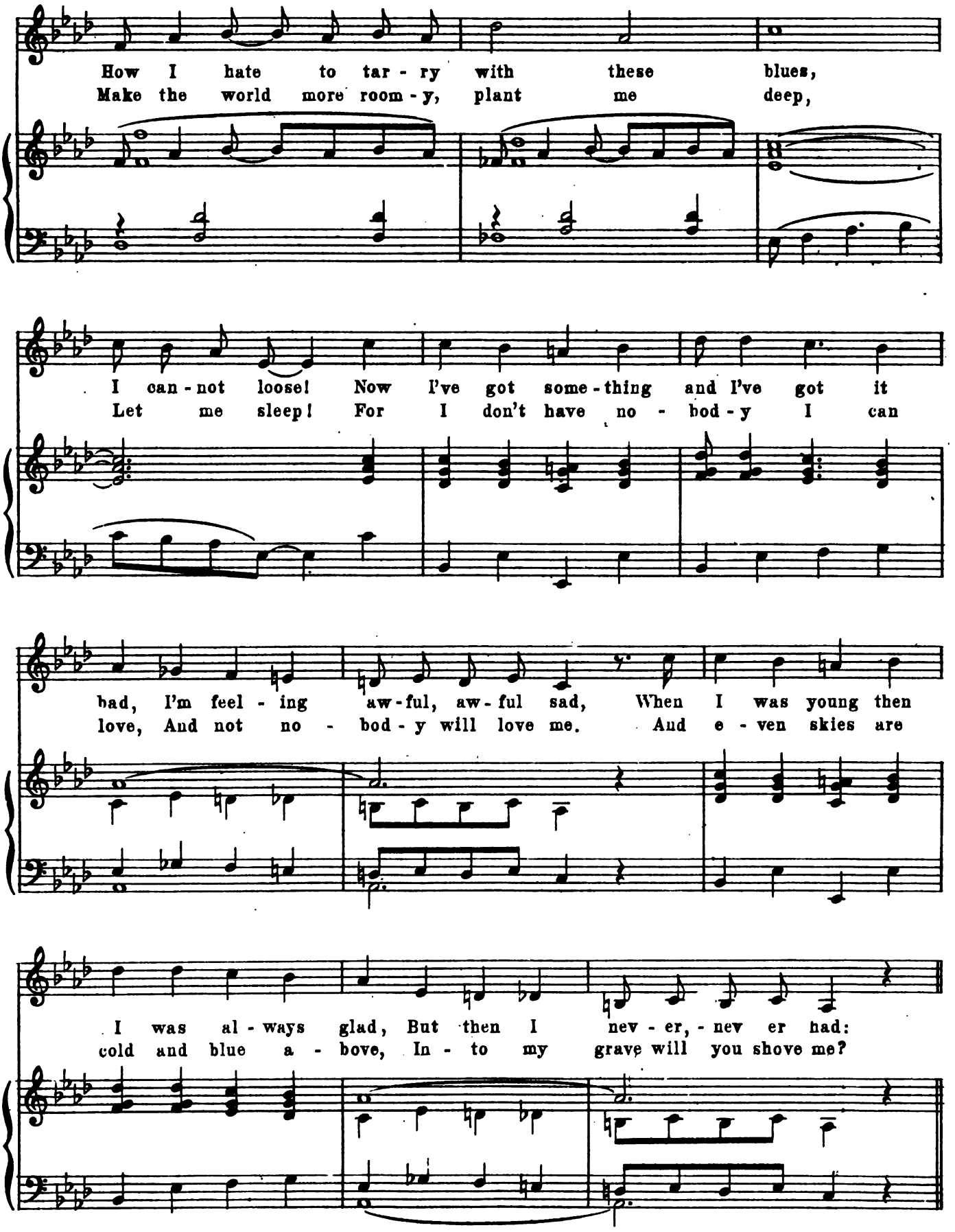
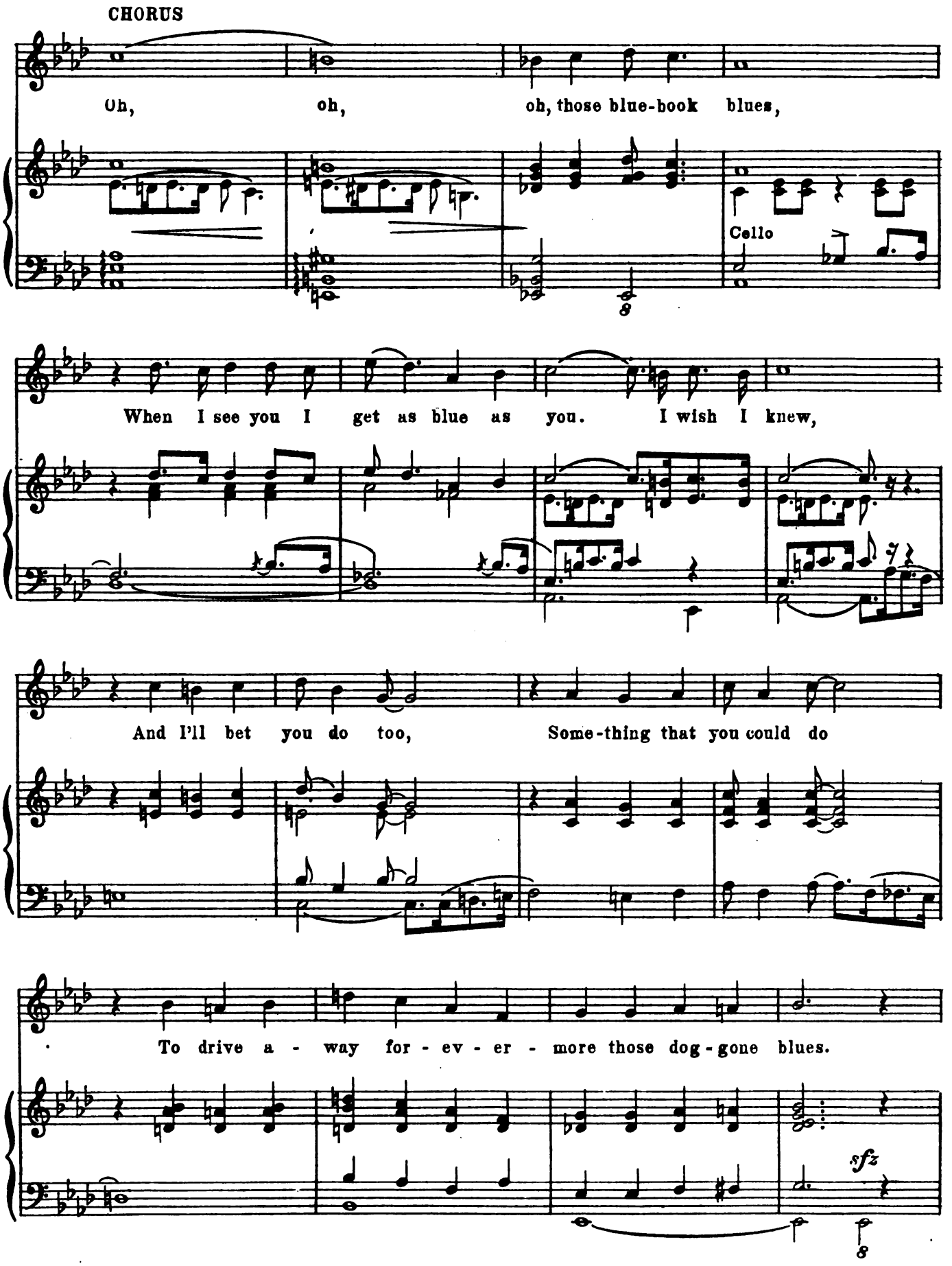
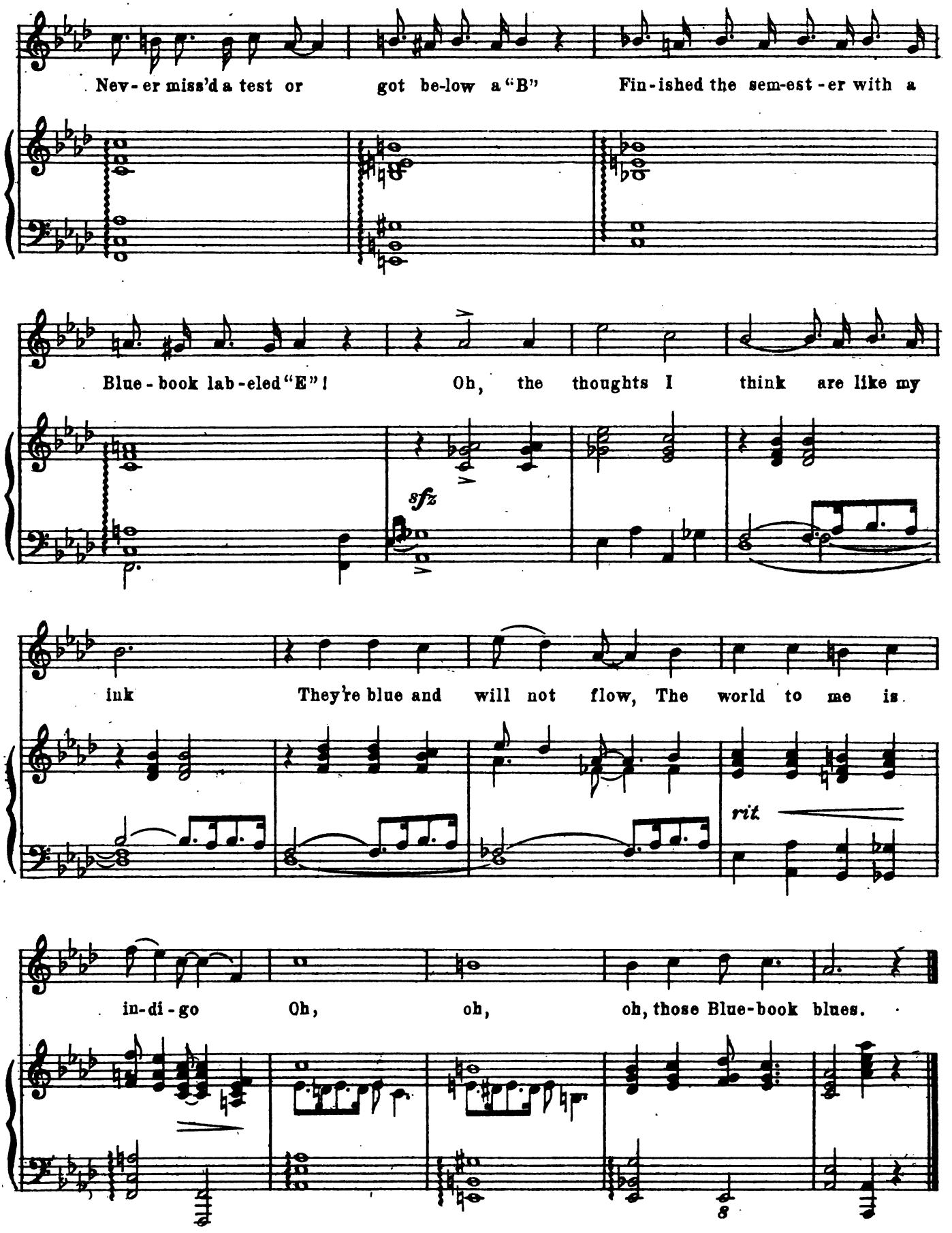
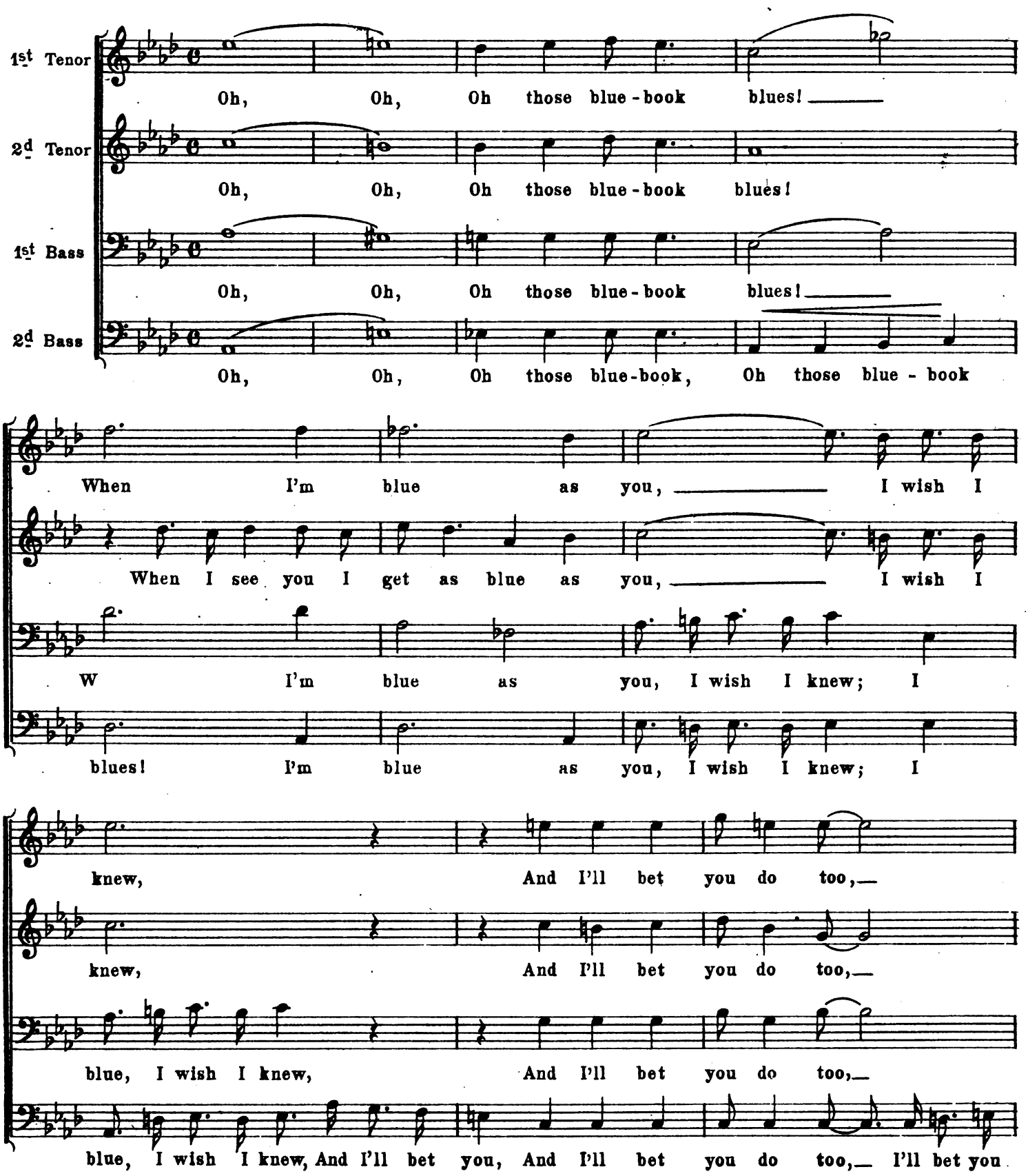

How I hate to tar - ry with these blues,
Make the world more room - y, plant me deep,
I can - not loose! Now I've got some - thing and I've got it
Let me sleep! For I don't have no - bod - y I can
bad, I'm feel - ing aw - ful, aw - ful sad, When I was young then
love, And not no - bod - y will love me. And e - ven skies are
I was al - ways glad, But then I nev - er, - nev er had:
cold and blue a - bove, In - to my grave will you shove me?

CHORUS
Oh, oh, oh, those blue-book blues,
Cello
When I see you I get as blue as you. I wish I knew,
And I'll bet you do too, Some-thing that you could do
To drive a - way for - ev - er - more those dog-gone blues.
sfz

Nev-er miss'd a test or got be-low a "B" Fin-ished the sem-est-er with a
Blue-book lab-eled "E"! Oh, the thoughts I think are like my
sfz
ink They're blue and will not flow, The world to me is
rit.
in-di-go Oh, oh, oh, those Blue-book blues.
8

Blue Book Blues

(For Male Quartette)

A. J. GORNETZKY

1st Tenor
Oh, Oh, Oh those blue-book blues!
2d Tenor
Oh, Oh, Oh those blue-book blues!
1st Bass
Oh, Oh, Oh those blue-book blues!
2d Bass
Oh, Oh, Oh those blue-book, Oh those blue-book
When I'm blue as you, I wish I
When I see you I get as blue as you, I wish I
W I'm blue as you, I wish I knew; I
blues! I'm blue as you, I wish I knew; I
knew, And I'll bet you do too,
knew, And I'll bet you do too,
blue, I wish I knew, And I'll bet you do too,
blue, I wish I knew, And I'll bet you, And I'll bet you do too, I'll bet you

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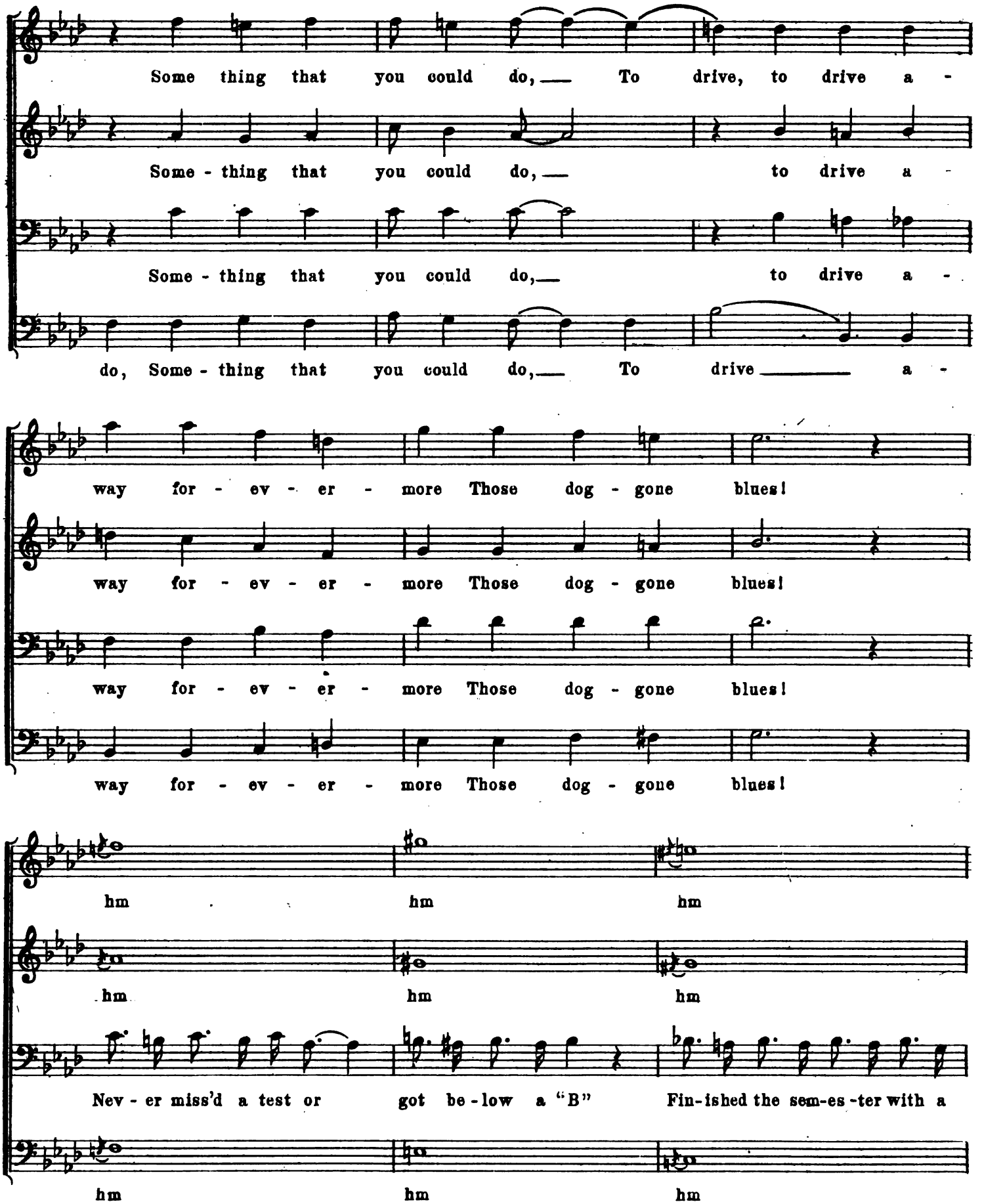
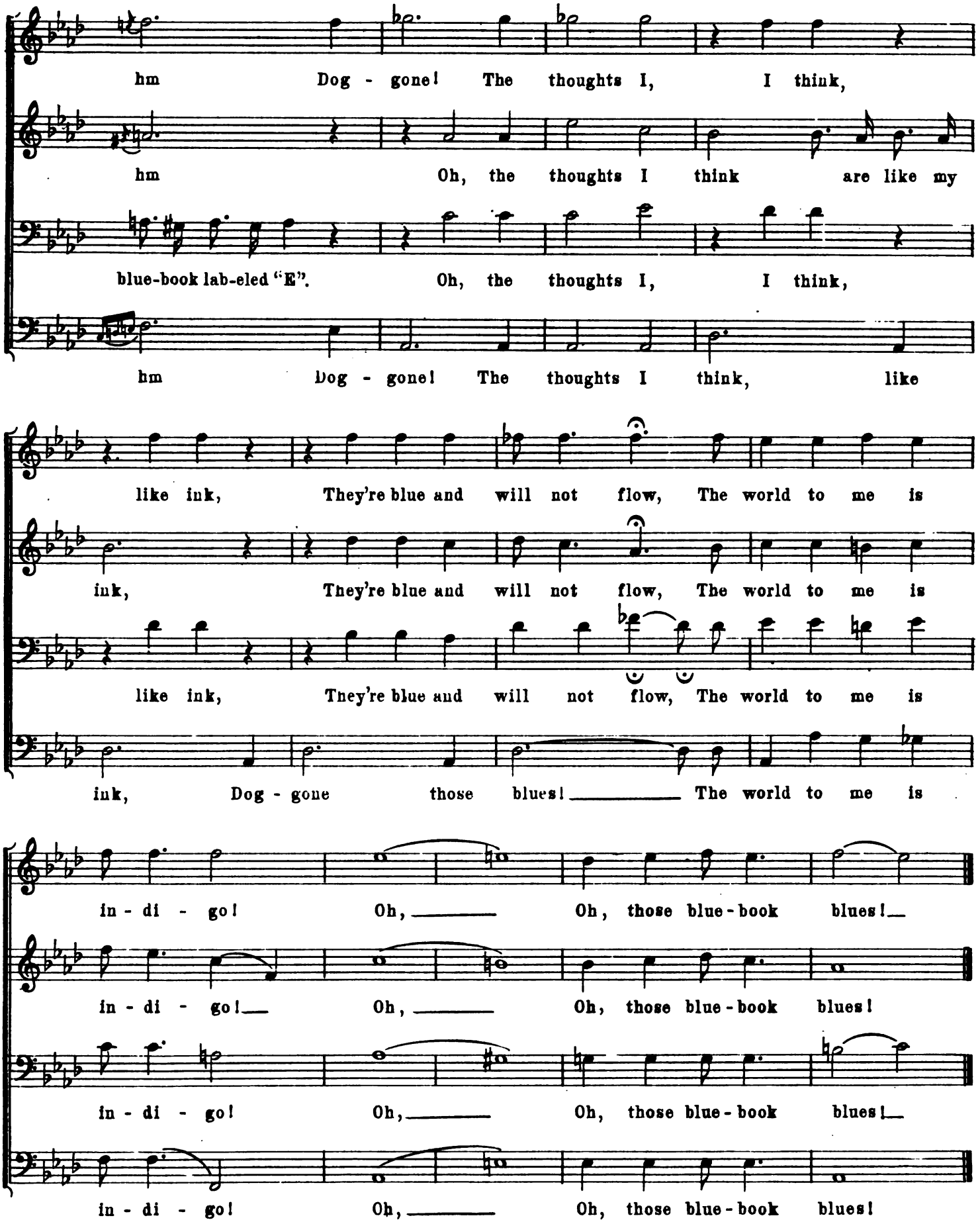
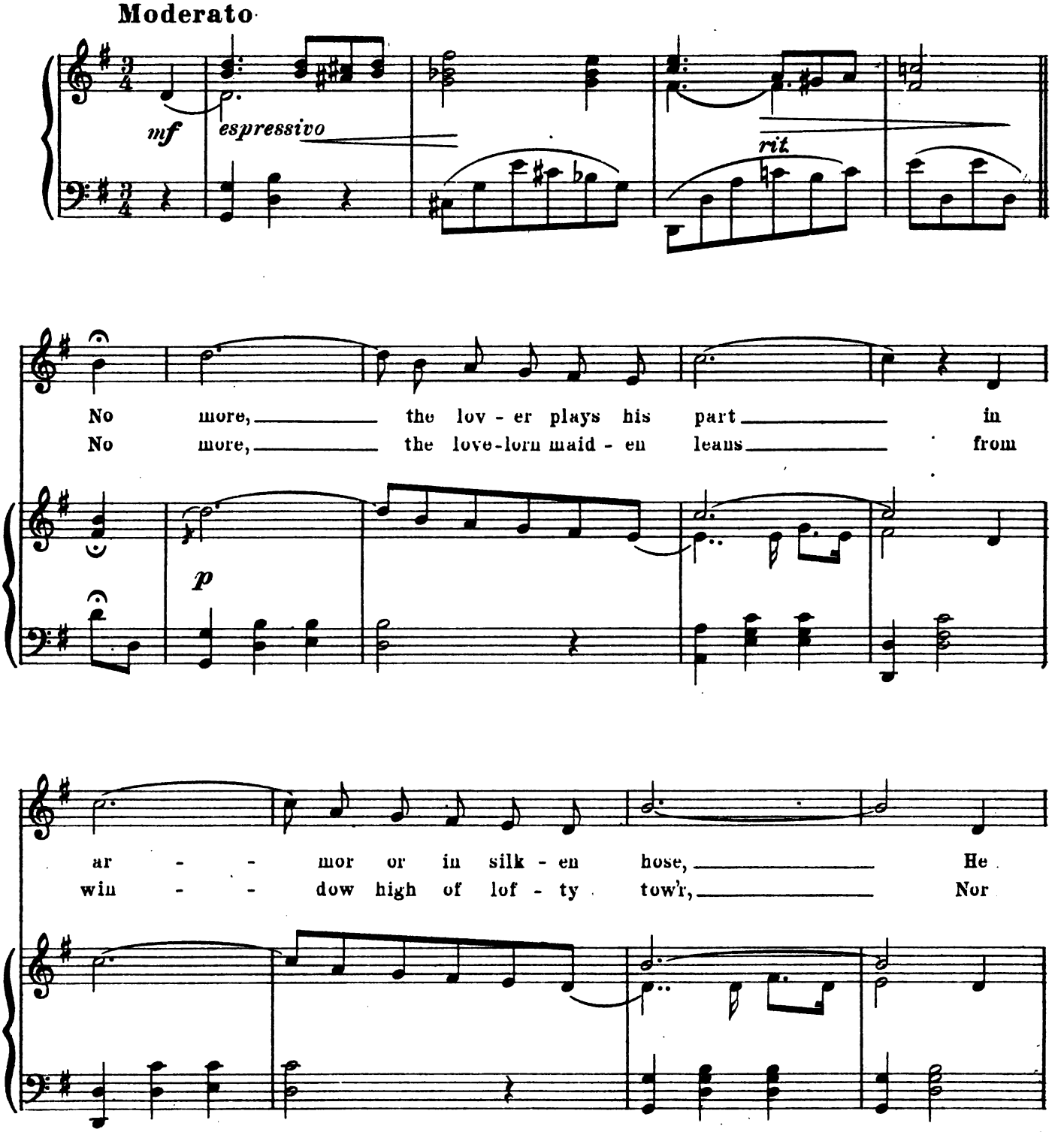

Some thing that you could do, To drive, to drive a -
Some - thing that you could do, to drive a -
Some - thing that you could do, to drive a -
do, Some - thing that you could do, To drive a -
way for - ev - er - more Those dog - gone blues!
way for - ev - er - more Those dog - gone blues!
way for - ev - er - more Those dog - gone blues!
way for - ev - er - more Those dog - gone blues!
hm hm hm
hm hm hm
hm hm hm
Nev - er miss'd a test or got be - low a "B" Fin-ished the sem-es -ter with a

hm Dog - gone! The thoughts I, I think,
hm Oh, the thoughts I think are like my
blue-book lab-eled "E". Oh, the thoughts I, I think,
hm Dog - gone! The thoughts I think, like
like ink, They're blue and will not flow, The world to me is
ink, They're blue and will not flow, The world to me is
like ink, They're blue and will not flow, The world to me is
ink, Dog - gone those blues! The world to me is
in - di - go! Oh, Oh, those blue - book blues!
in - di - go! Oh, Oh, those blue - book blues!
in - di - go! Oh, Oh, those blue - book blues!
in - di - go! Oh, Oh, those blue - book blues!

Romance a la Mode

Lyrics by
DONAL H. HAINES

Music by
A. J. GORNETZKY, '19 L.

Moderato
mf
espressivo
rit.
No more, the lov - er plays his part in
No more, the love-lorn maid - en leans from
p
ar - - mor or in silk - en hose, He
win - - dow high of lof - ty tow'r, Nor

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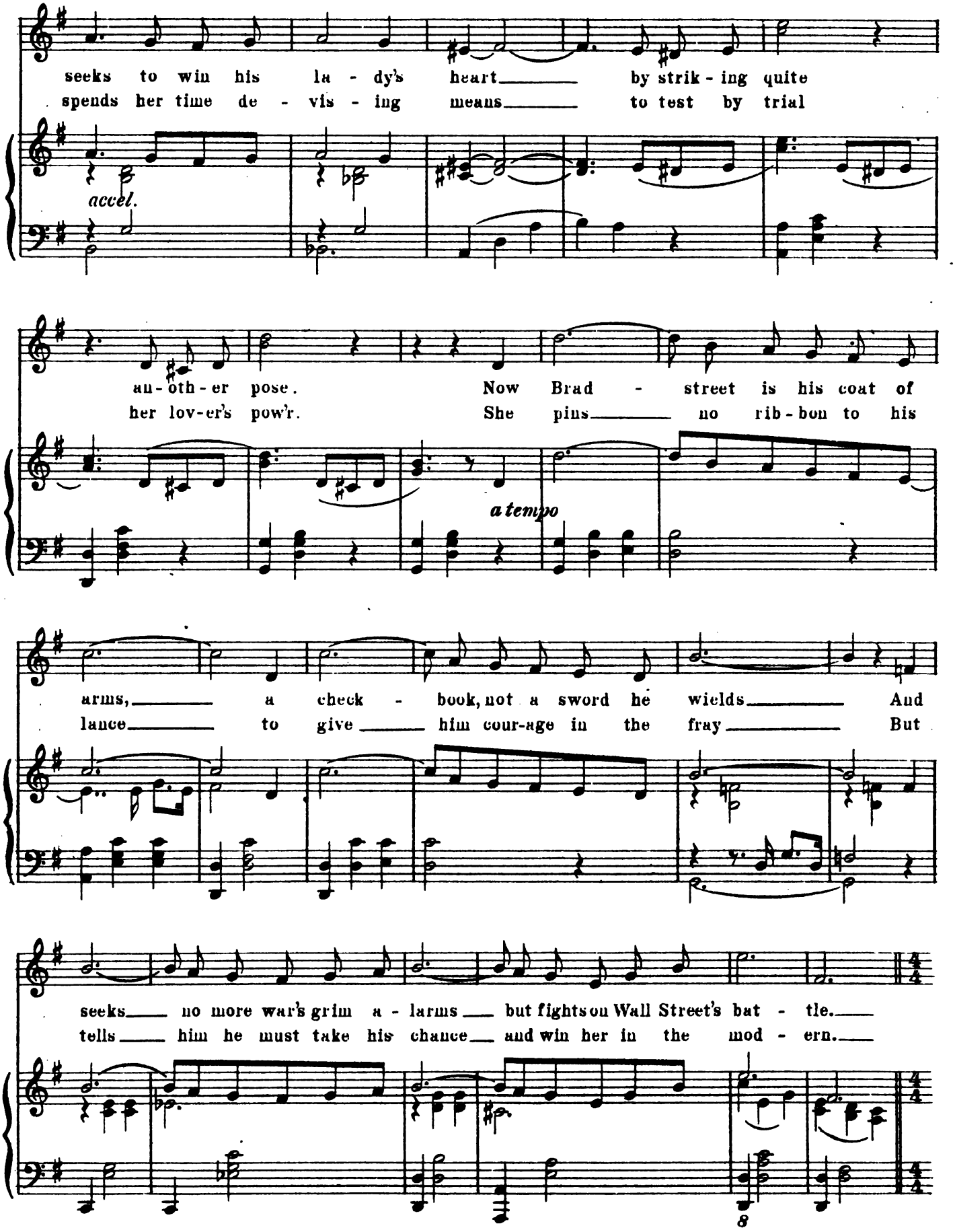
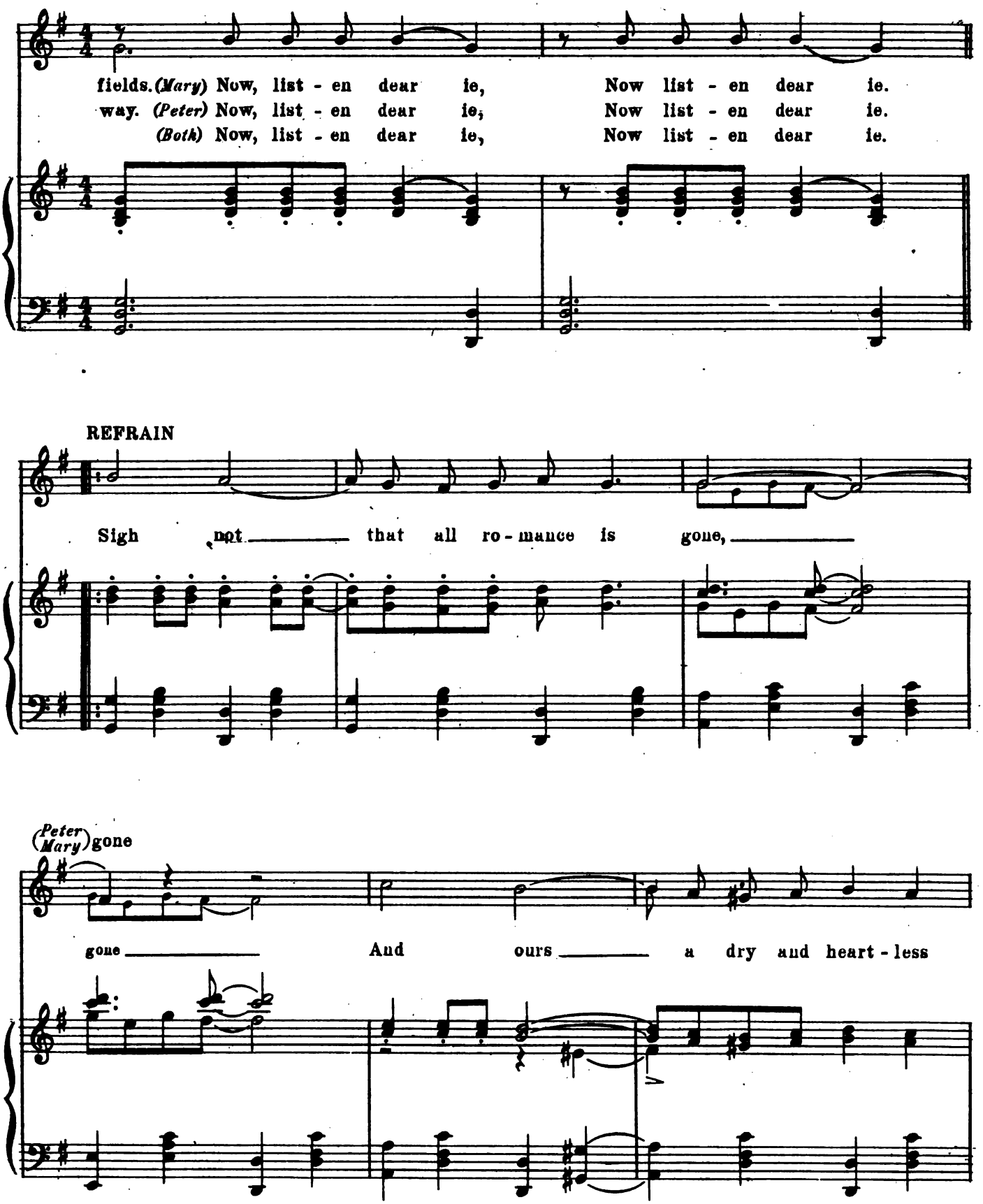
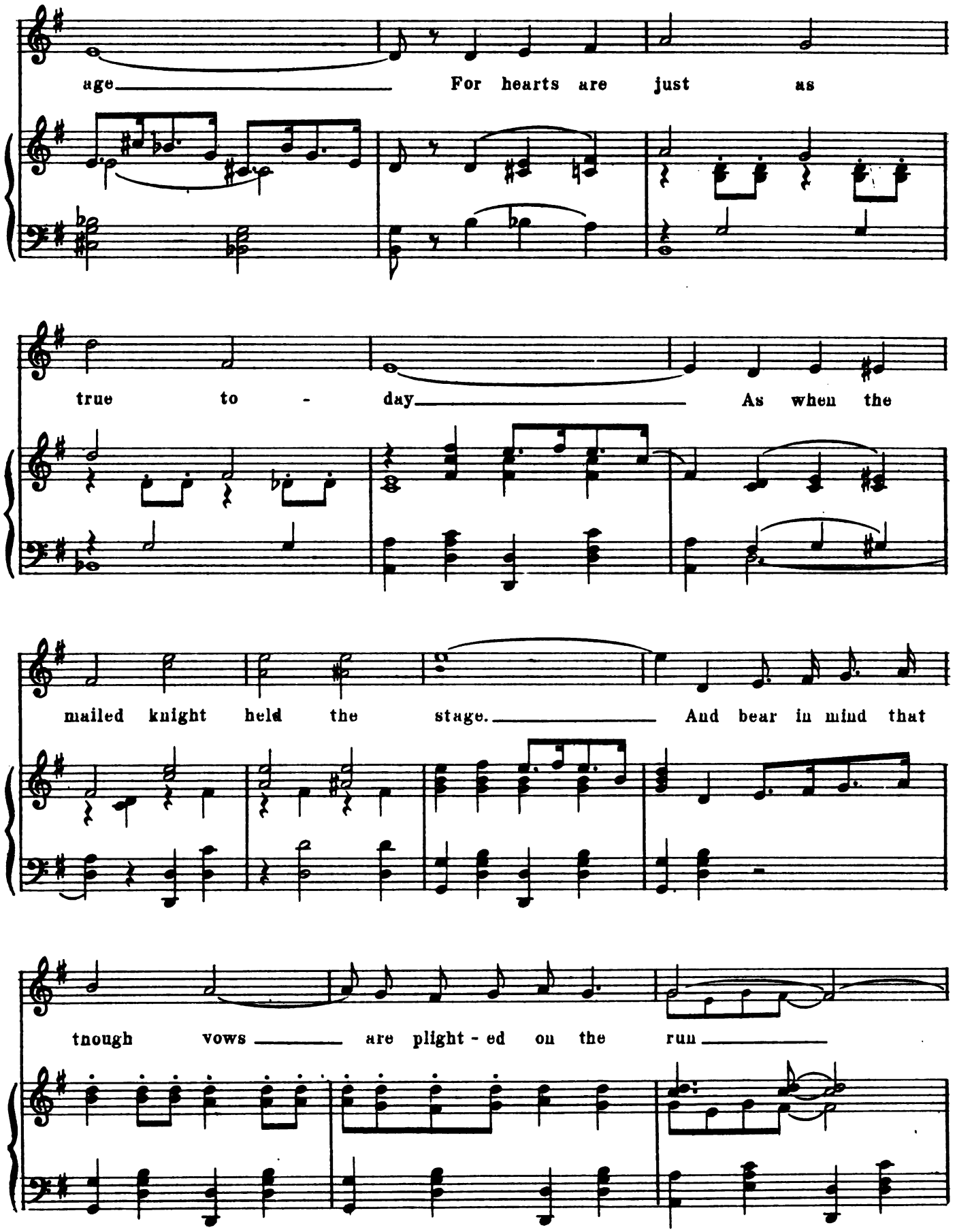
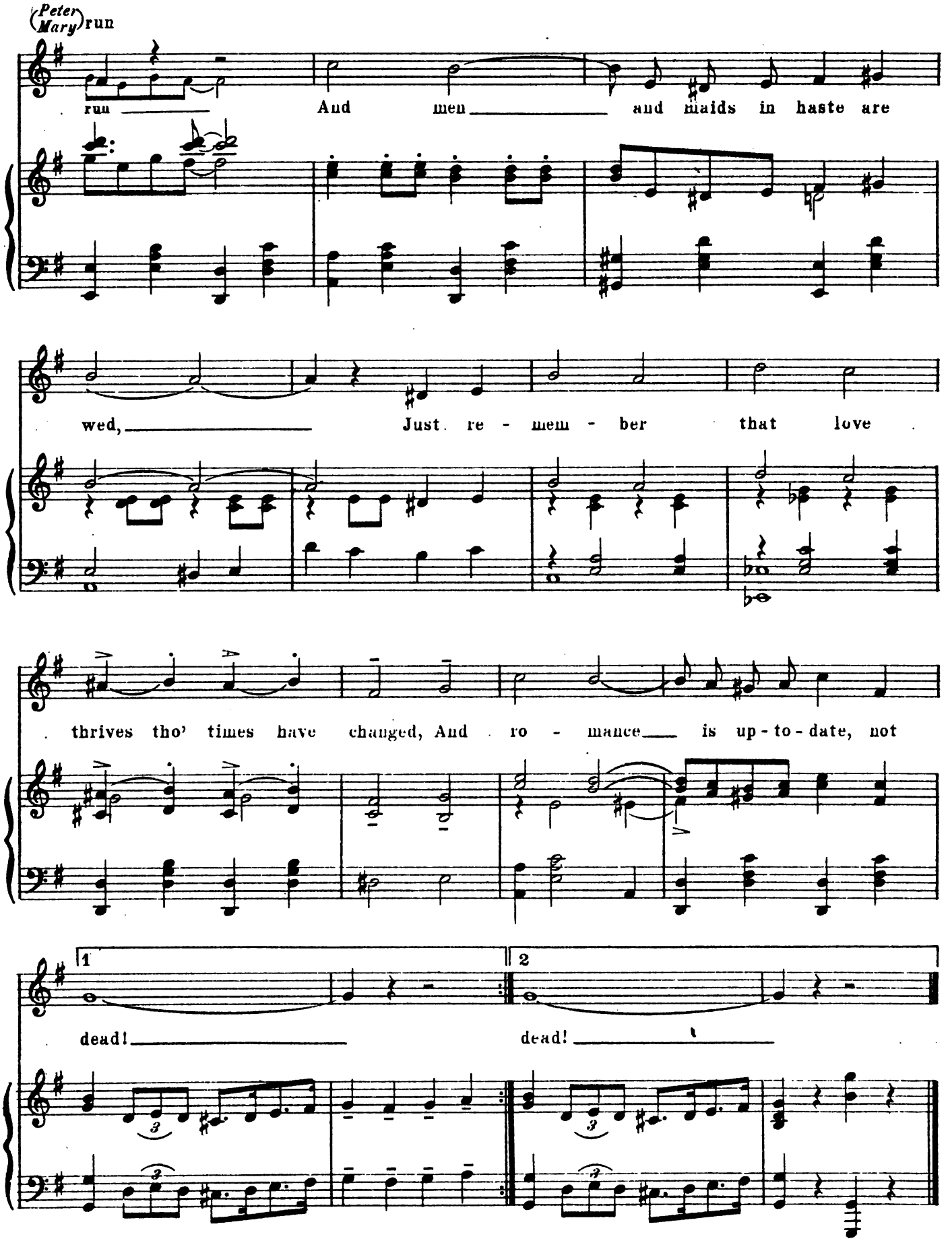
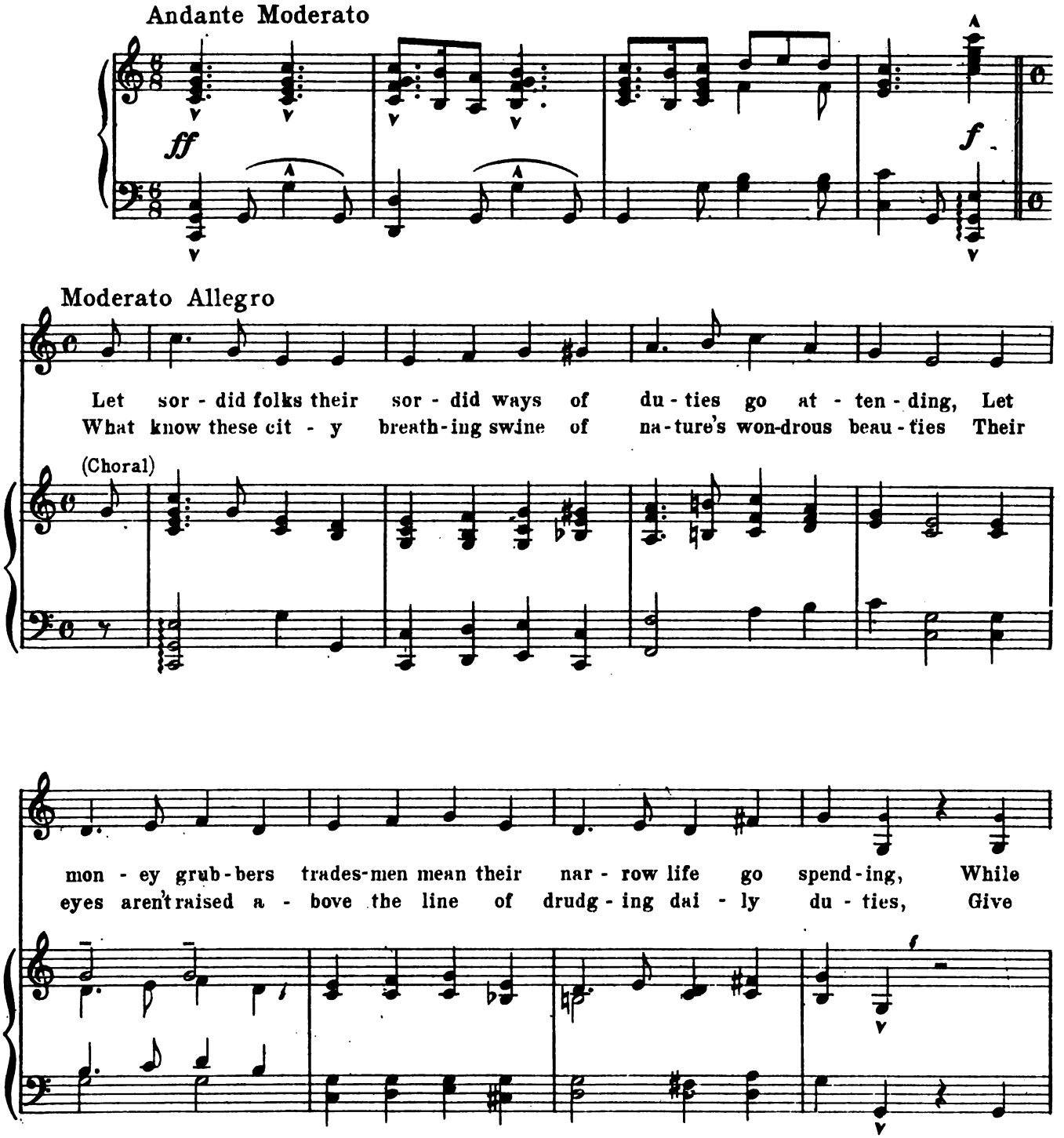

seeks to win his la - dy's heart by strik - ing quite
spends her time de - vis - ing means to test by trial
accel.
au - oth - er pose. Now Brad - street is his coat of
her lov-er's pow'r. She pins no rib - bon to his
a tempo
arms, a check - book, not a sword he wields And
lance to give him cour-age in the fray But
seeks no more war's grim a - larms but fights on Wall Street's bat - tle.
tells him he must take his chance and win her in the mod - ern.
8

fields. (Mary) Now, list - en dear ie, Now list - en dear ie.
way. (Peter) Now, list - en dear ie, Now list - en dear ie.
(Both) Now, list - en dear ie, Now list - en dear ie.
REFRAIN
Sigh not that all ro - mance is gone,
(Peter Mary) gone
gone And ours a dry and heart - less

age For hearts are just as
true to - day As when the
mailed knight held the stage. And bear in mind that
tnough vows are plight - ed on the run

(Peter Mary) run
run
And men and maids in haste are
wed,
Just re - mem - ber that love
thrives tho' times have changed, And ro - mance is up-to-date, not
1
2
dead!
dead!

The Friars' Song

"CONTRARIE MARY"

Lyrics by
ROBERT G. BECK

Music by
WILLIS A. DIEKEMA


Andante Moderato
ff
f
Moderato Allegro
Let sor - did folks their sor - did ways of du - ties go at - ten - ding, Let
What know these cit - y breath - ing swine of na - ture's won-drous beau - ties Their
(Choral)
mon - ey grub - bers trades-men mean their nar - row life go spend - ing, While
eyes aren't raised a - bove the line of drudg - ing dai - ly du - ties, Give

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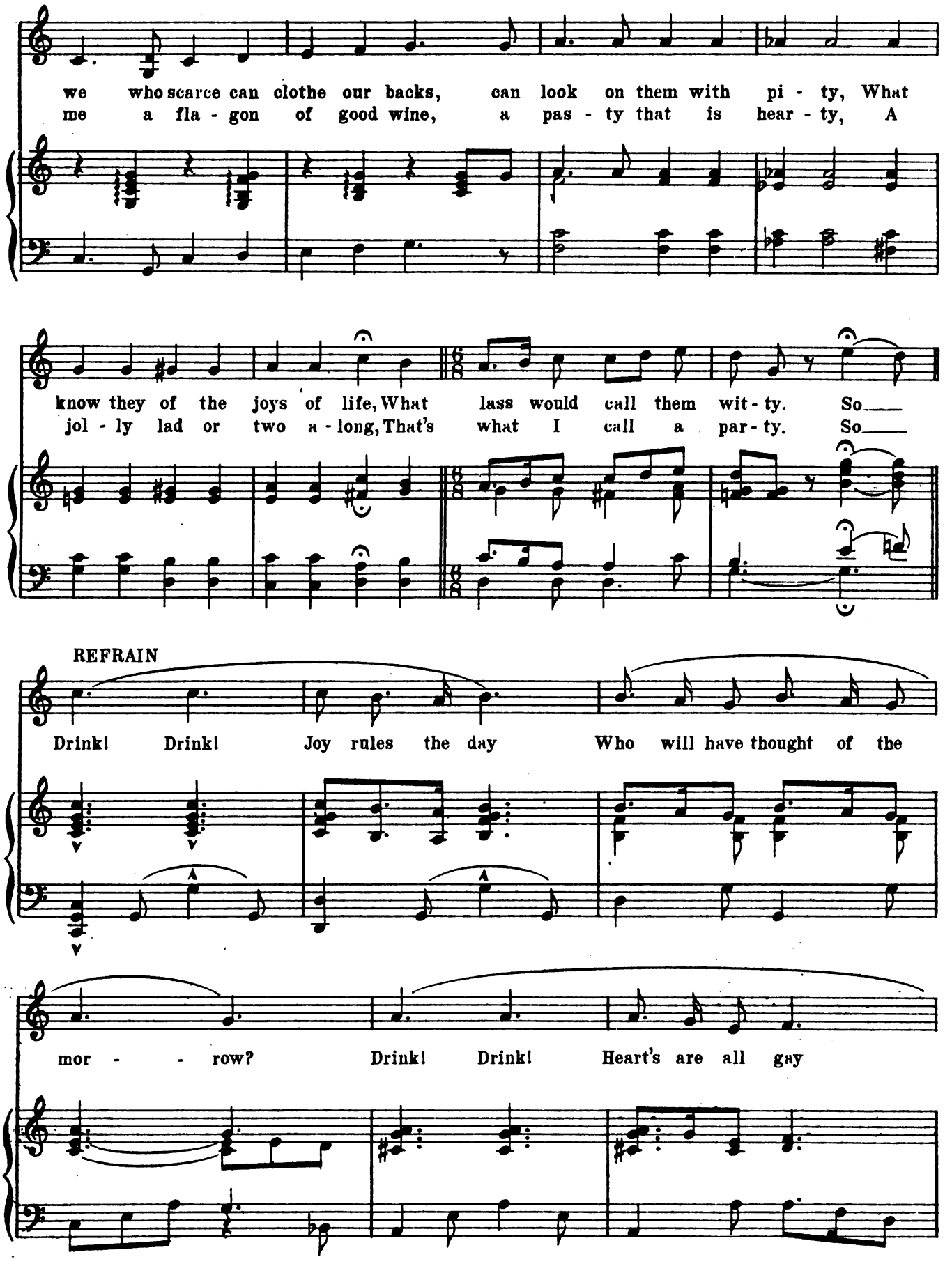
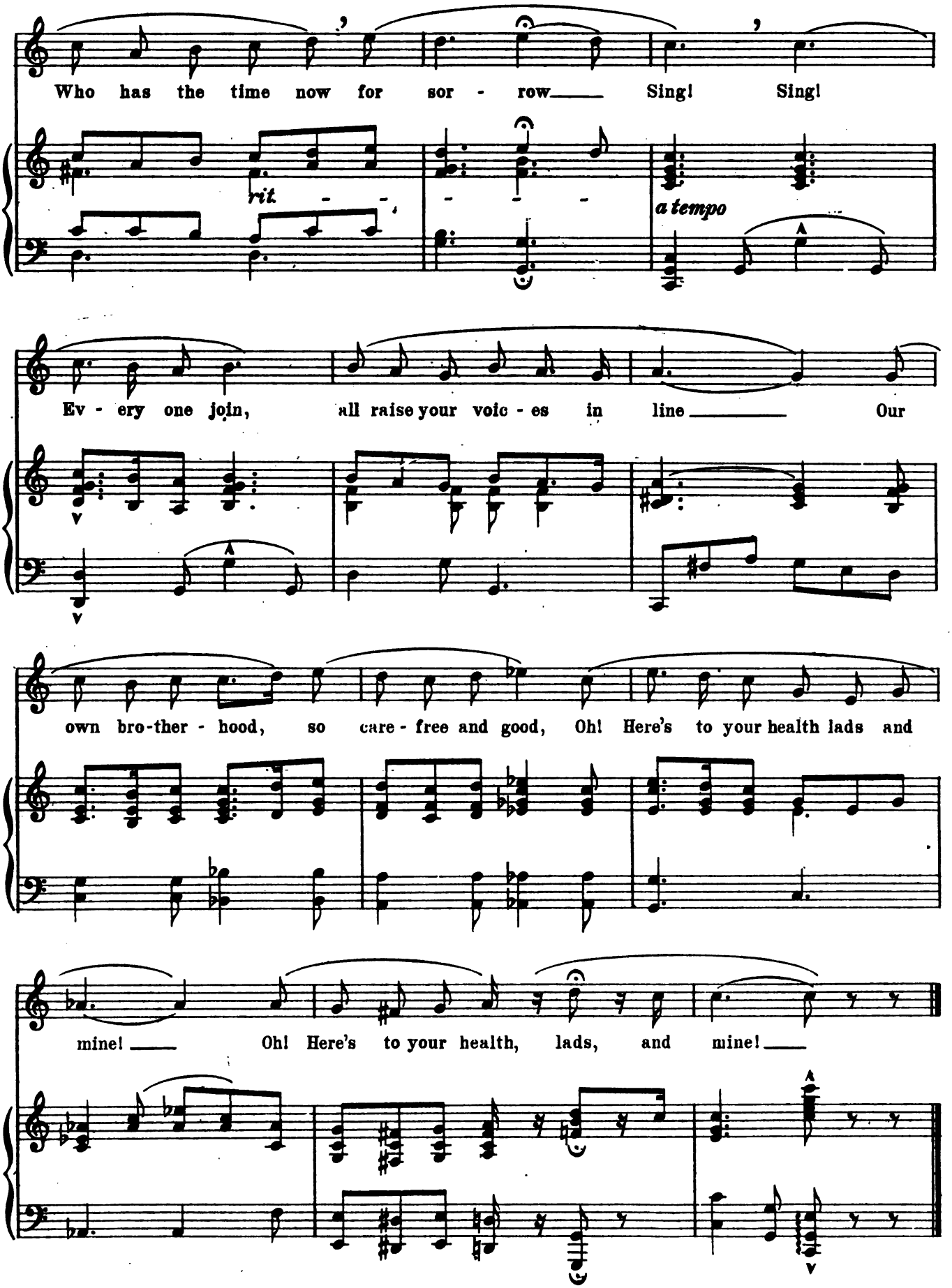
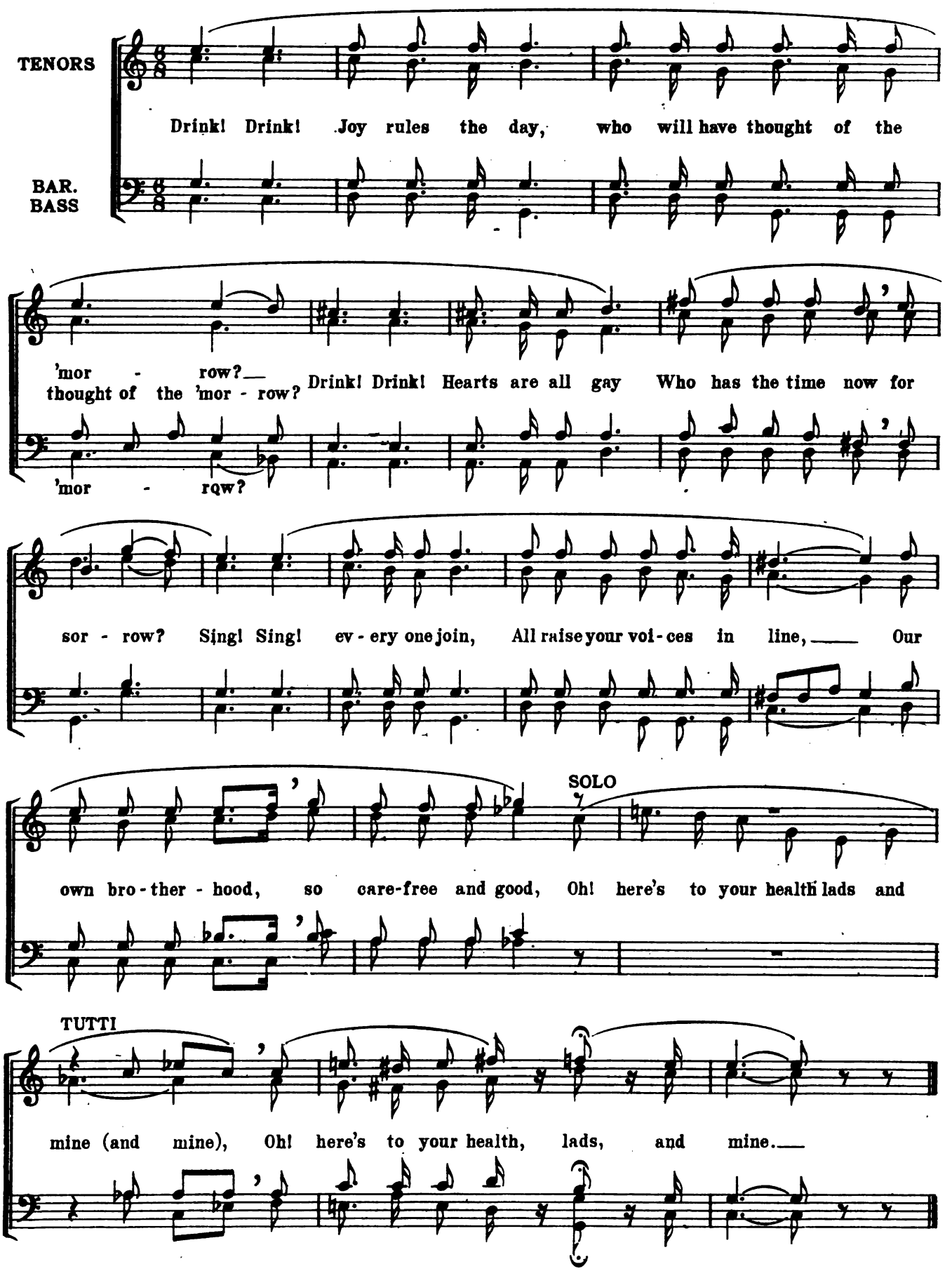

we who scarce can clothe our backs, can look on them with pi - ty, What
me a fla - gon of good wine, a pas - ty that is hear - ty, A
know they of the joys of life, What lass would call them wit - ty. So___
jol - ly lad or two a - long, That's what I call a par - ty. So___
REFRAIN
Drink! Drink! Joy rules the day Who will have thought of the
mor - - row? Drink! Drink! Heart's are all gay

Who has the time now for sor - row Sing! Sing!
rit.
a tempo
Ev - ery one join, all raise your voic - es in line Our
own bro-ther - hood, so care - free and good, Oh! Here's to your health lads and
mine! Oh! Here's to your health, lads, and mine!

MALE QUARTET (CHORUS)

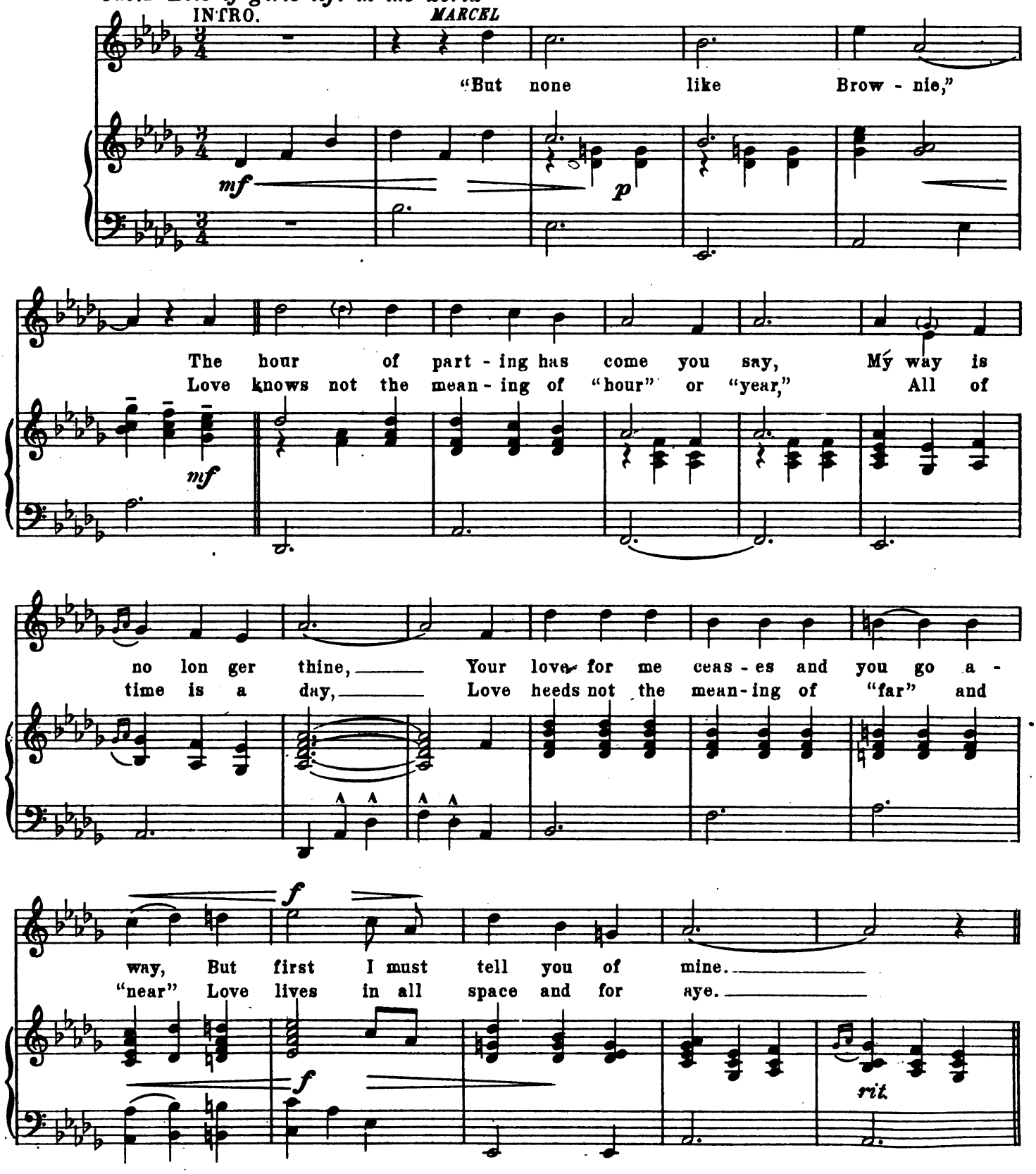

TENORS
BAR.
BASS
Drink! Drink! Joy rules the day, who will have thought of the
'mor - row?
thought of the 'mor - row?
Drink! Drink! Hearts are all gay Who has the time now for
'mor - row?
sor - row? Sing! Sing! ev - ery one join, All raise your voi - ces in line, Our
SOLO
own bro - ther - hood, so care-free and good, Oh! here's to your health lads and
TUTTI
mine (and mine), Oh! here's to your health, lads, and mine.

I'll Always Love You

"MODEL DAUGHTER"

Lyrics by
GROSSNER & MELTON

Music by
WILLIS A. DIEKEMA

Cue:- "Lots of girls left in the world"

INTRO.
MARCEL
"But none like Brow - nie,"
mf
p
The hour of part - ing has come you say, My way is
Love knows not the mean - ing of "hour" or "year," All of
mf
no lon ger thine, Your love for me ceas - es and you go a -
time is a day, Love heeds not the mean - ing of "far" and
f
way, But first I must tell you of mine.
"near" Love lives in all space and for aye.
f
rit.

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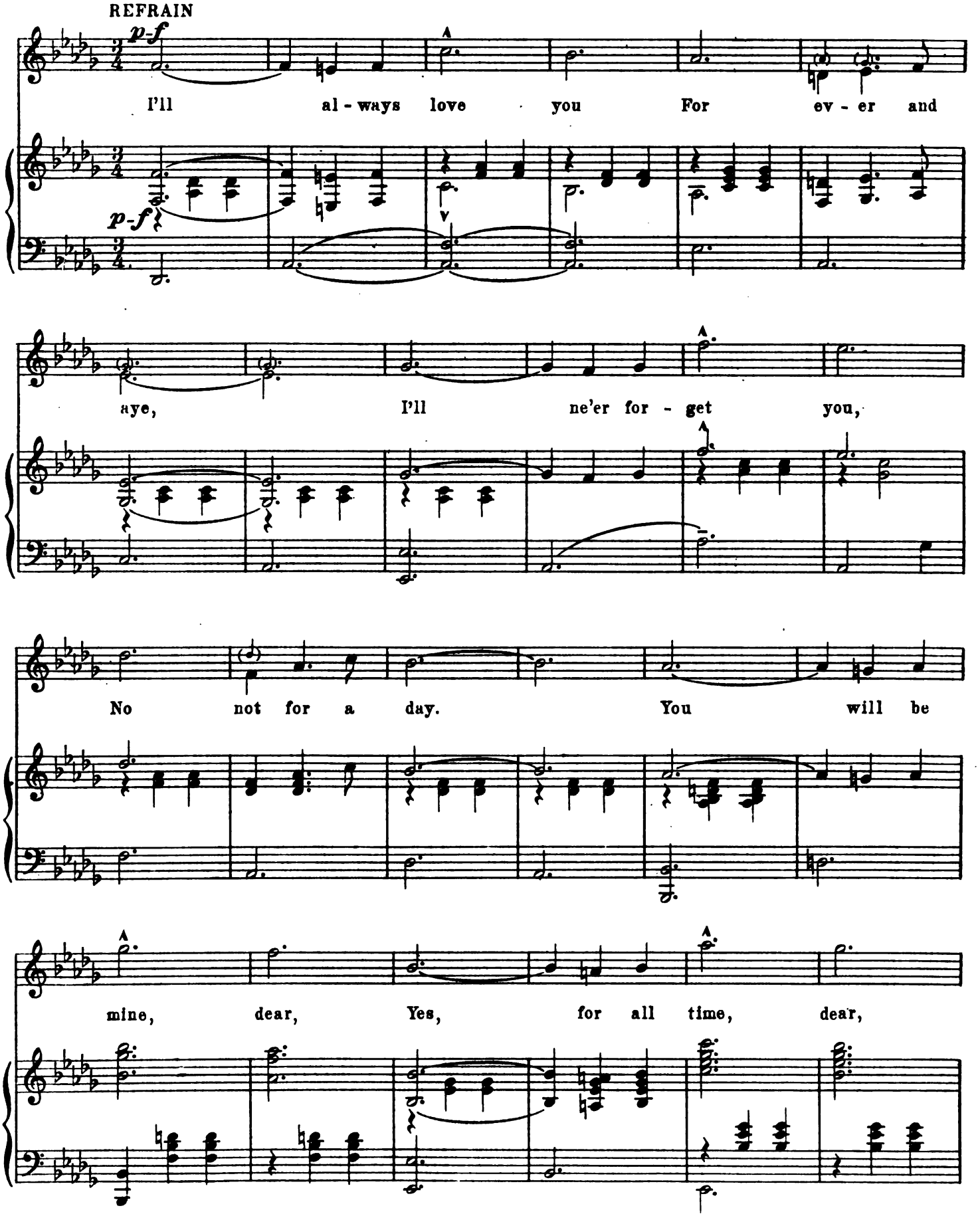
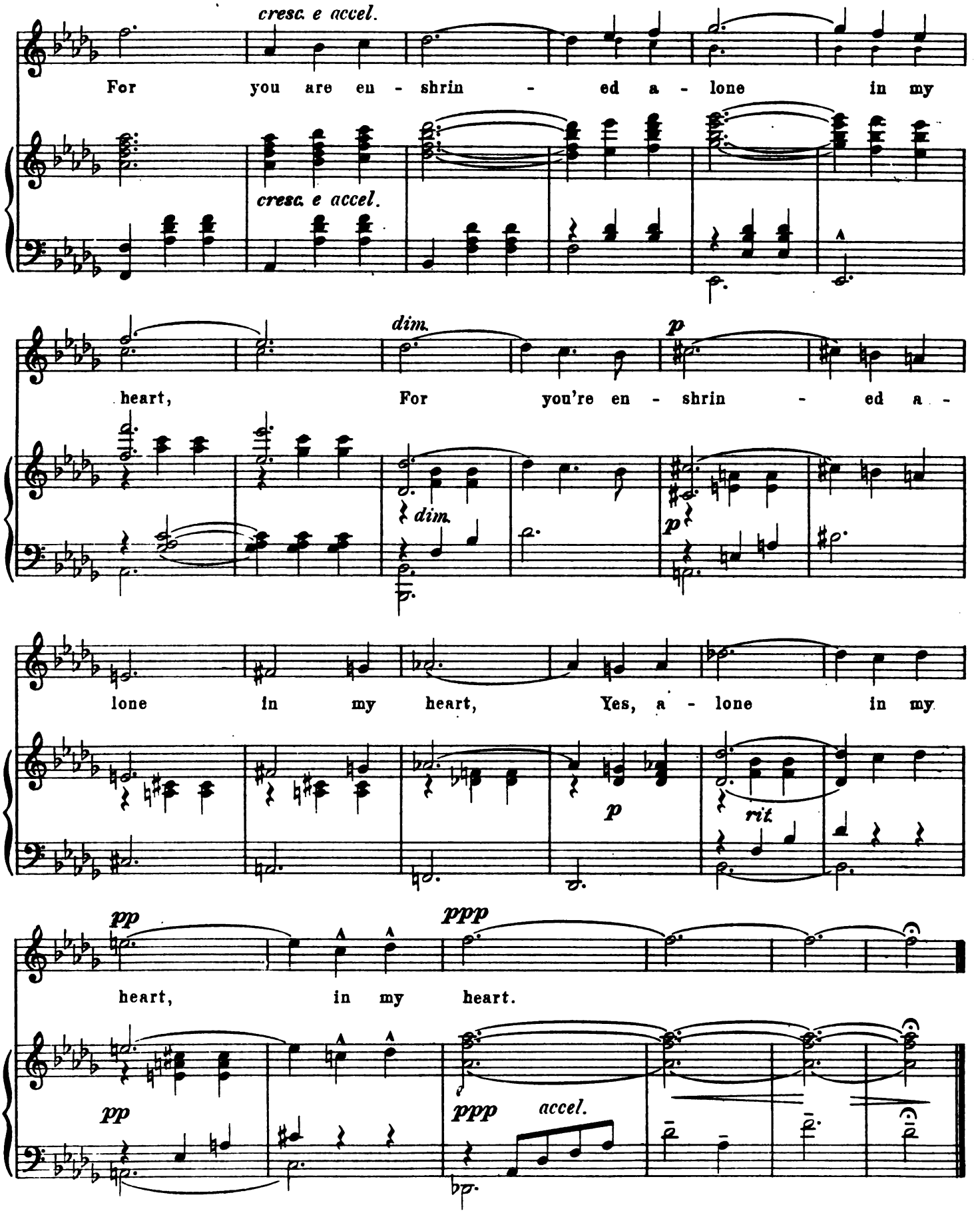
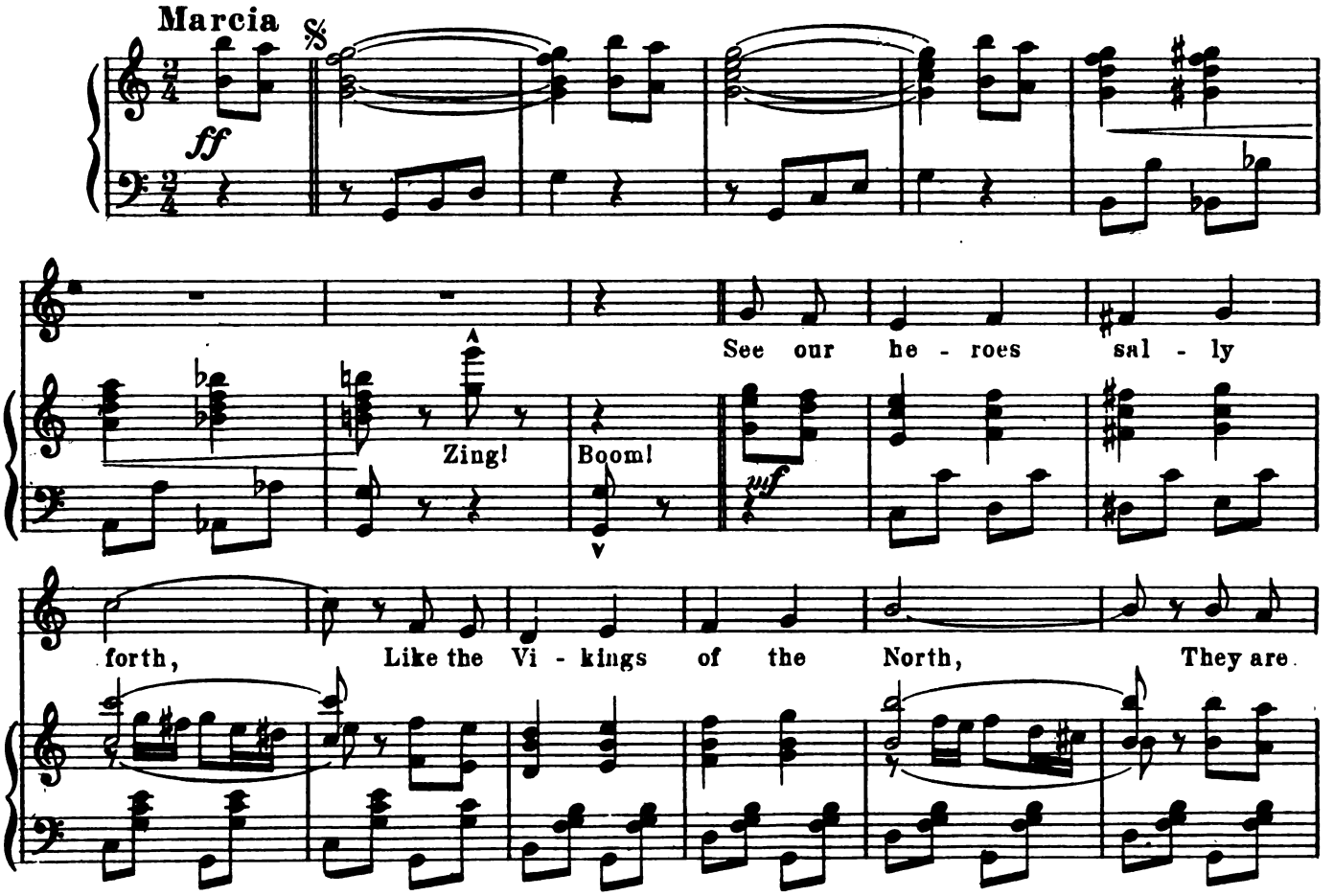

REFRAIN
p-f
I'll al - ways love you For ev - er and
p-f
aye, I'll ne'er for - get you,
No not for a day. You will be
mine, dear, Yes, for all time, dear,

cresc. e accel.
For you are en - shrin - ed a - lone in my
cresc. e accel.
dim.
p
heart, For you're en - shrin - ed a -
dim.
p
lone in my heart, Yes, a - lone in my
p
rit.
pp
ppp
heart, in my heart.
pp
ppp accel.

Hail Michigan

SYLVAN S. GROSNER

ROWLAND W. FIXEL

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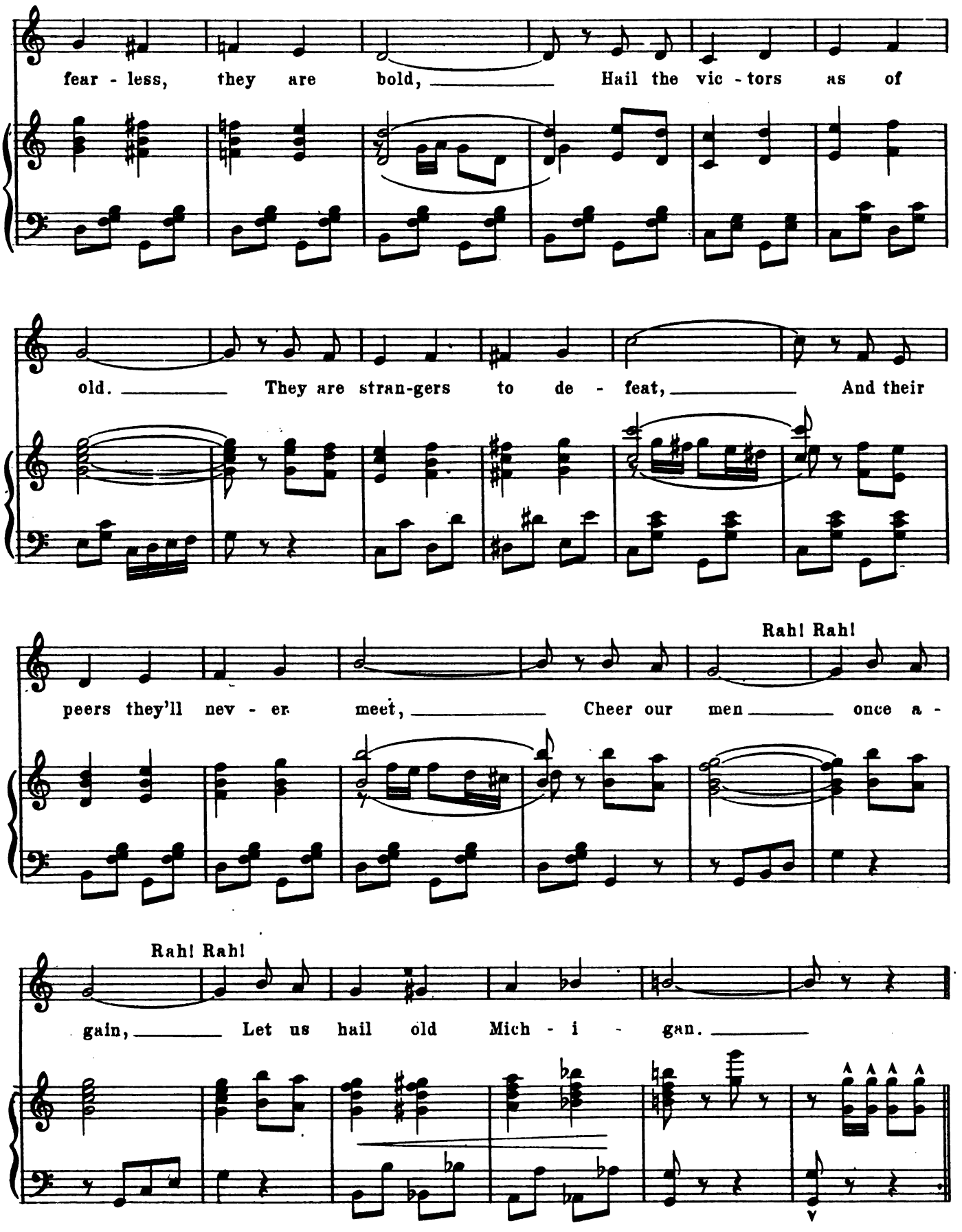
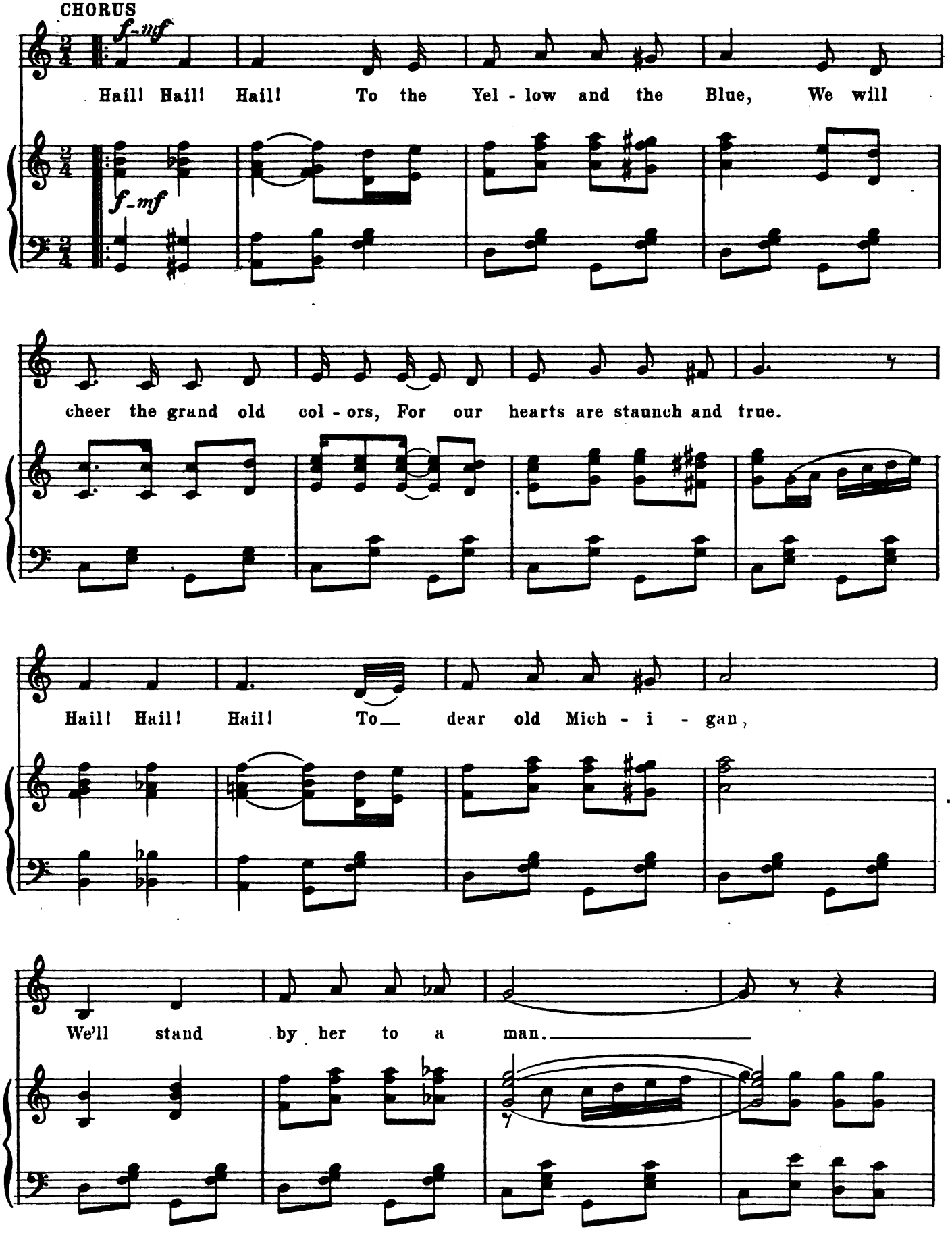
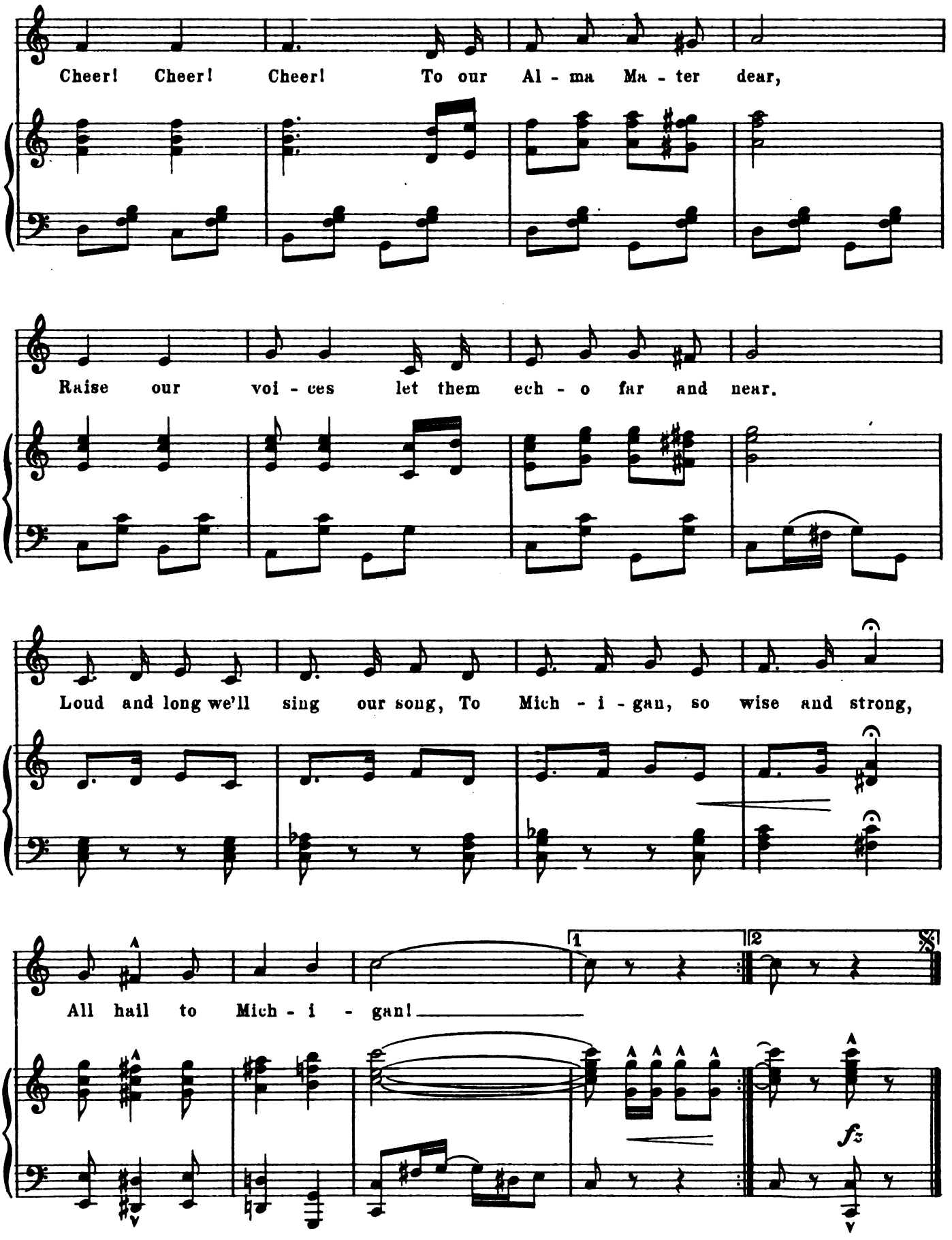
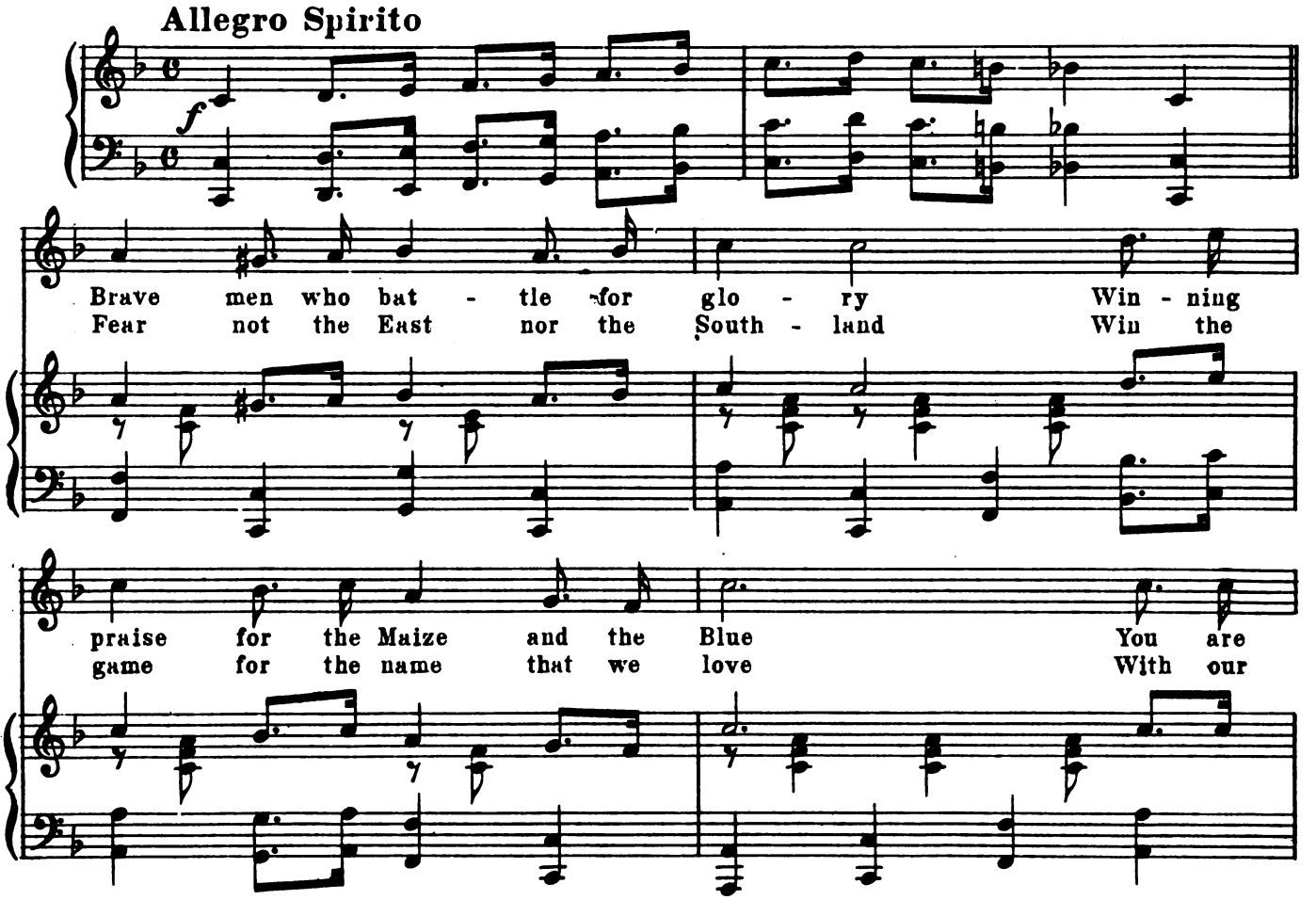

fear - less, they are bold, Hail the vic - tors as of
old. They are stran-gers to de - feat, And their
Rah! Rah!
peers they'll nev - er meet, Cheer our men once a -
Rah! Rah!
gain, Let us hail old Mich - i - gan.

CHORUS
f-mf
Hail! Hail! Hail! To the Yel - low and the Blue, We will
f-mf
cheer the grand old col - ors, For our hearts are staunch and true.
Hail! Hail! Hail! To dear old Mich - i - gan,
We'll stand by her to a man.

Cheer! Cheer! Cheer! To our Al - ma Ma - ter dear,
Raise our voi - ces let them ech - o far and near.
Loud and long we'll sing our song, To Mich - i - gan, so wise and strong,
All hail to Mich - i - gan!
1
2
fz

The Michigan Field Song

1910 PRIZE SONG

LYMAN LLOYD BRYSON '10 ROY DICKINSON WELCH '09


Allegro Spirito
f
Brave men who bat - tle for glo - ry Win - ning
Fear not the East nor the South - land Win the
praise for the Maize and the Blue You are
game for the name that we love With our

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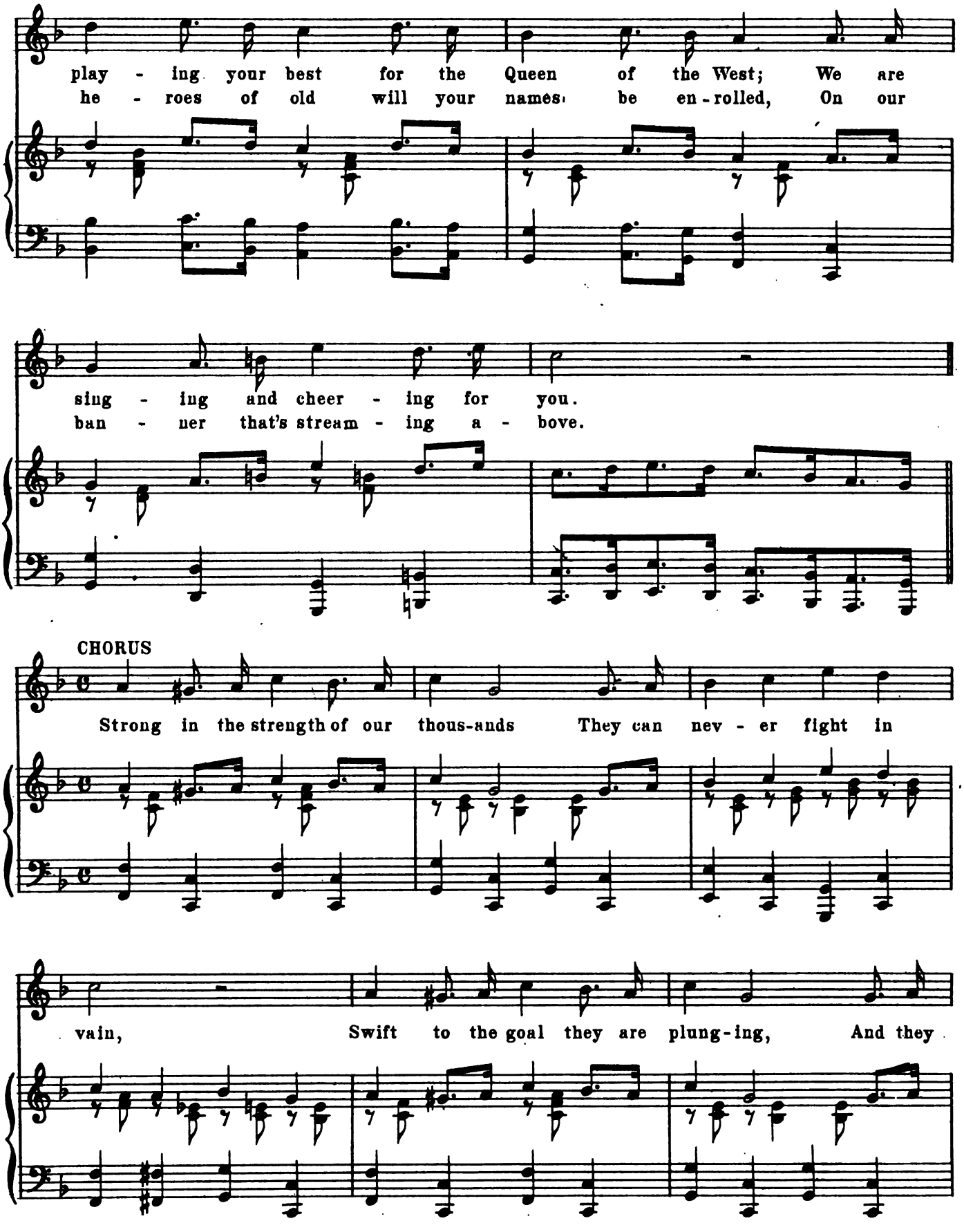
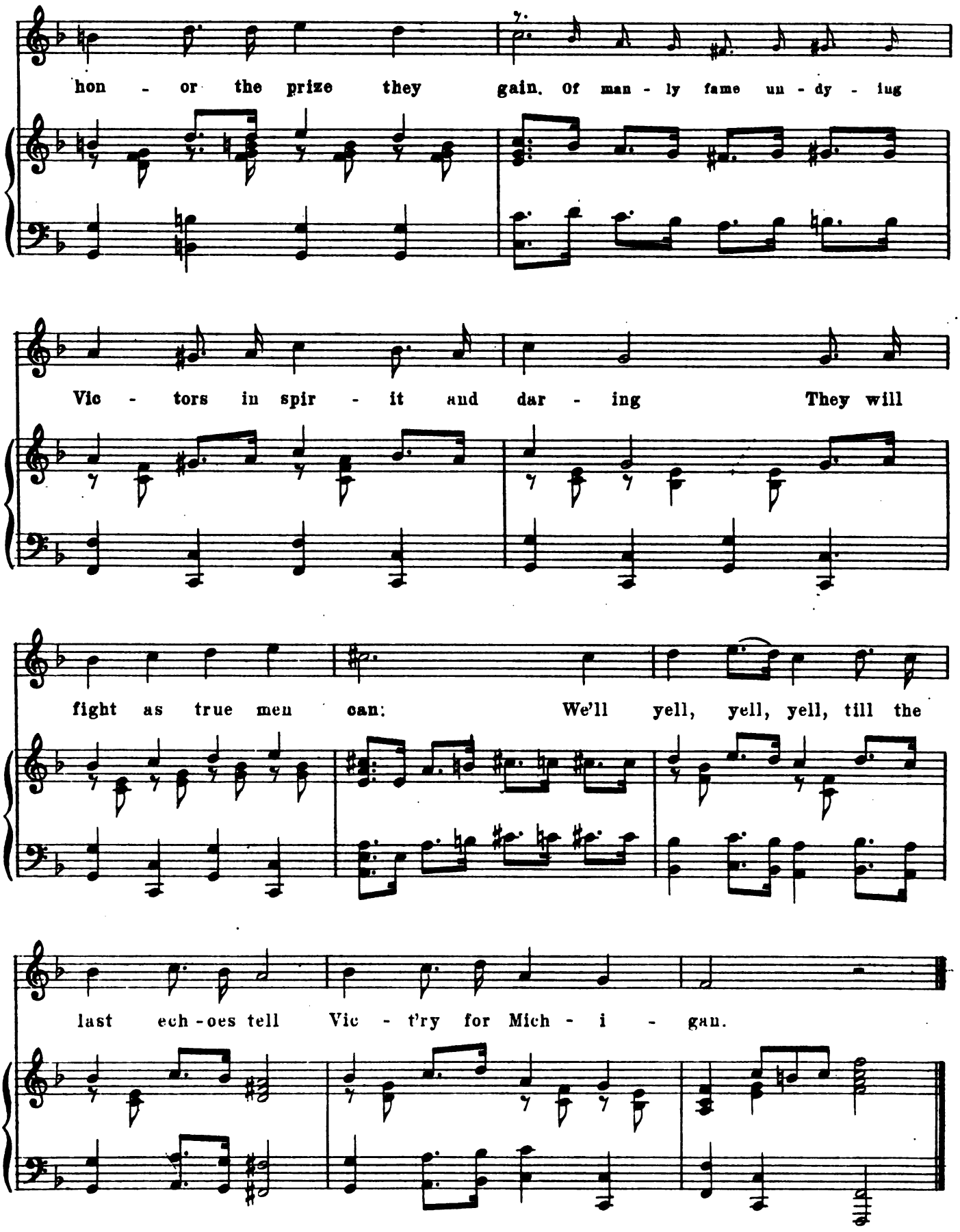
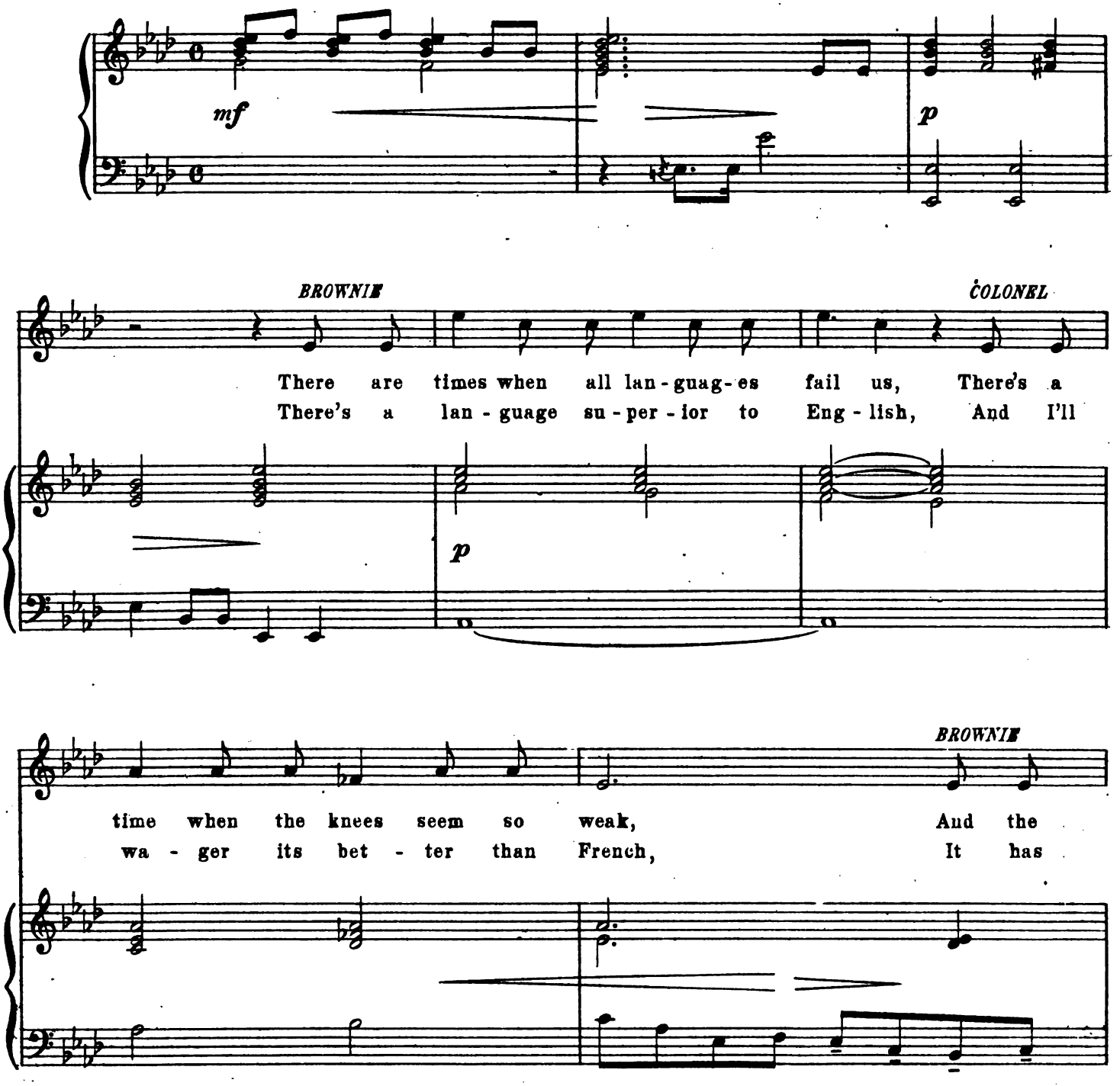

play - ing your best for the Queen of the West; We are
he - roes of old will your names be en - rolled, On our
sing - ing and cheer - ing for you.
ban - ner that's stream - ing a - bove.
CHORUS
Strong in the strength of our thous-ands They can nev - er fight in
vain, Swift to the goal they are plung-ing, And they

hon - or the prize they gain. Of man - ly fame un - dy - ing
Vic - tors in spir - it and dar - ing They will
fight as true men can: We'll yell, yell, yell, till the
last ech - oes tell Vic - t'ry for Mich - i - gan.

The Language Of Love

"MODEL DAUGHTER"

SYLVAN S. GROSSNER

WILLIS A. DIEKEMA

mf
p
BROWNIE
COLONEL
There are times when all lan-guag-es fail us, There's a
There's a lan-guage su-per-ior to Eng-lish, And I'll
p
BROWNIE
time when the knees seem so weak, And the
wa-ger its bet-ter than French, It has

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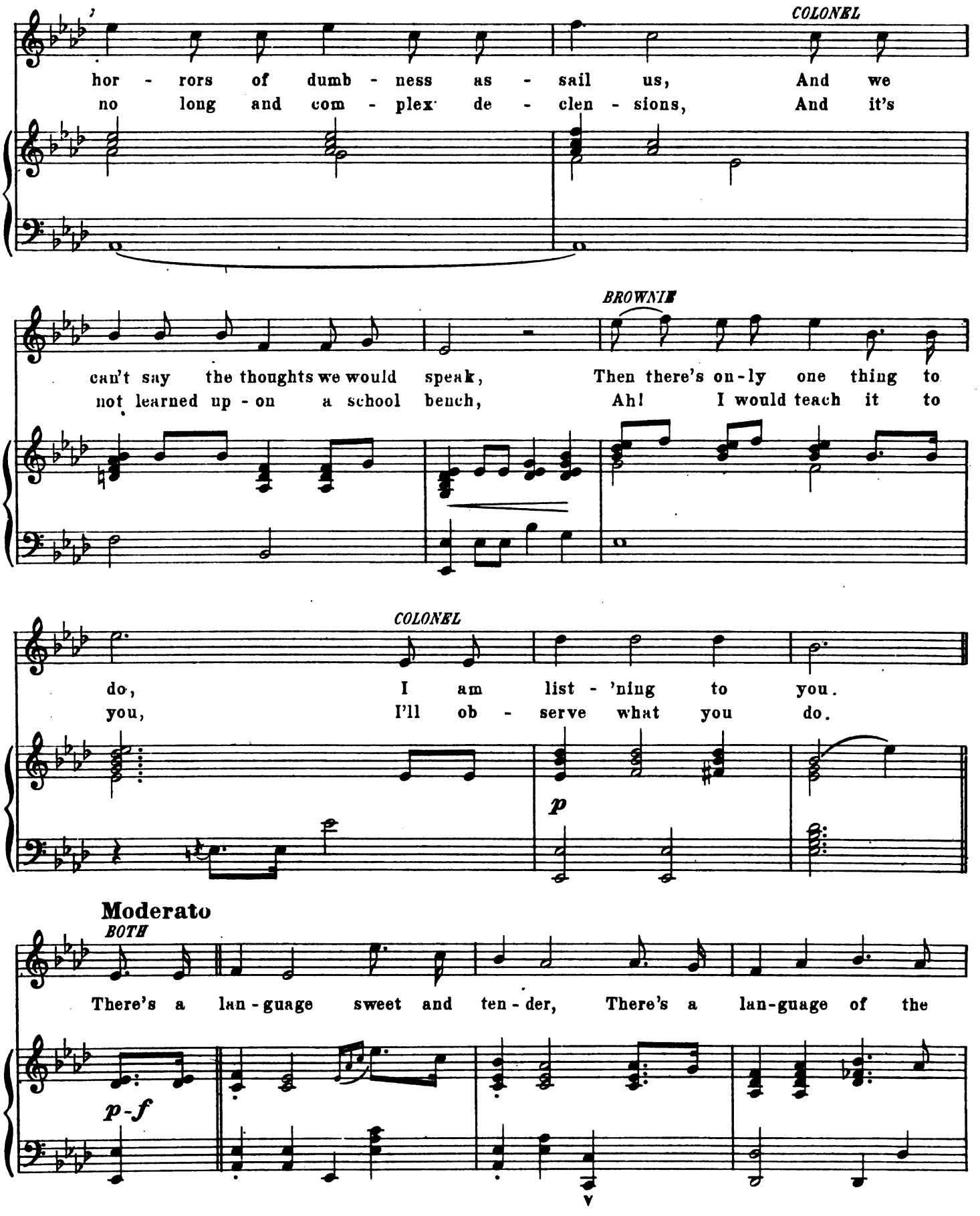
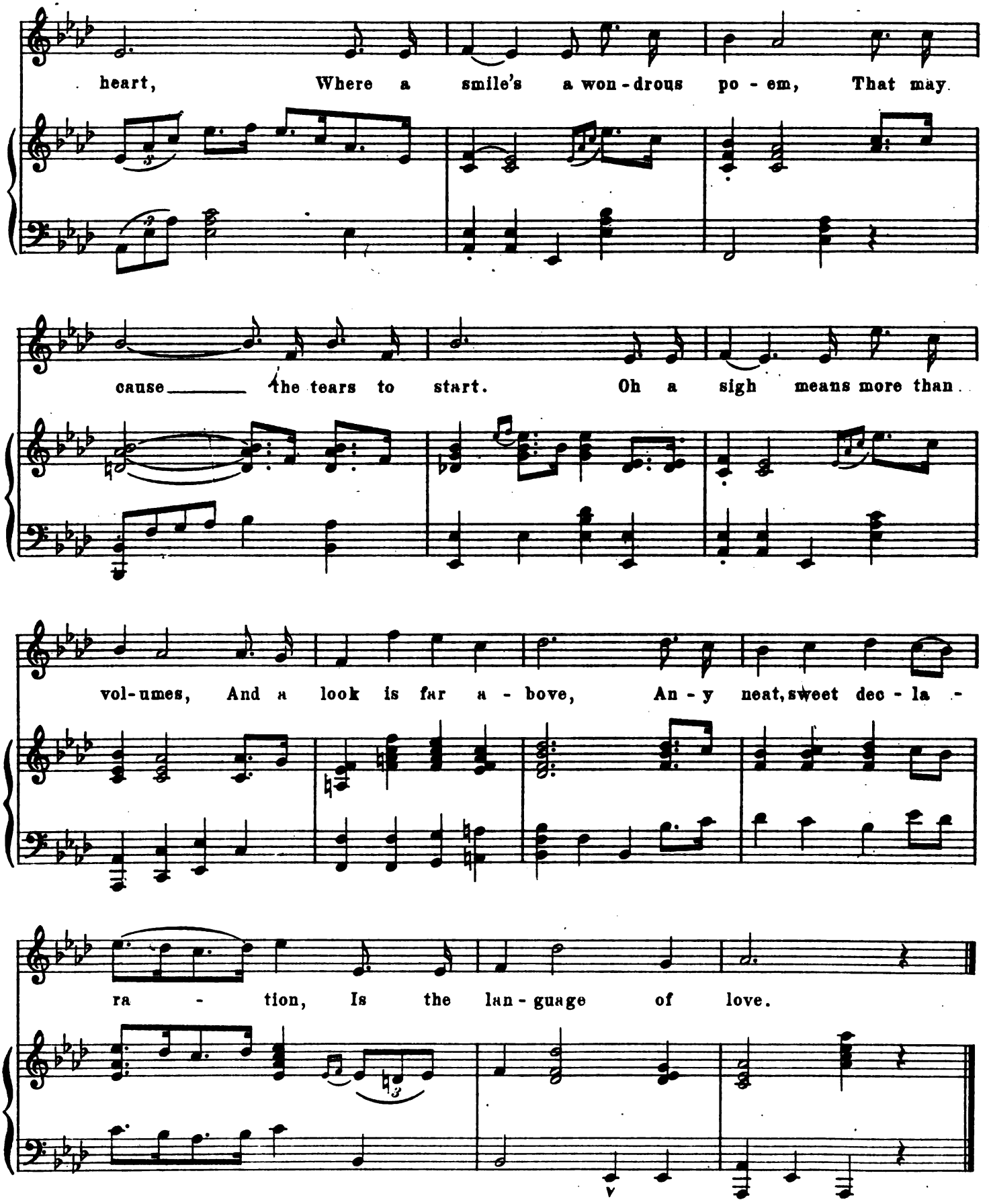
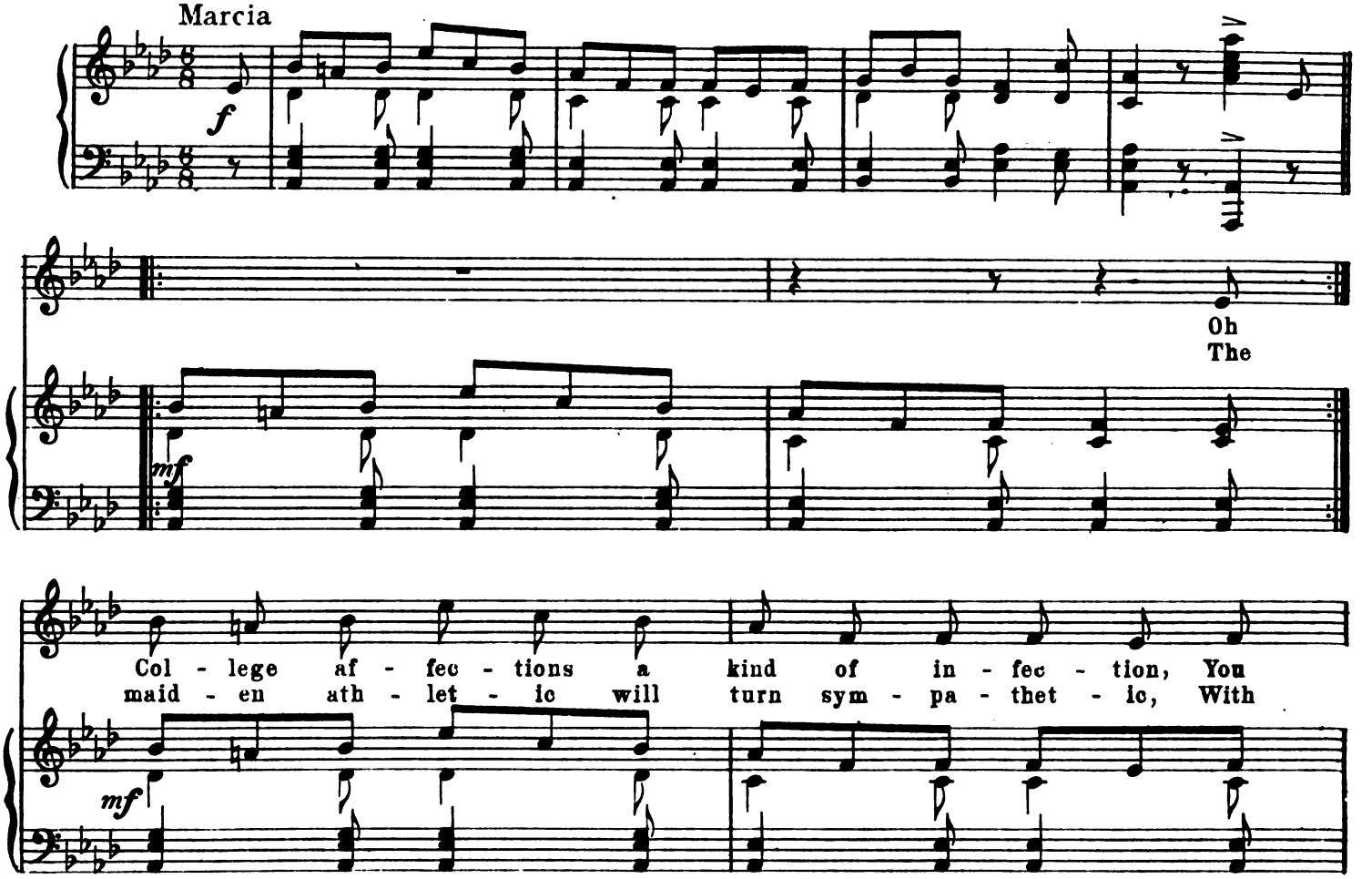

COLONEL
hor - rors of dumb - ness as - sail us, And we
no long and com - plex de - clen - sions, And it's
BROWNIE
can't say the thoughts we would speak, Then there's on-ly one thing to
not learned up - on a school bench, Ah! I would teach it to
COLONEL
do, I am list - 'ning to you.
you, I'll ob - serve what you do.
p
Moderato
BOTH
There's a lan - guage sweet and ten - der, There's a lan-guage of the
p-f

heart, Where a smile's a won-drous po-em, That may
cause the tears to start. Oh a sigh means more than
vol-umes, And a look is far a-bove, An-y neat, sweet dec-la-
ra-tion, Is the lan-guage of love.

College Love

"AWAKENED RAMESES"

JOSEPH HUDNUT

ROWLAND W. FIXEL

Marcia

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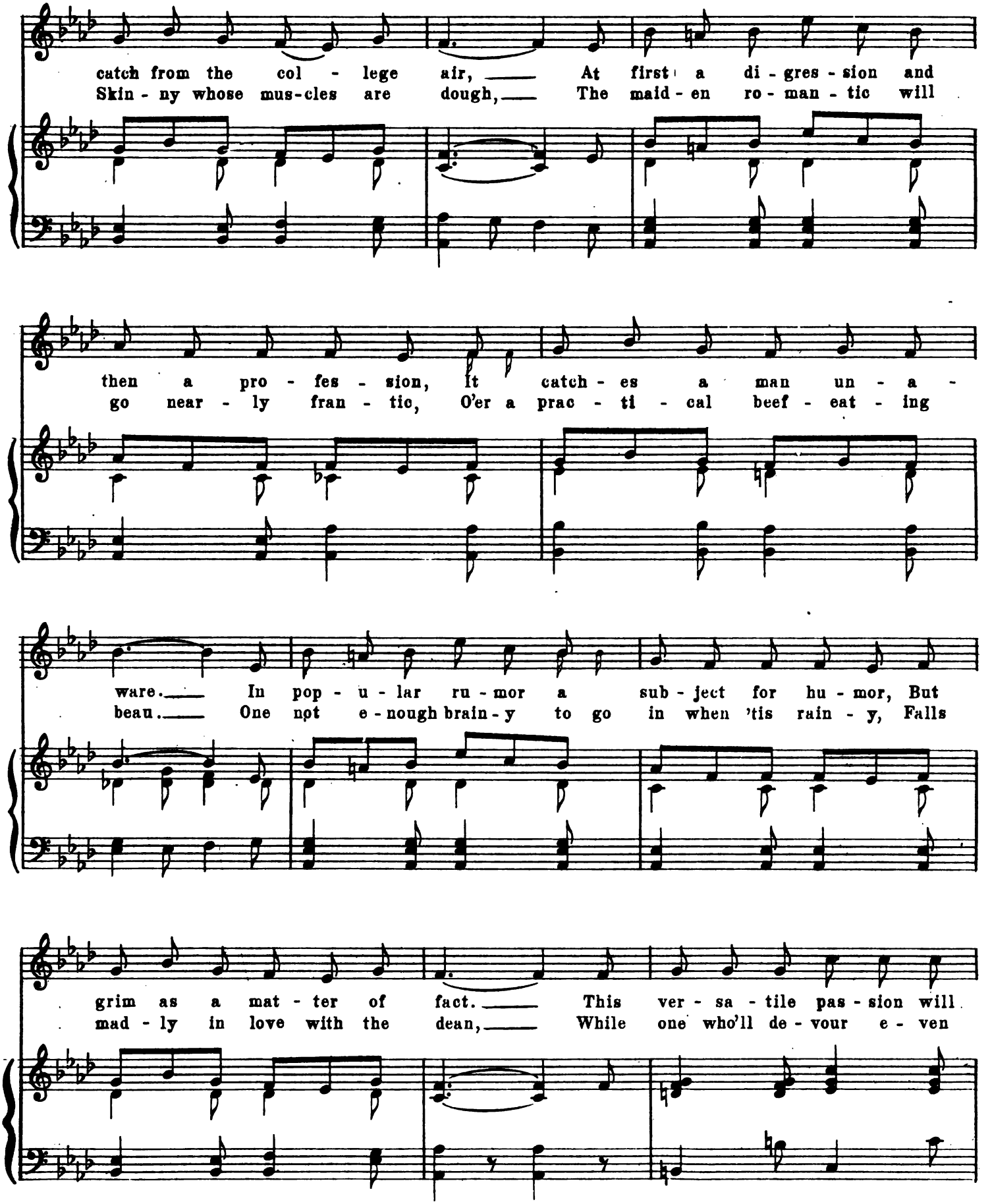
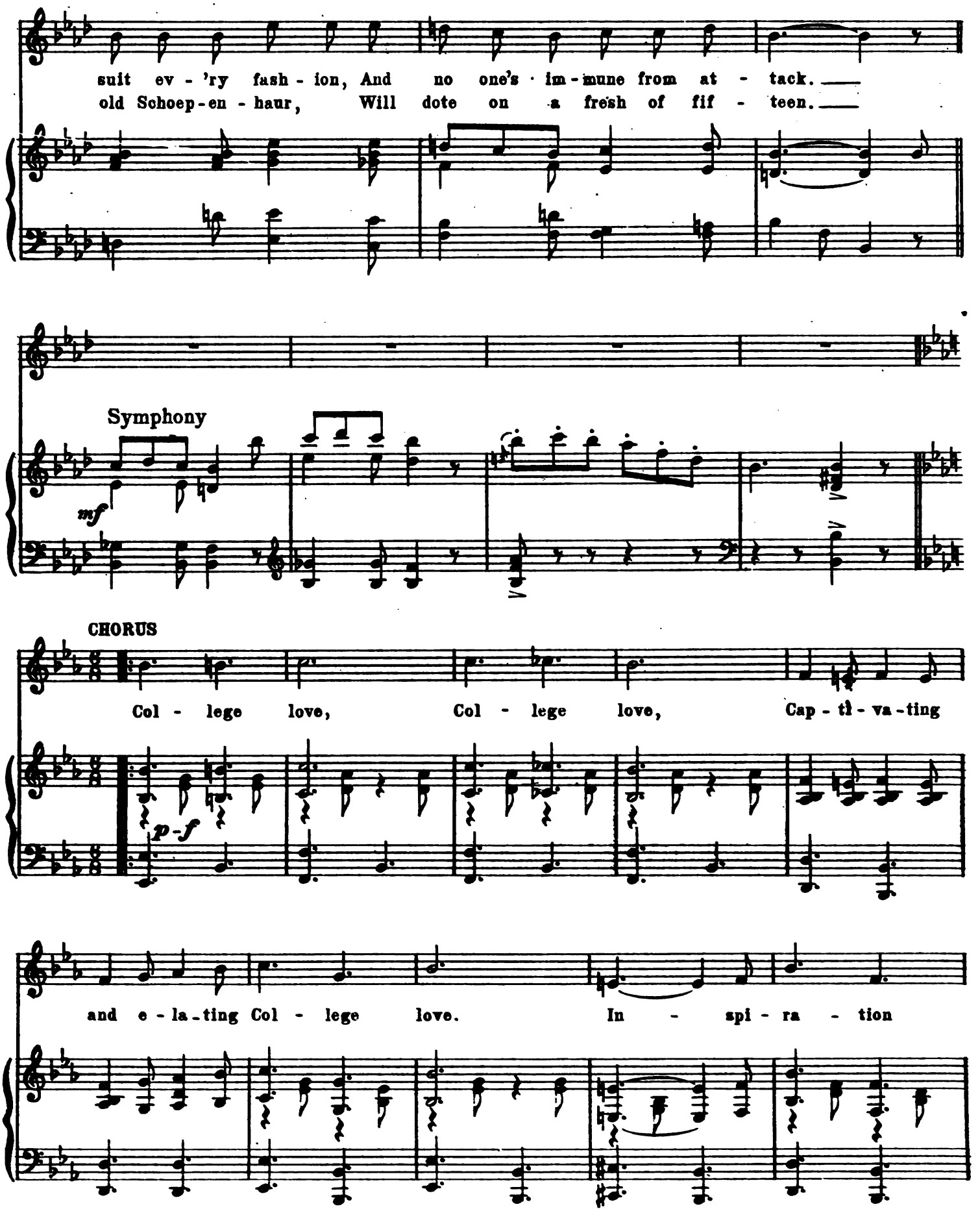
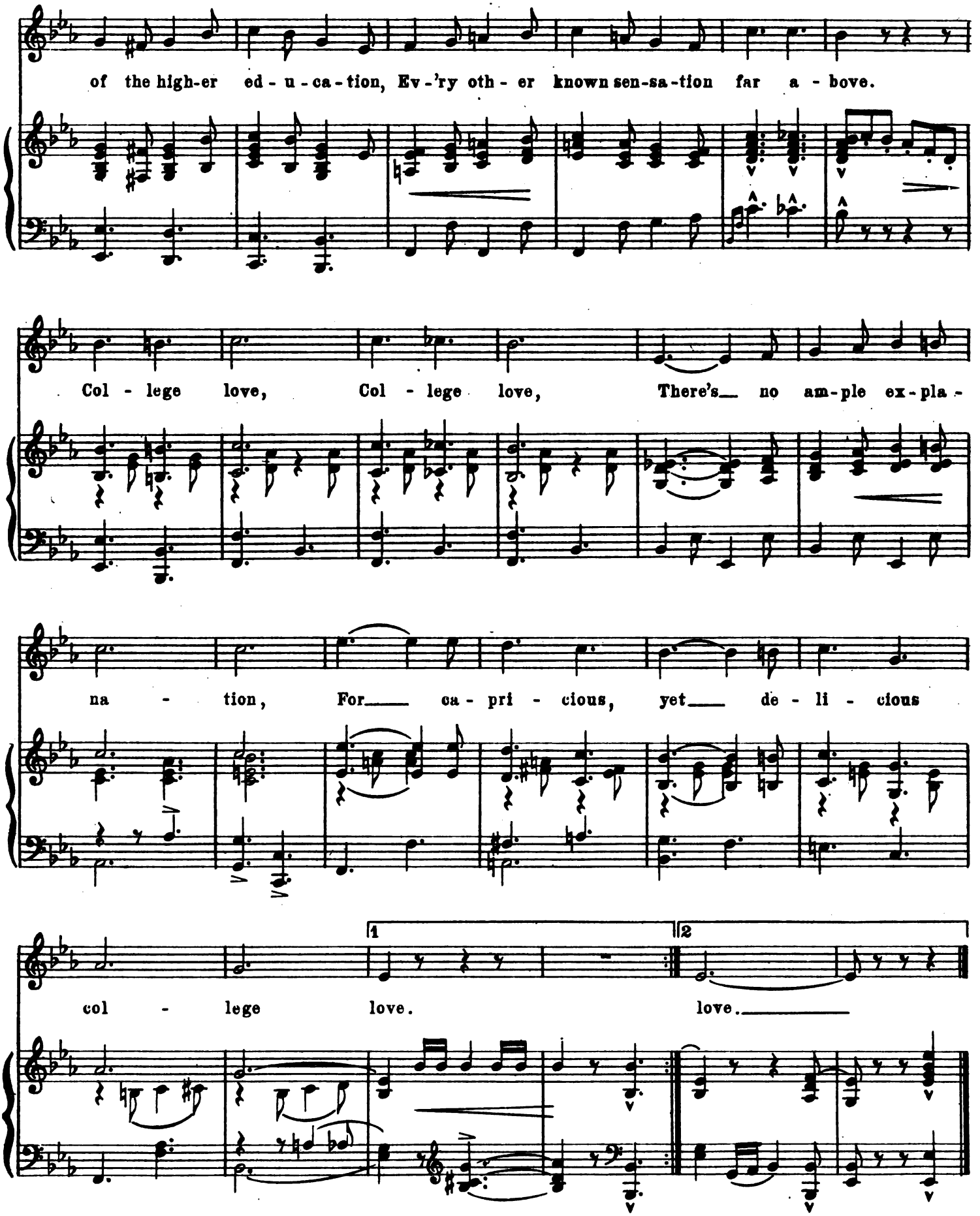
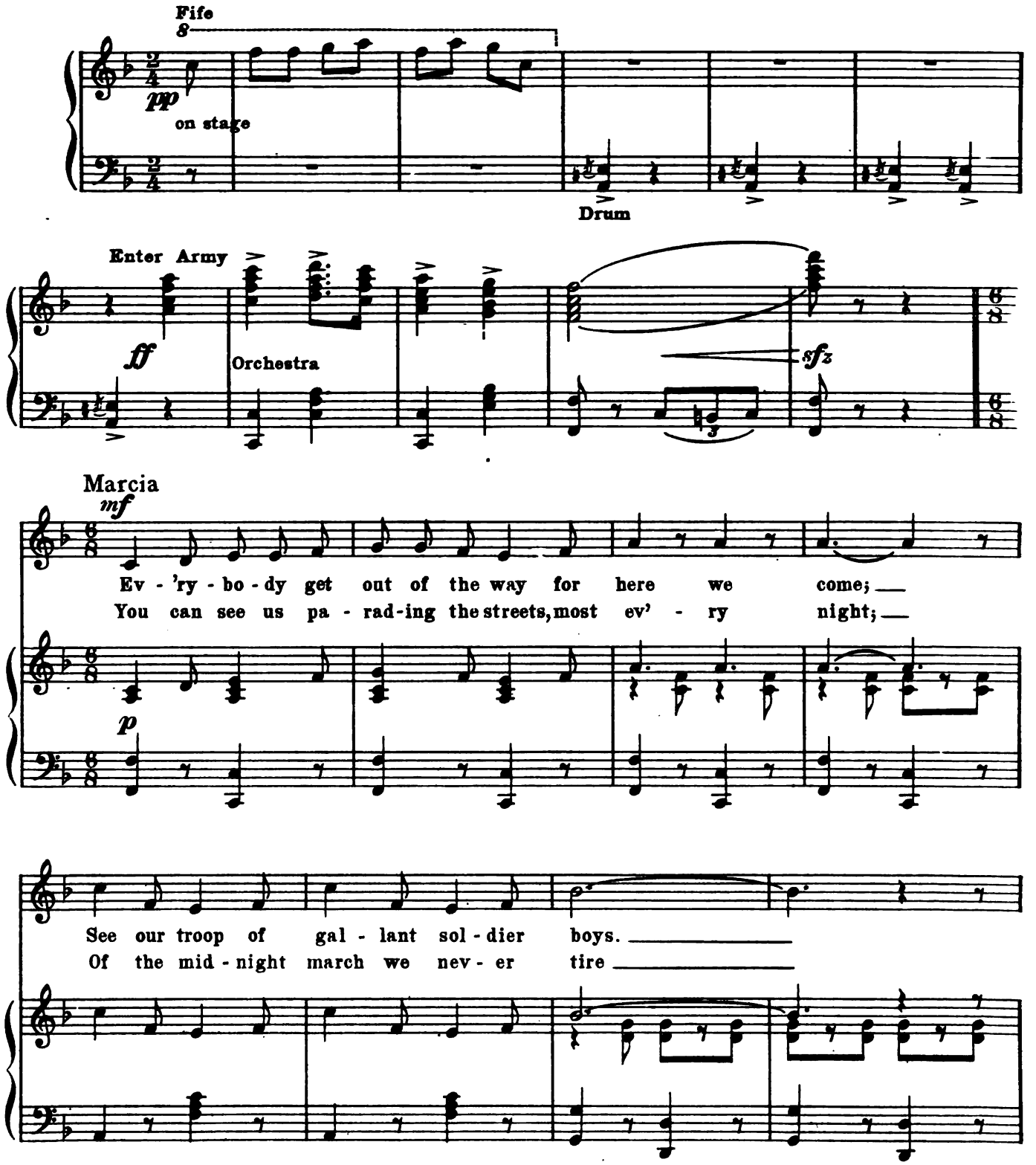

catch from the col - lege air, At first a di - gres - sion and
Skin - ny whose mus-cles are dough, The maid - en ro - man - tic will
then a pro - fes - sion, It catch - es a man un - a -
go near - ly fran - tic, O'er a prac - ti - cal beef - eat - ing
ware. In pop - u - lar ru - mor a sub - ject for hu - mor, But
beau. One not e - nough brain - y to go in when 'tis rain - y, Falls
grim as a mat - ter of fact. This ver - sa - tile pas - sion will
mad - ly in love with the dean, While one who'll de - vour e - ven

suit ev - 'ry fash - ion, And no one's · im - mune from at - tack.
old Schoep - en - haur, Will dote on a fresh of fif - teen.
Symphony
mf
CHORUS
Col - lege love, Col - lege love, Cap - ti - va - ting
p - f
and e - la - ting Col - lege love. In - spi - ra - tion

of the high-er ed - u - ca - tion, Ev - 'ry oth - er known sen-sa-tion far a - bove.
Col - lege love, Col - lege love, There's no am-ple ex-pla -
na - tion, For ca - pri - cious, yet de - li - cious
1
2
col - lege love. love.

The Bum Army.

"CRIMSON CHEST"

J. FRED LAWTON. EARL V. MOORE.

Fife
pp
on stage
Drum
Enter Army
ff
Orchestra
sfz
Marcia
mf
Ev - 'ry - bo - dy get out of the way for here we come;
You can see us pa - rad-ing the streets, most ev' - ry night;
p
See our troop of gal - lant sol - dier boys.
Of the mid - night march we nev - er tire

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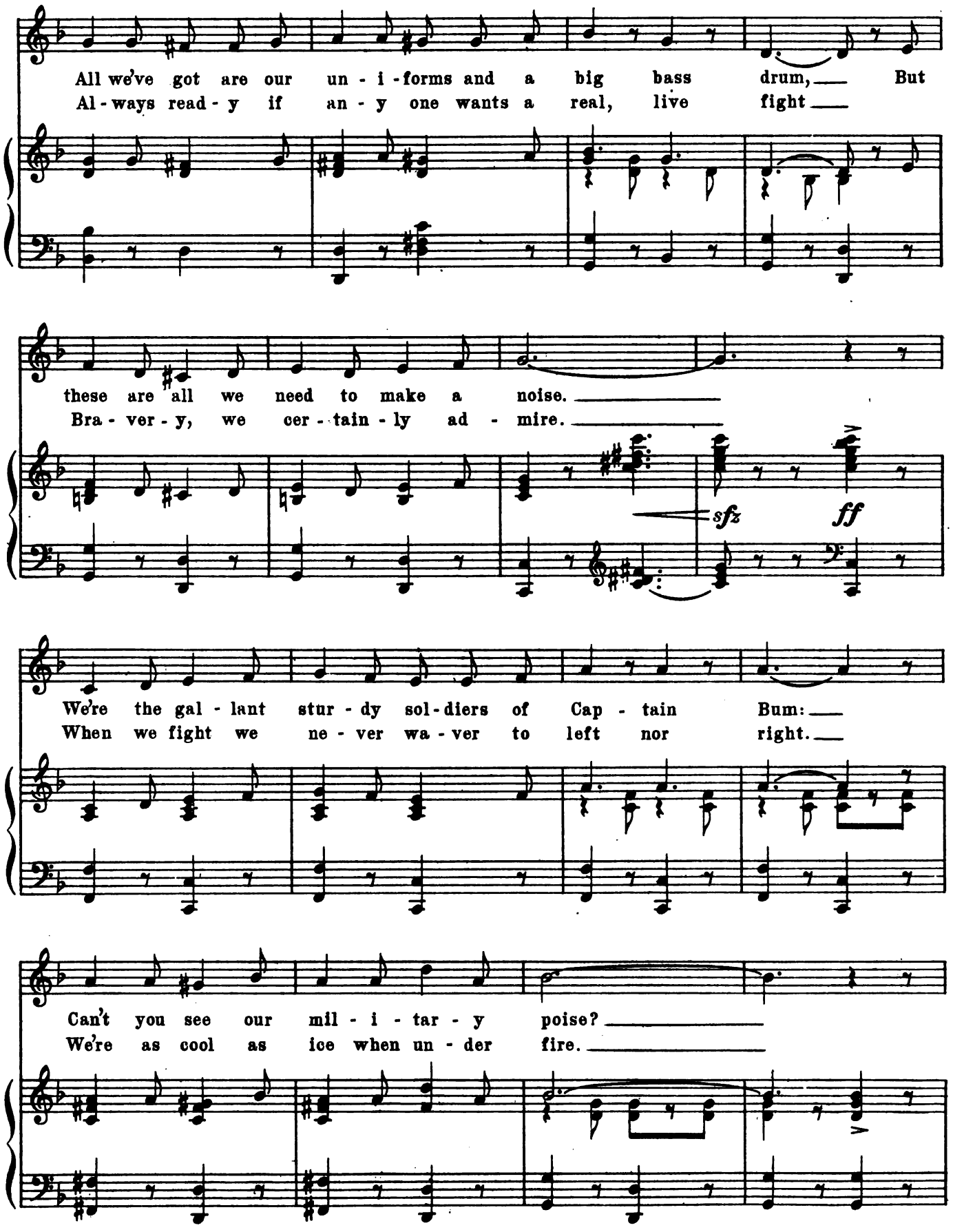
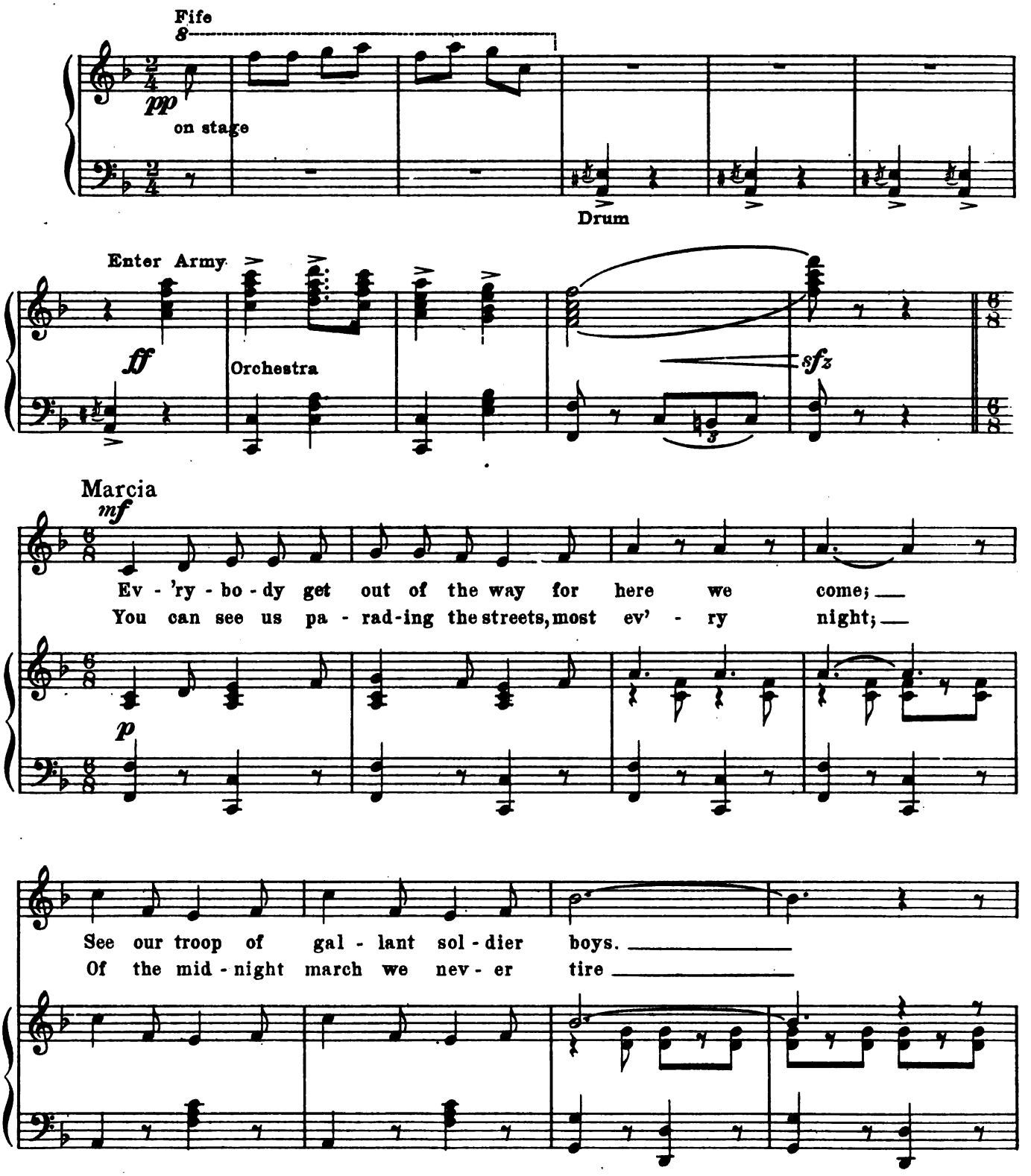

All we've got are our un - i - forms and a big bass drum, But
Al - ways read - y if an - y one wants a real, live fight
these are all we need to make a noise.
Bra - ver - y, we cer - tain - ly ad - mire.
sfz
ff
We're the gal - lant stur - dy sol - diers of Cap - tain Bum:
When we fight we ne - ver wa - ver to left nor right.
Can't you see our mil - i - tar - y poise?
We're as cool as ice when un - der fire.

The Bum Army.

"CRIMSON CHEST"

J. FRED LAWTON. EARL V. MOORE.

Fife
pp
on stage
Drum
Enter Army
ff
Orchestra
sfz
Marcia
mf
Ev - 'ry - bo - dy get out of the way for here we come;
You can see us pa - rad-ing the streets, most ev' - ry night;
p
See our troop of gal - lant sol - dier boys.
Of the mid - night march we nev - er tire

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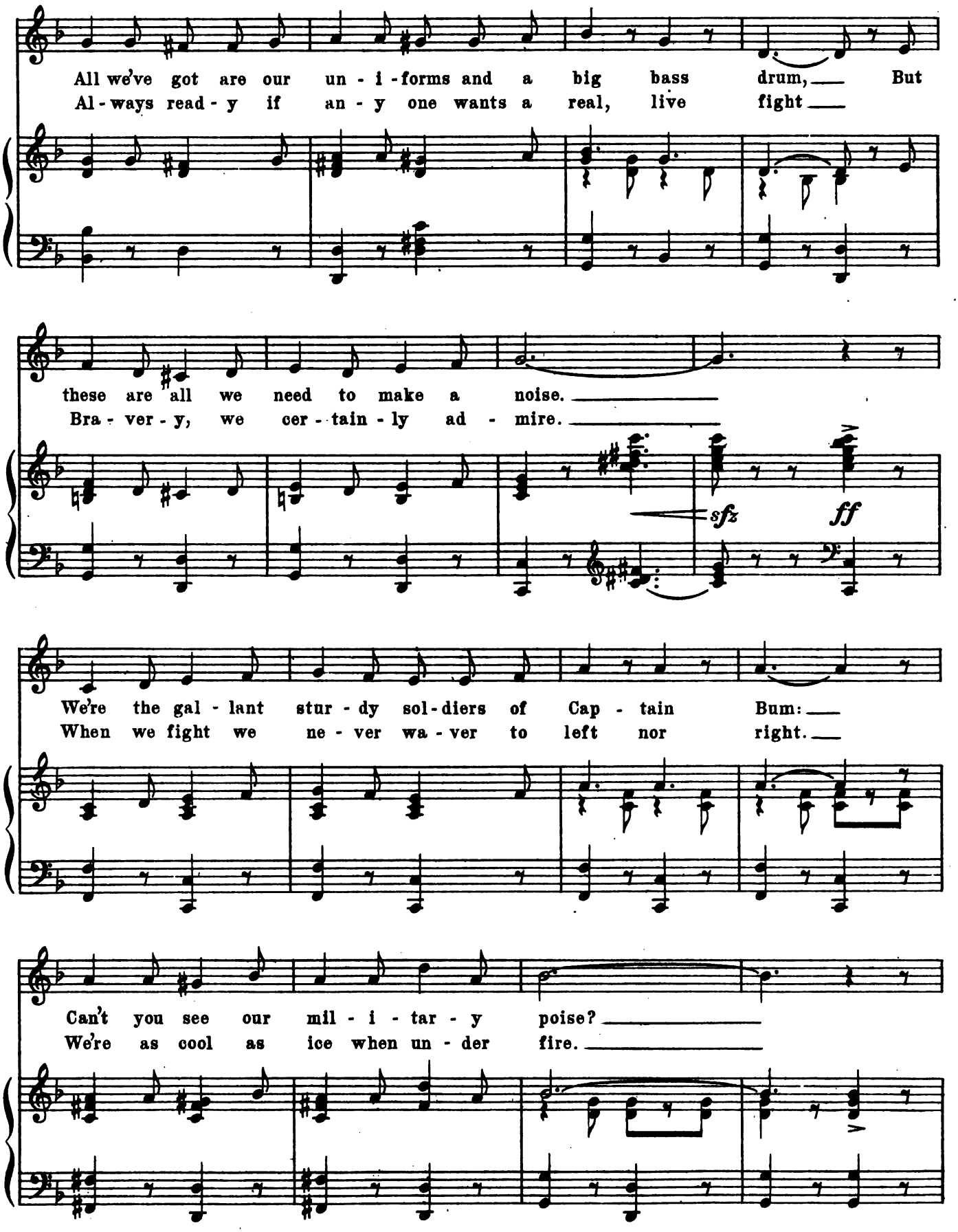
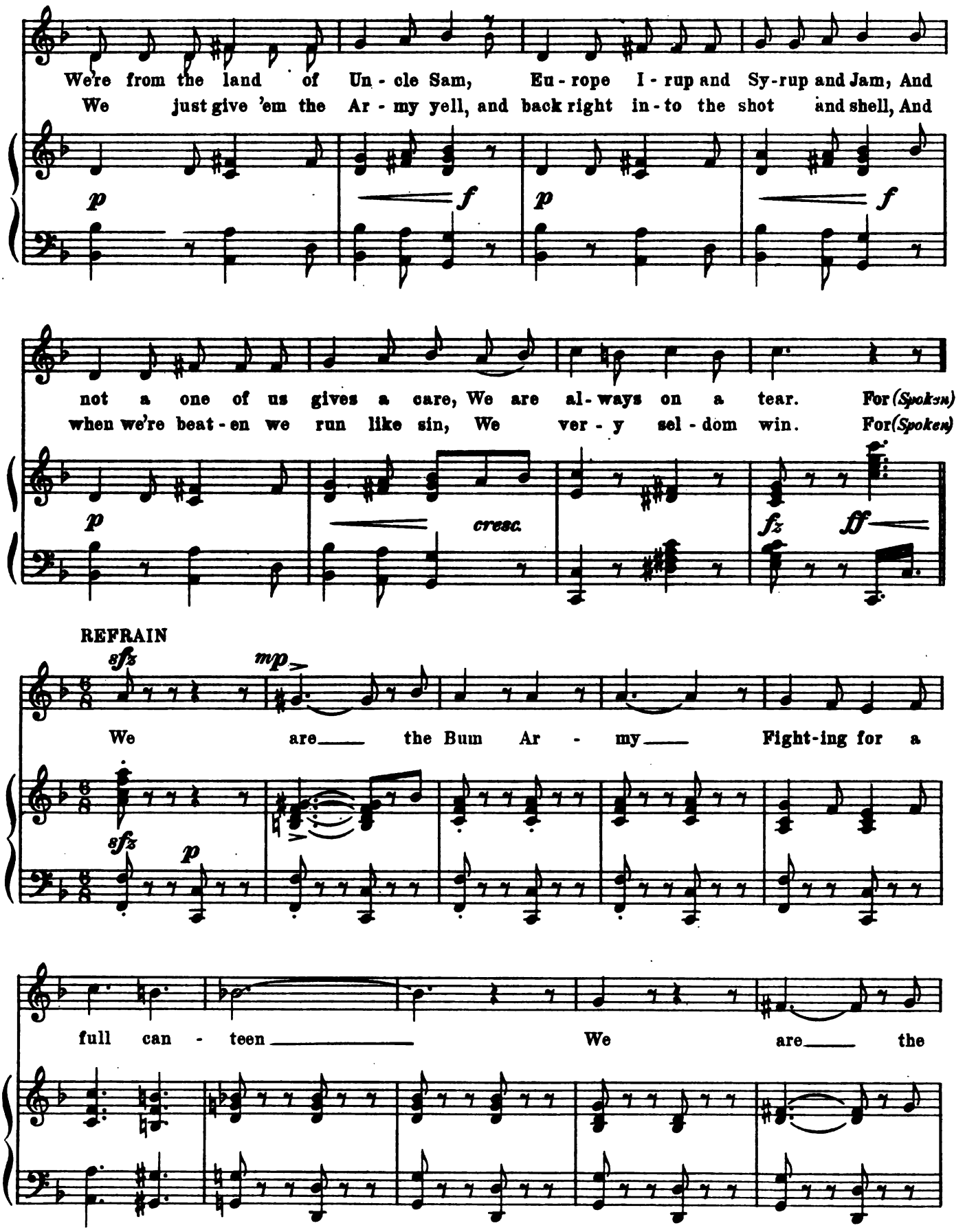
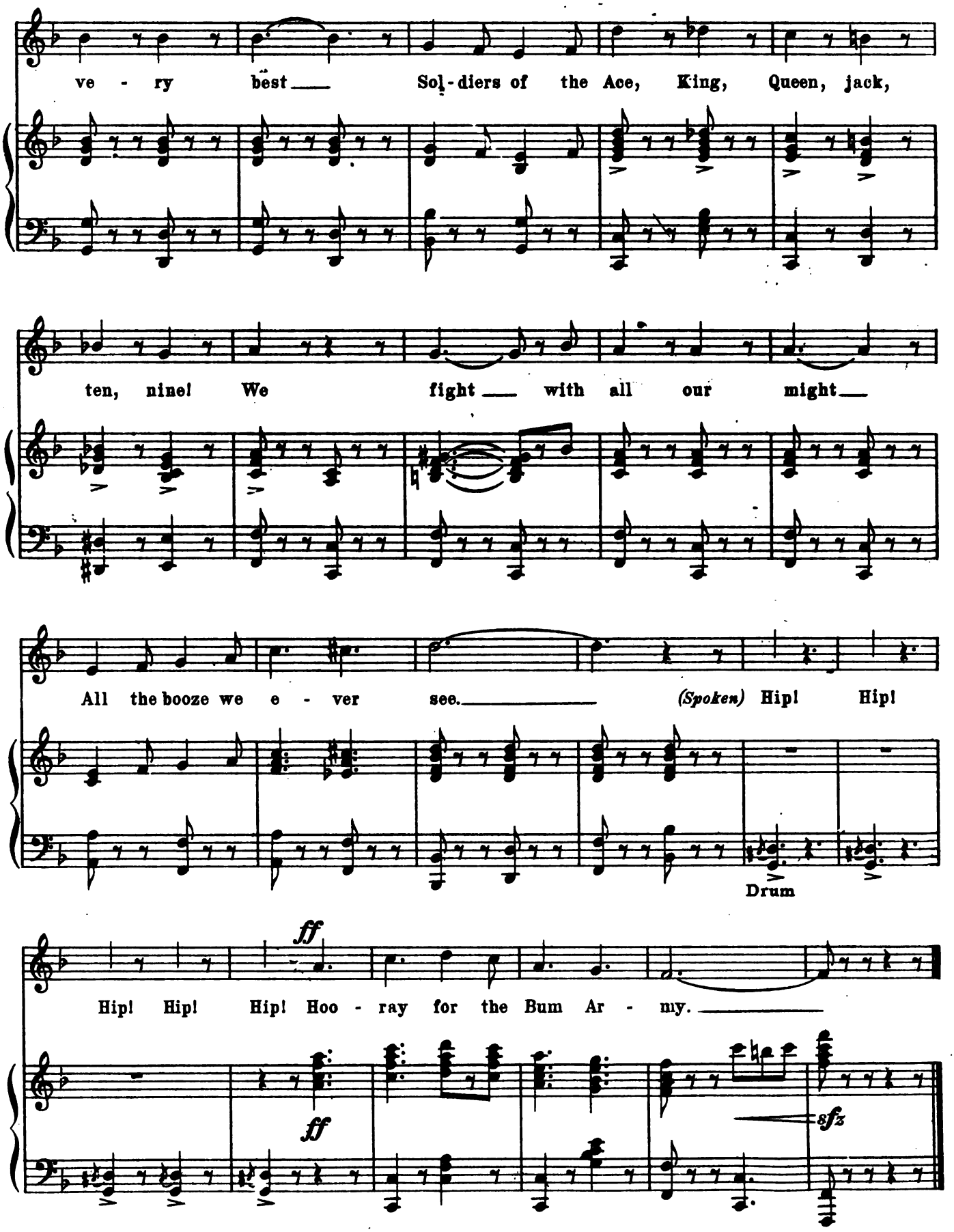
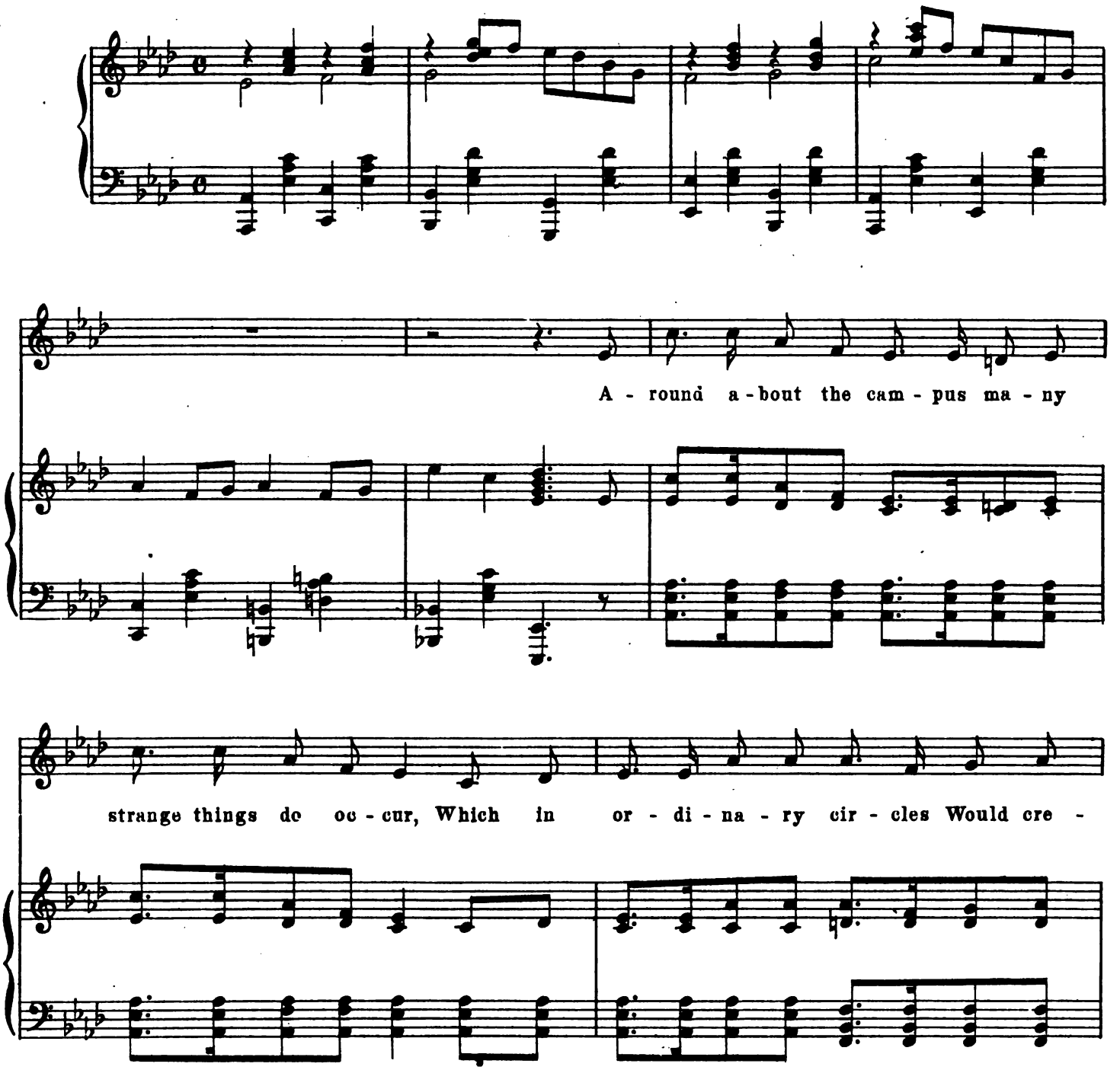

All we've got are our un - i - forms and a big bass drum, But
Al - ways read - y if an - y one wants a real, live fight
these are all we need to make a noise.
Bra - ver - y, we cer - tain - ly ad - mire.
sfz
ff
We're the gal - lant stur - dy sol - diers of Cap - tain Bum:
When we fight we ne - ver wa - ver to left nor right.
Can't you see our mil - i - tar - y poise?
We're as cool as ice when un - der fire.

We're from the land of Un - cle Sam, Eu - rope I - rup and Sy - rup and Jam, And
We just give 'em the Ar - my yell, and back right in - to the shot and shell, And
p
f
p
f
not a one of us gives a care, We are al - ways on a tear. For (Spoken)
when we're beat - en we run like sin, We ver - y sel - dom win. For (Spoken)
p
cresc.
fz
fff
REFRAIN
sfz
mp
We are the Bum Ar - my Fight - ing for a
sfz
p
full can - teen We are the

ve - ry best Sol-diers of the Ace, King, Queen, jack,
ten, nine! We fight with all our might
All the booze we e - ver see. (Spoken) Hip! Hip!
Drum
ff
Hip! Hip! Hip! Hoo - ray for the Bum Ar - my.
ff
sfz

Just Look Wise

MICHIGENDA

ROY DICKINSON WELCH

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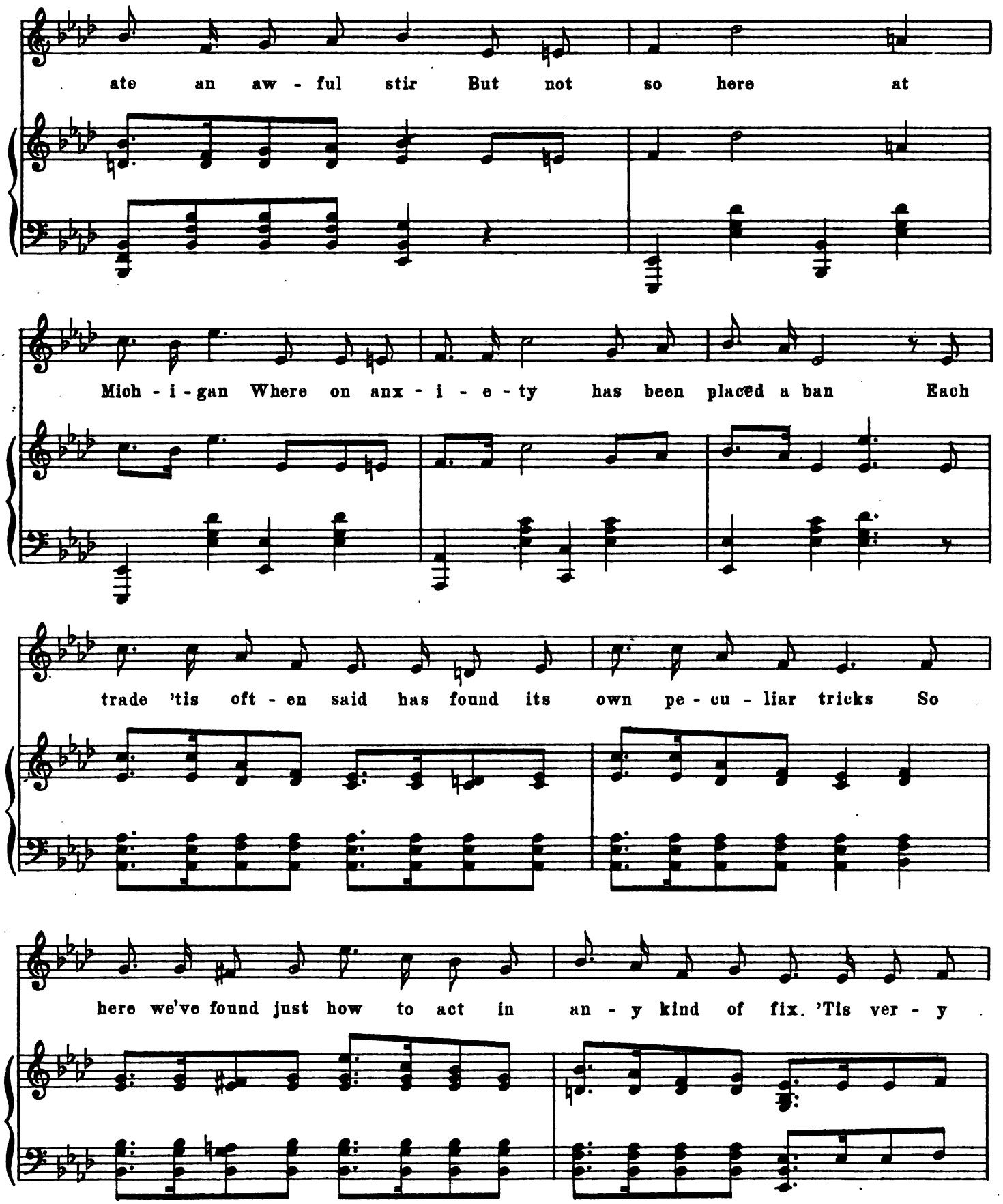
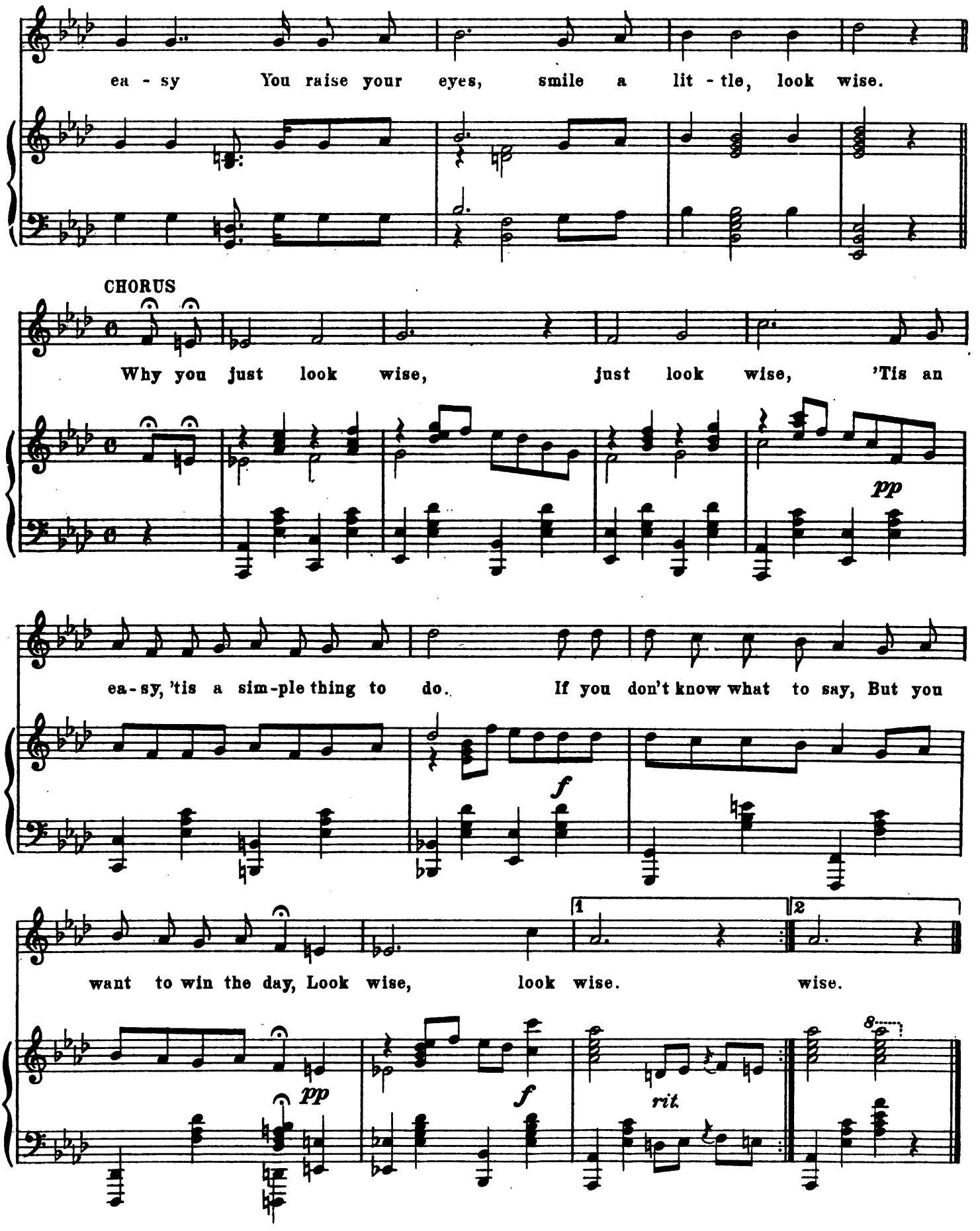
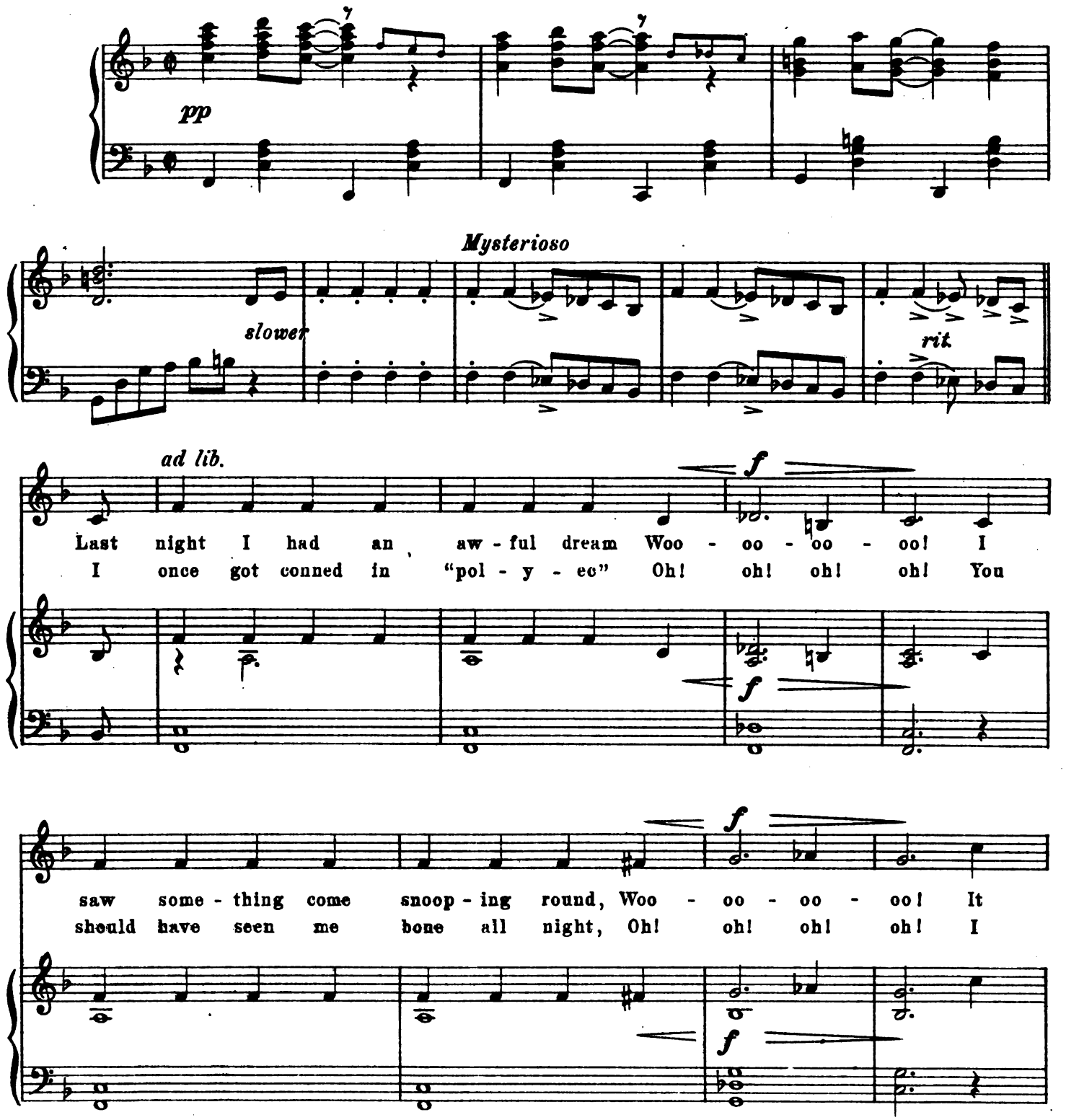

ate an aw - ful stir But not so here at
Mich - i - gan Where on anx - i - e - ty has been placed a ban Each
trade 'tis oft - en said has found its own pe - cu - liar tricks So
here we've found just how to act in an - y kind of fix. 'Tis ver - y

ea - sy You raise your eyes, smile a lit - tle, look wise.
CHORUS
Why you just look wise, just look wise, 'Tis an
pp
ea - sy, 'tis a sim - ple thing to do. If you don't know what to say, But you
f
want to win the day, Look wise, look wise. wise.
1
2
pp
f
rit.
8

Blue Book Man

KOANZALAND

DONALD A. KAHN

EARL V. MOORE

pp
Mysterioso
slower
rit.
ad lib.
f
Last night I had an aw - ful dream Woo - oo - oo - oo! I
I once got conned in "pol - y - ec" Oh! oh! oh! oh! You
saw some - thing come snoop - ing round, Woo - oo - oo - oo! It
should have seen me bone all night, Oh! oh! oh! oh! I

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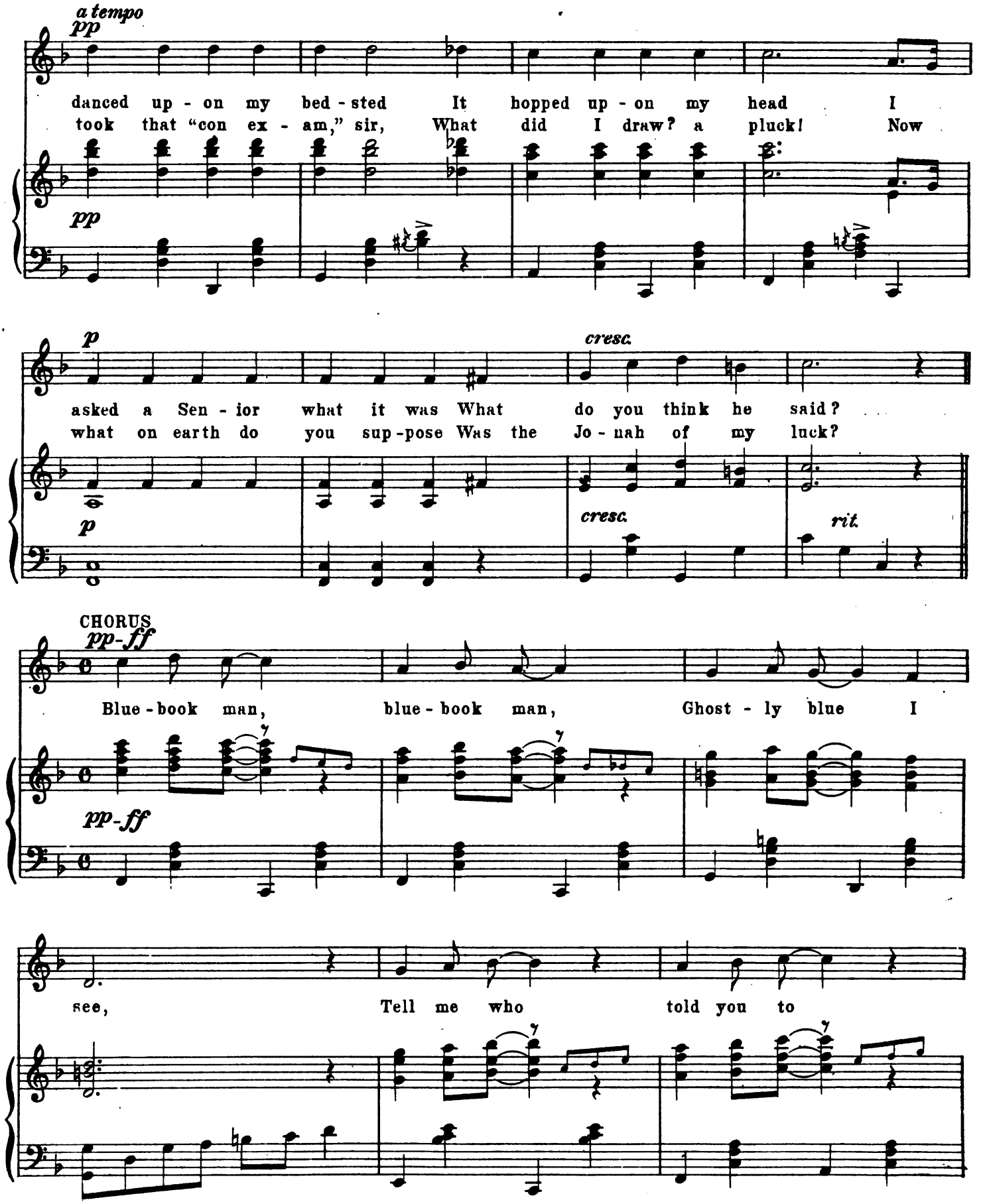
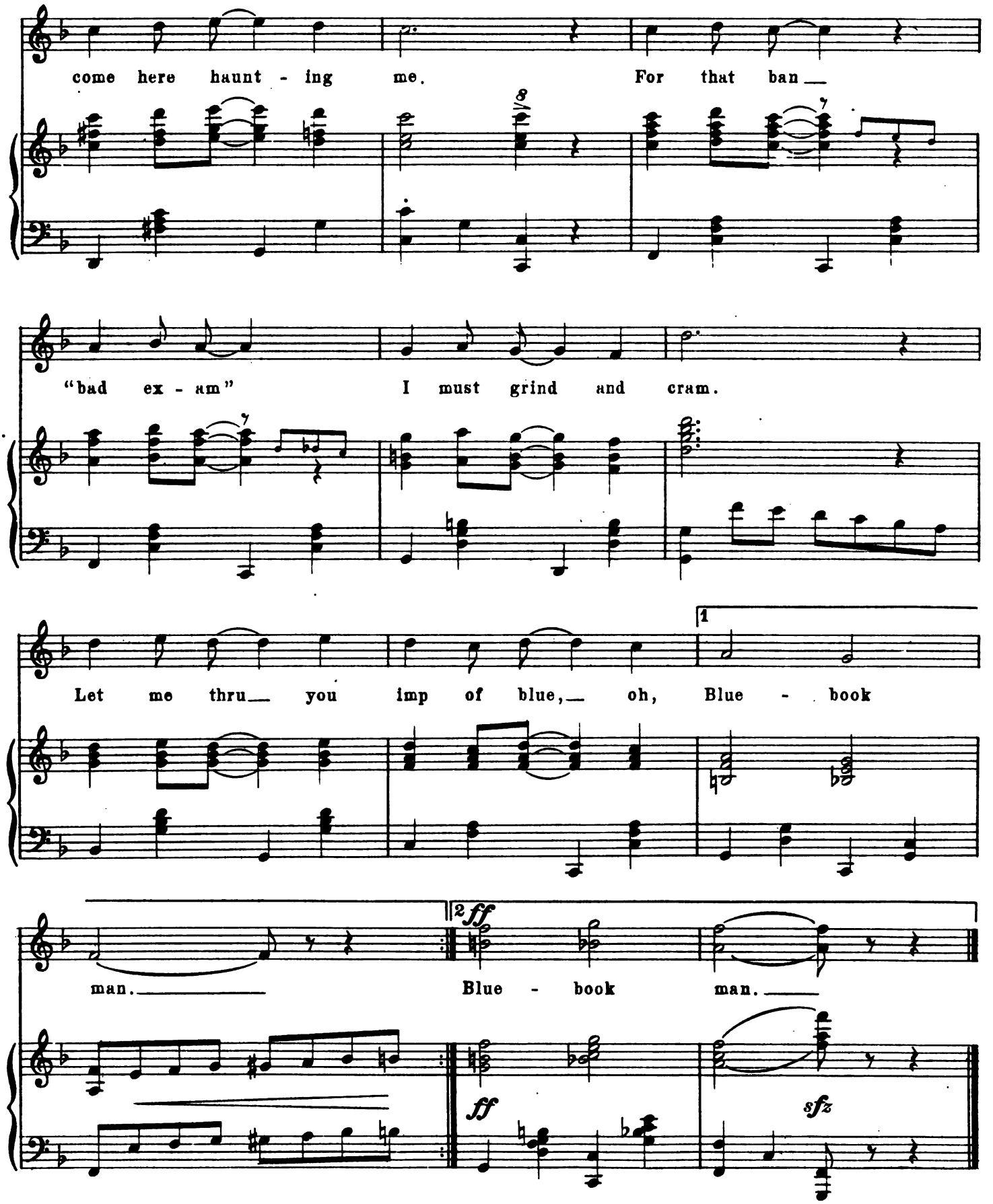
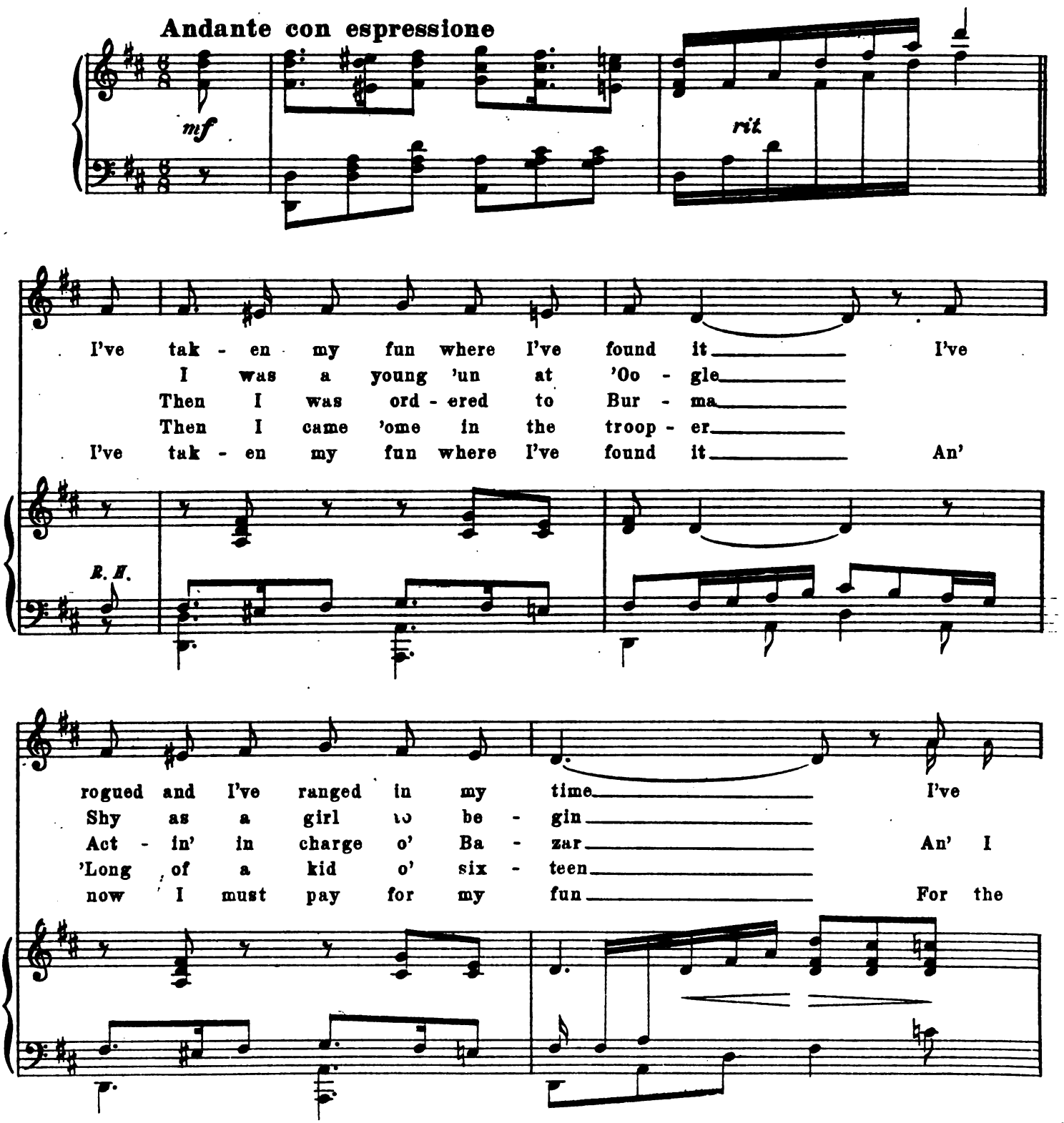

a tempo
pp
danced up - on my bed - sted It hopped up - on my head I
took that "con ex - am," sir, What did I draw? a pluck! Now
pp
p
cresc.
asked a Sen - ior what it was What do you think he said?
what on earth do you sup - pose Was the Jo - nah of my luck?
p
cresc.
rit.
CHORUS
pp-ff
Blue - book man, blue - book man, Ghost - ly blue I
pp-ff
see, Tell me who told you to

come here haunt - ing me. For that ban__
"bad ex - am" I must grind and cram.
Let me thru__ you imp of blue,__ oh, Blue - book
1
man.__ Blue - book man.__
2 ff
ff
sfz

Ladies

Words by
KIPLING

Arranged by
RUTH SMITH

Andante con espressione
mf
rit.
I've tak - en my fun where I've found it I've
I was a young 'un at 'Oo - gle
Then I was ord - ered to Bur - ma
Then I came 'ome in the troop - er
I've tak - en my fun where I've found it An'
R. H.
rogued and I've ranged in my time I've
Shy as a girl to be - gin
Act - in' in charge o' Ba - zar An' I
'Long of a kid o' six - teen
now I must pay for my fun For the

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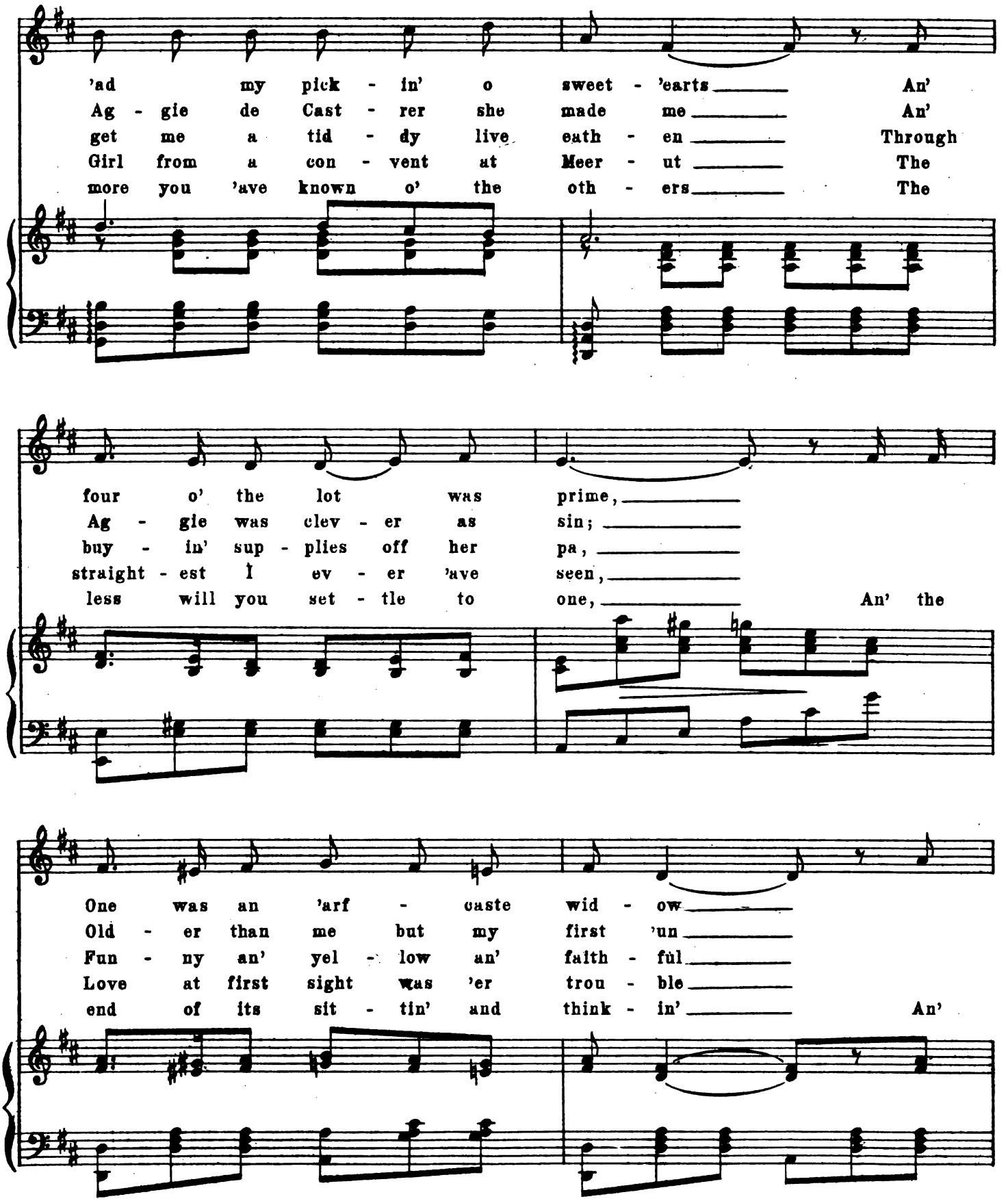
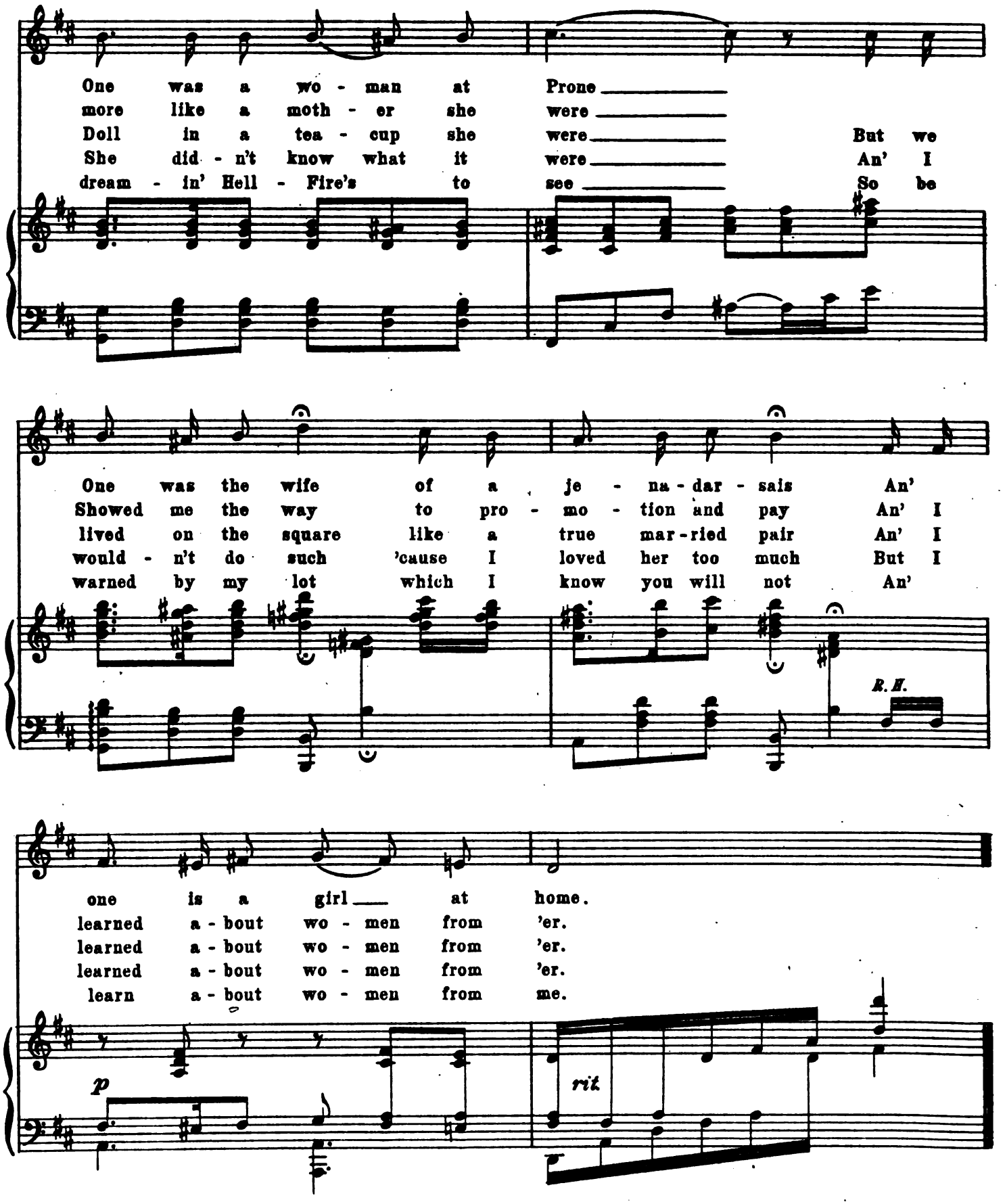

'ad my pick - in' o sweet - 'earts An'
Ag - gie de Cast - rer she made me An'
get me a tid - dy live eath - en Through
Girl from a con - vent at Meer - ut The
more you 'ave known o' the oth - ers The
four o' the lot was prime,
Ag - gie was clev - er as sin;
buy - in' sup - plies off her pa,
straight - est I ev - er 'ave seen,
less will you set - tle to one, An' the
One was an 'arf - caste wid - ow
Old - er than me but my first 'un
Fun - ny an' yel - low an' faith - ful
Love at first sight was 'er trou - ble
end of its sit - tin' and think - in' An'


One was a wo - man at Prone
more like a moth - er she were
Doll in a tea - cup she were But we
She did - n't know what it were An' I
dream - in' Hell - Fire's to see So be
One was the wife of a je - na - dar - sais An'
Showed me the way to pro - mo - tion and pay An' I
lived on the square like a true mar - ried pair An' I
would - n't do such 'cause I loved her too much But I
warned by my lot which I know you will not An'
R. H.
one is a girl at home.
learned a - bout wo - men from 'er.
learned a - bout wo - men from 'er.
learned a - bout wo - men from 'er.
learn a - bout wo - men from me.
p
rit.

Win For Michigan

(A Field Song)

WILLIAM T. WHEDON
U. of M. Lit. 1881 Boston, Mass.

March tempo

Mich - i - gan oh Mich - i - gan to us are dear Thy

mem - o - ries and name, Thy sons of old true war - riors bold, Have

fought and won thee fame. So we in fil - ial loy - al - ty Are

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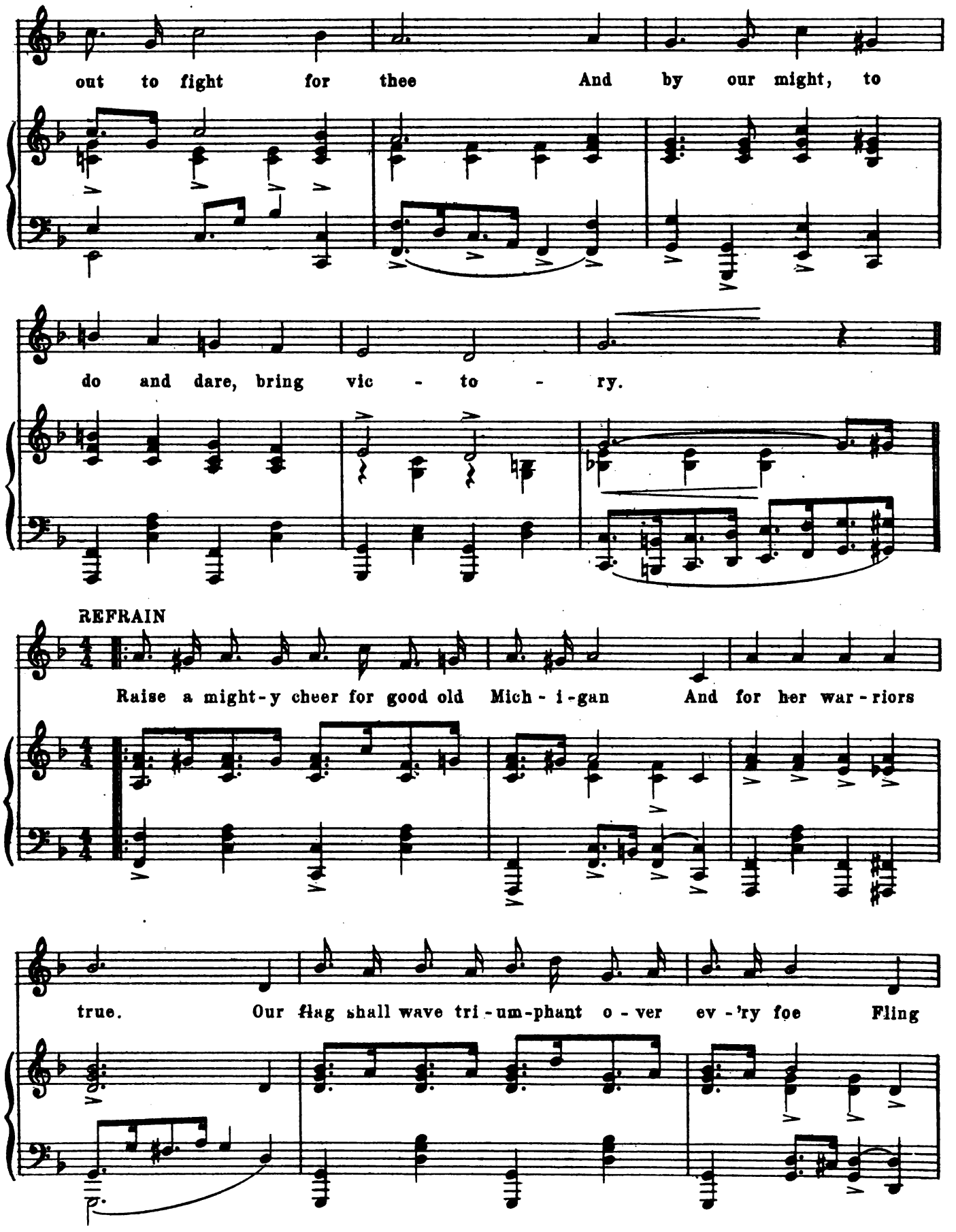
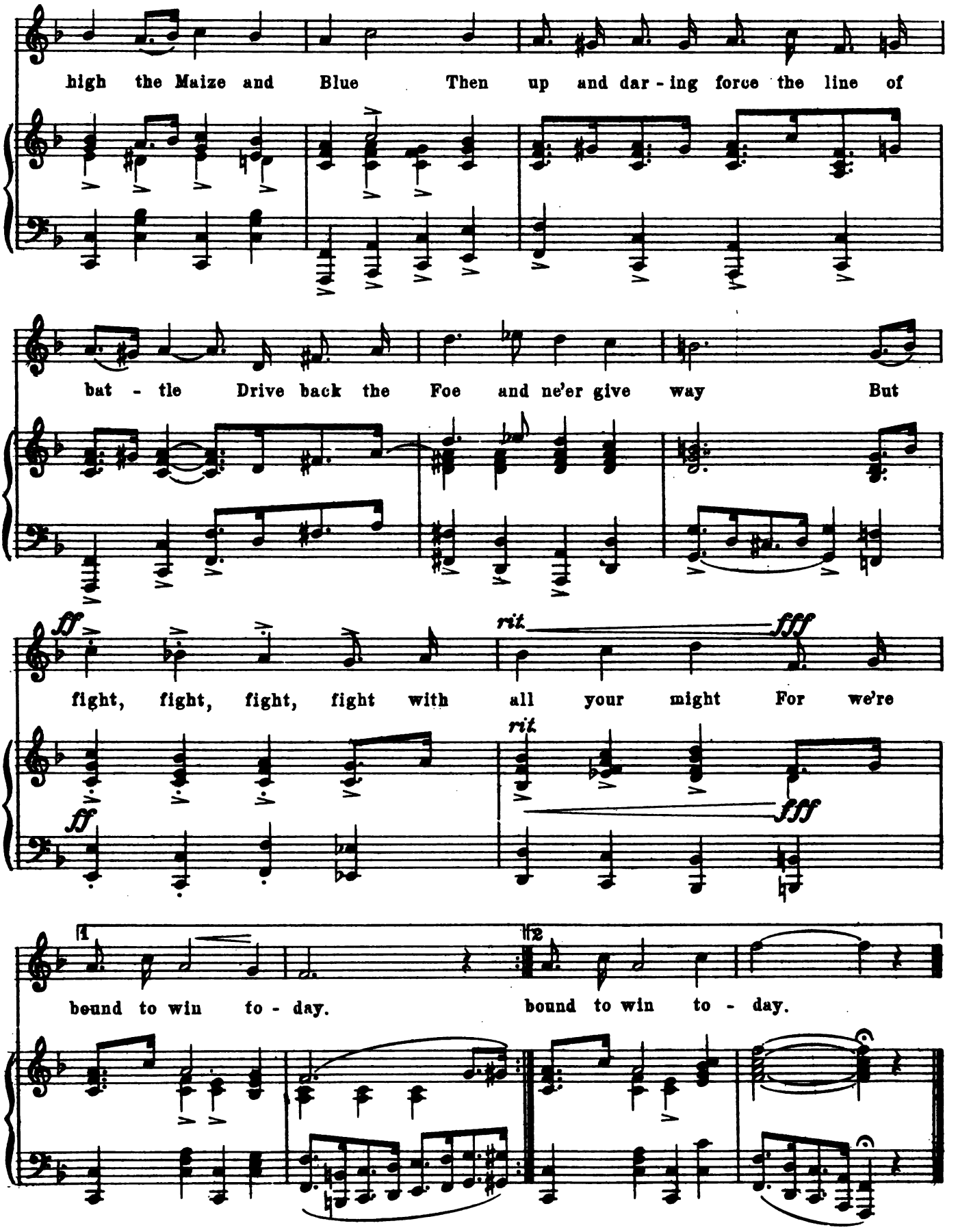
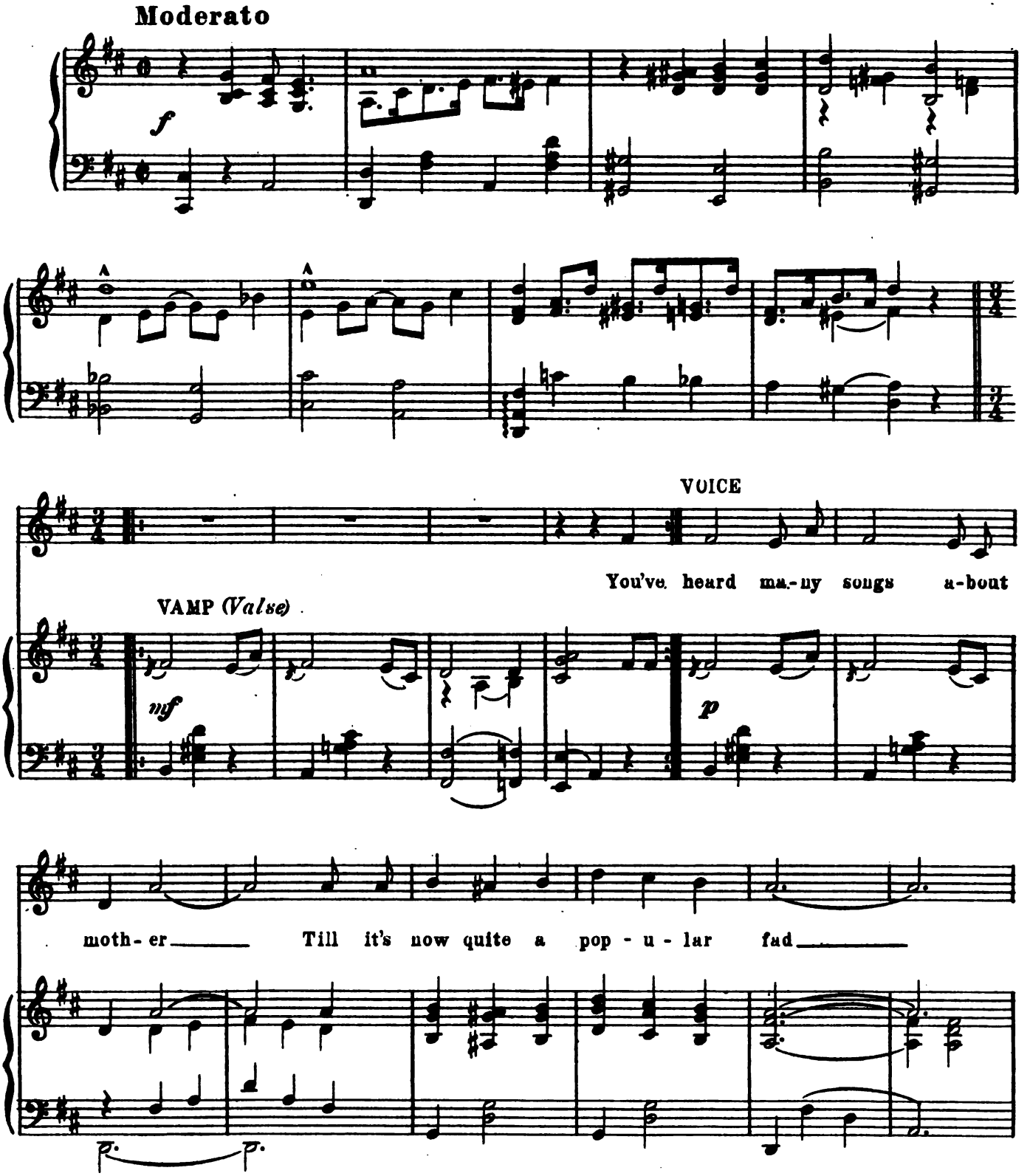

out to fight for thee And by our might, to
do and dare, bring vic - to - ry.
REFRAIN
Raise a might-y cheer for good old Mich - i-gan And for her war-riors
true. Our flag shall wave tri-um-phant o - ver ev -'ry foe Fling

high the Maize and Blue Then up and dar - ing force the line of
bat - tle Drive back the Foe and ne'er give way But
ff
rit.
fff
fight, fight, fight, fight with all your might For we're
ff
rit.
fff
1
2
bound to win to - day.
bound to win to - day.

Come On Dad

Lyric by
KENDRICK KIMBALL.

Music by
PHILIP DIAMOND '21

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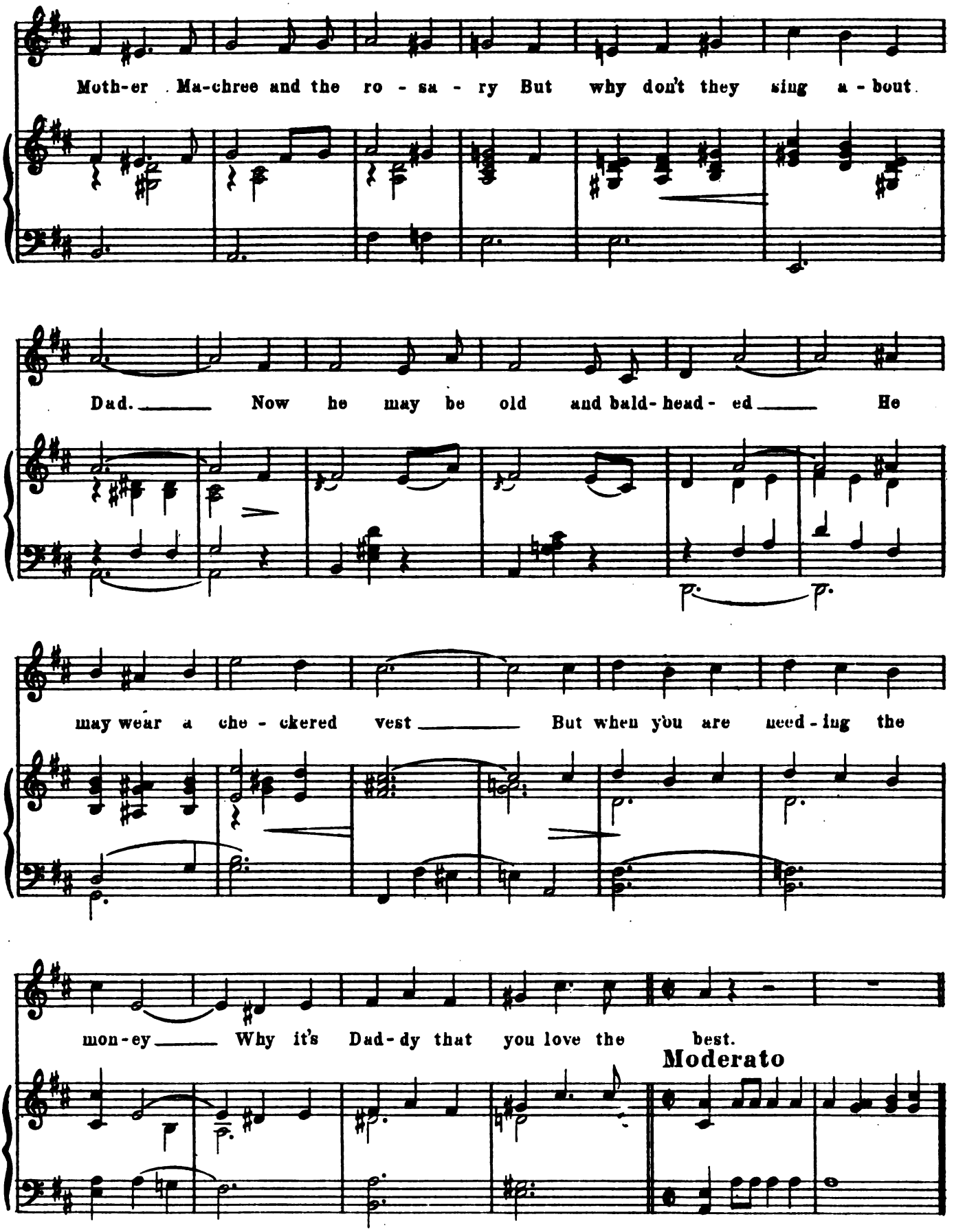
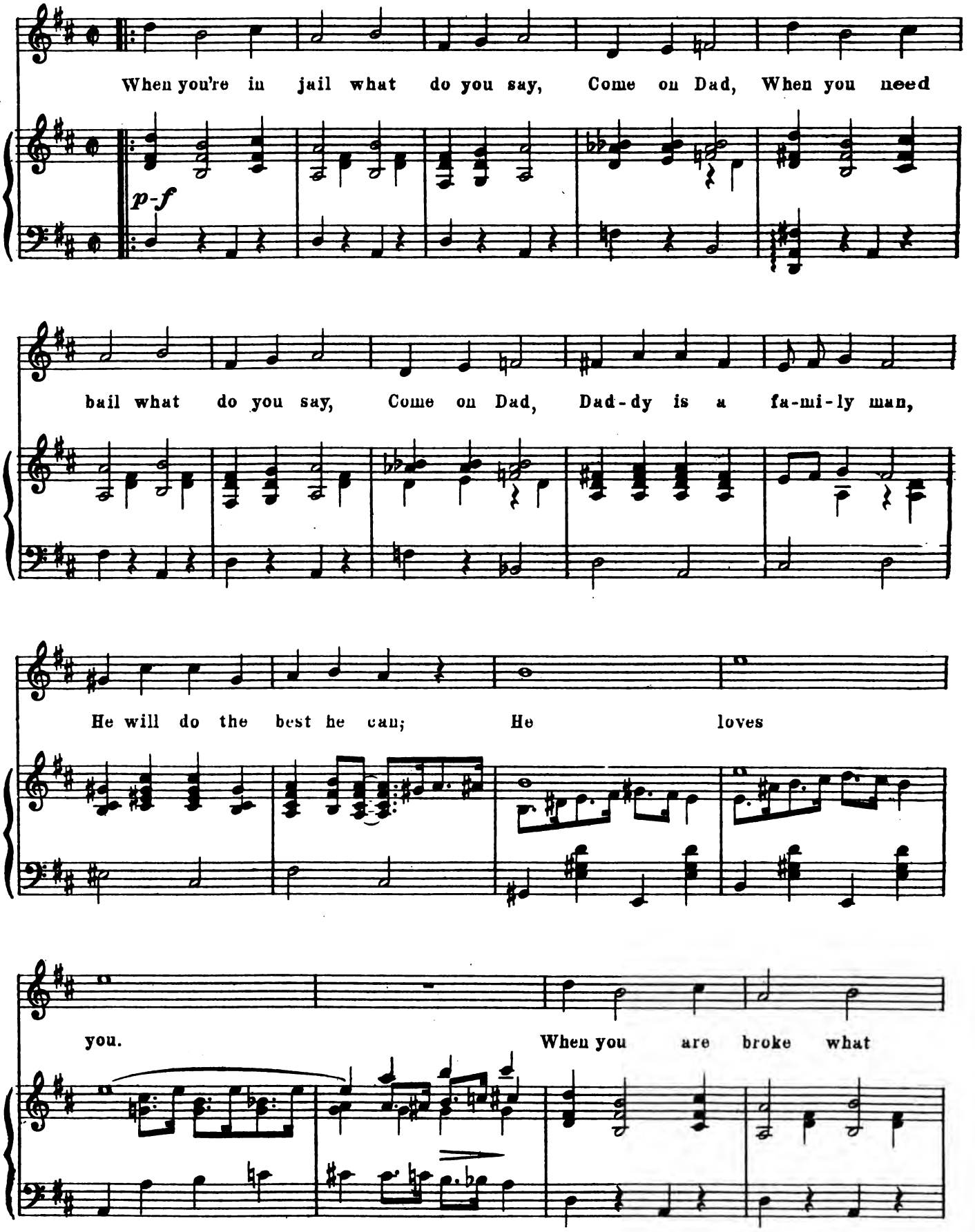
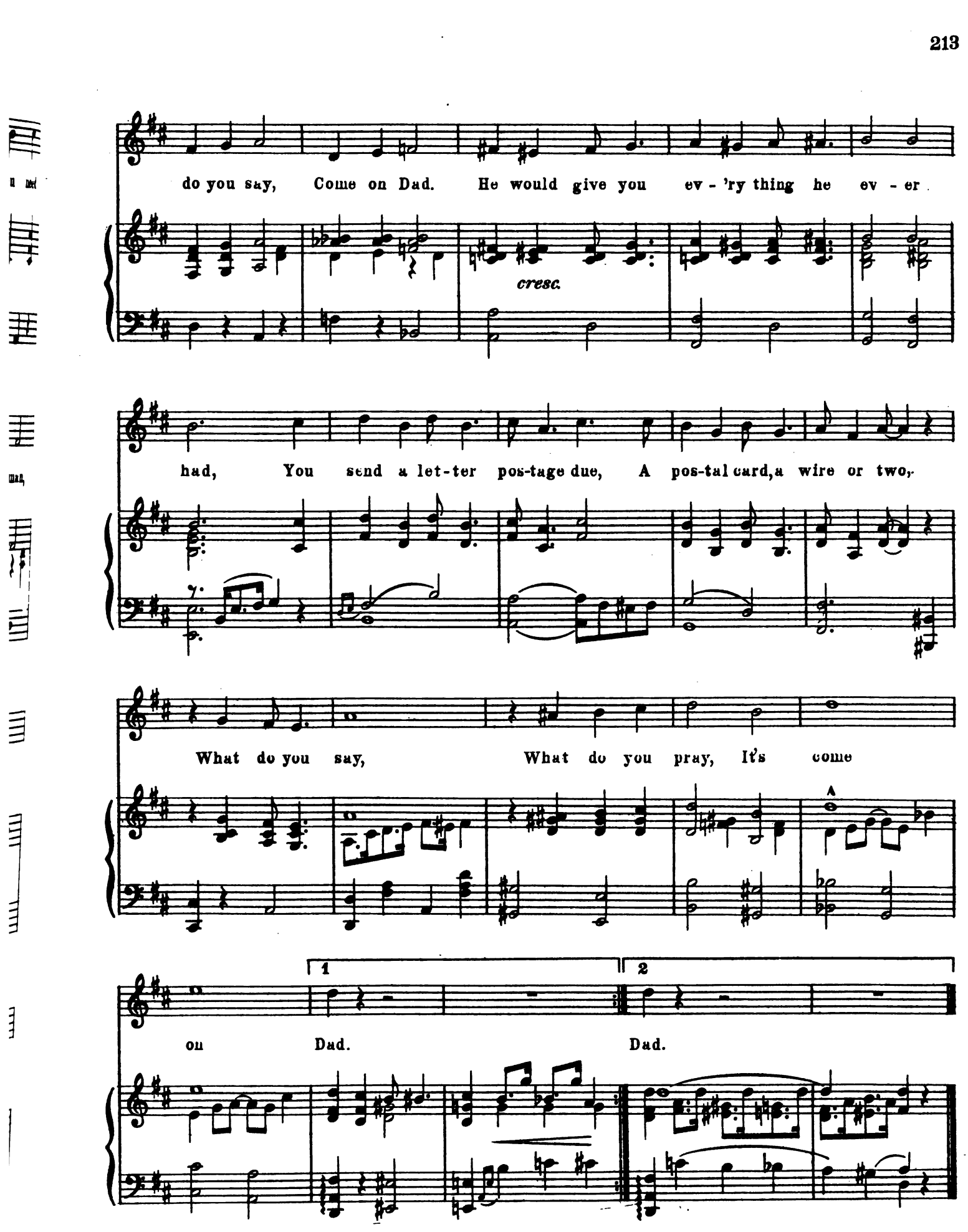

Moth-er Ma-chree and the ro - sa - ry But why don't they sing a - bout
Dad. Now he may be old and bald-head - ed He
may wear a che - ckered vest But when you are need-ing the
mon-ey Why it's Dad-dy that you love the best.
Moderato

CHORUS

When you're in jail what do you say, Come on Dad, When you need
p-f
bail what do you say, Come on Dad, Dad-dy is a fa-mi-ly man,
He will do the best he can; He loves
you. When you are broke what

do you say, Come on Dad. He would give you ev - 'ry thing he ev - er
cresc.
had, You send a let-ter pos-tage due, A pos-tal card, a wire or two,
What do you say, What do you pray, It's come
A
1
2
on Dad. Dad.

Ta-dum Ta-dum

"CULTURE"

DONAL H. HAINES ROY DICKINSON WELCH

1. Give, we pray, your kind at-ten-tion, To our i-dle thrill-ing song.
2. Now we'll tell how Moth-er Hub-bard Liv-ing with her dog a-lone,
3. Now we'll sing of Hump-ty Dump-ty And his oft nar-ra-ted fall
4. Years a-go we had va-ca-tions, Which were real-ly quite worth while

To ar-rive is our in-ten-tion, We will not de-tain you long
Went one day and search'd her cup-board Look-ing for her can-ine's bone.
How with fear-some vi-gor Jumped he When he slipped from gar-den wall.
But the new made reg-u-la-tions Tho' an-noy-ing, made us smile.

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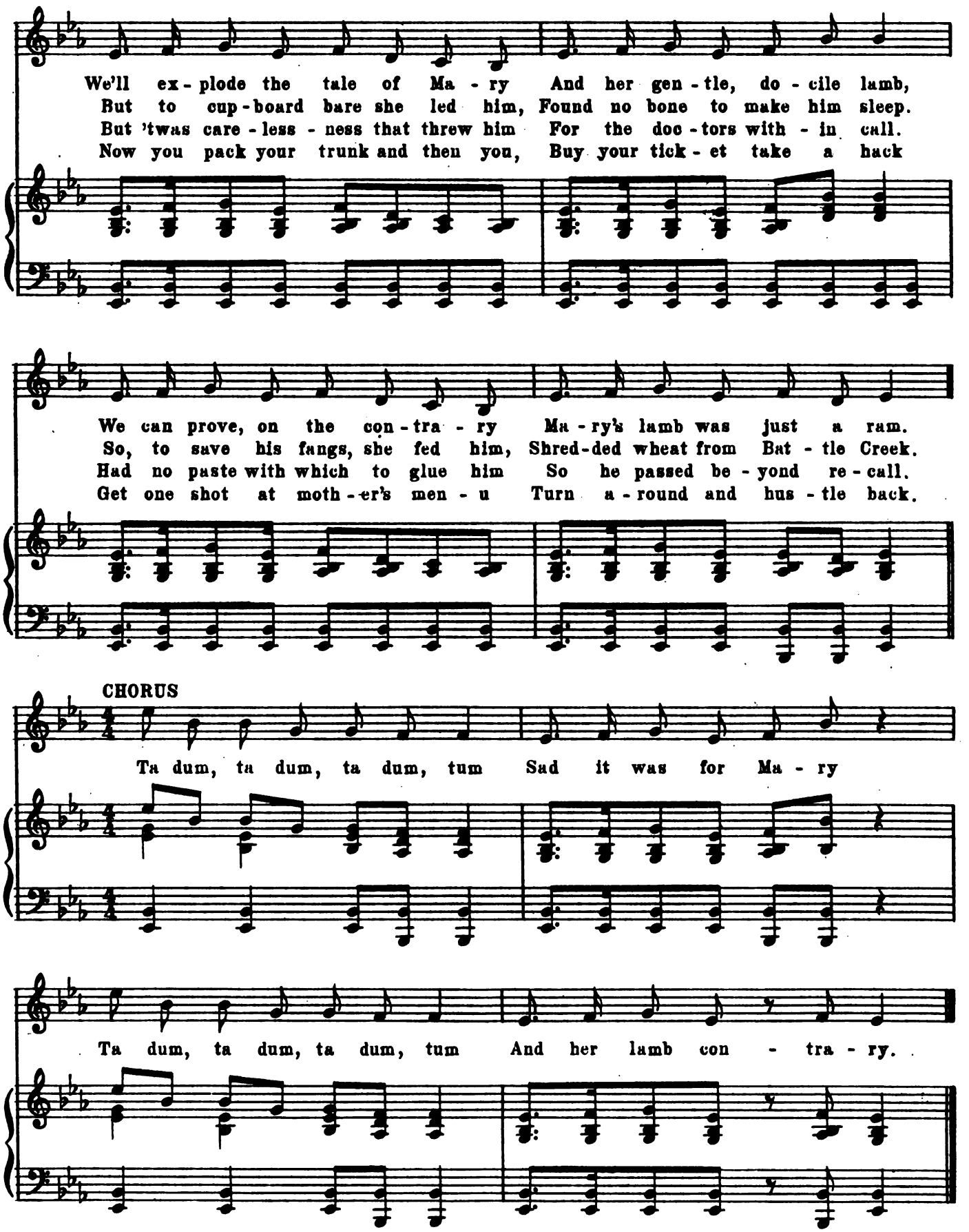
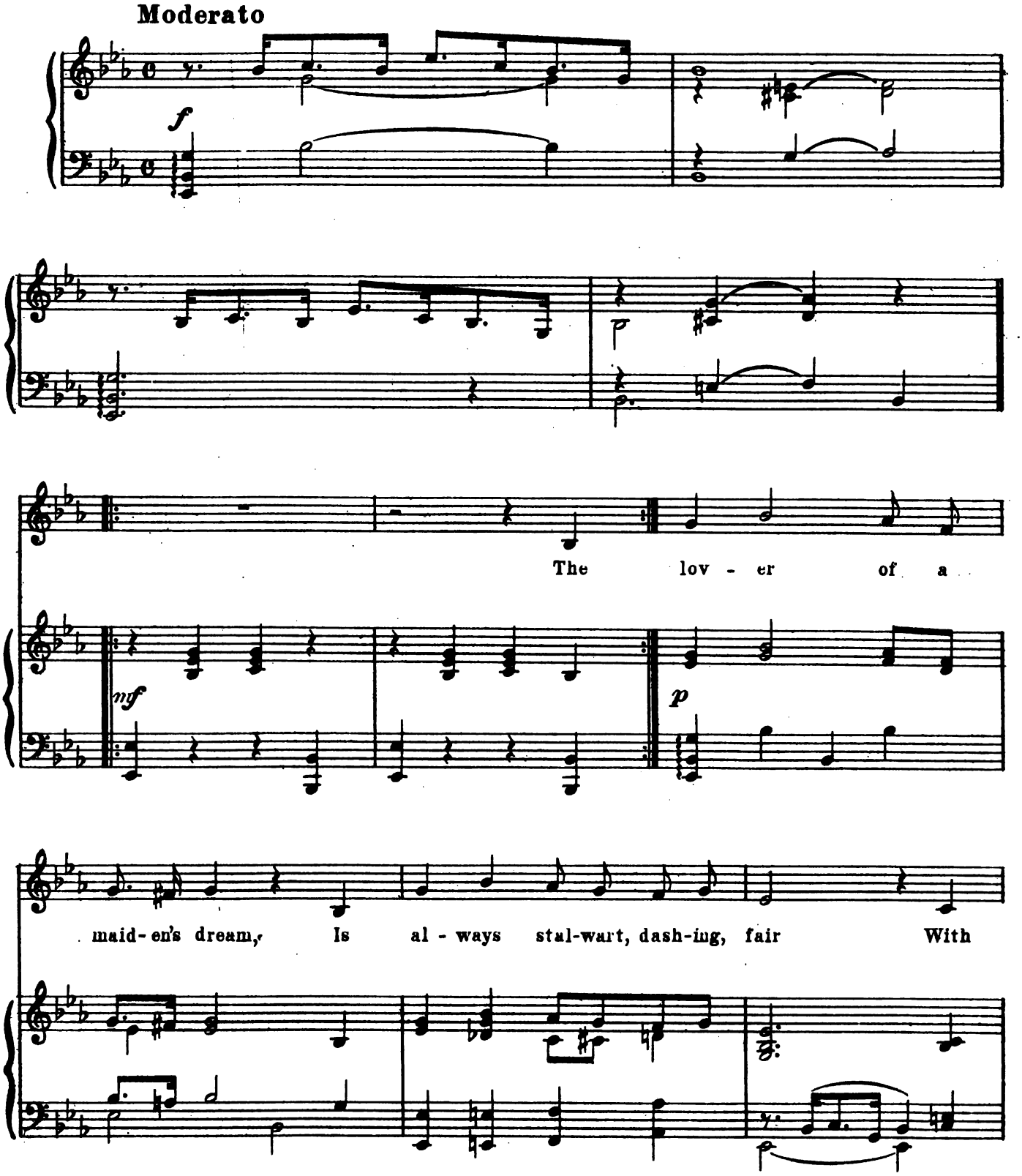

We'll ex - plode the tale of Ma - ry And her gen - tle, do - cile lamb,
But to cup - board bare she led him, Found no bone to make him sleep.
But 'twas care - less - ness that threw him For the doc - tors with - in call.
Now you pack your trunk and then you, Buy your tick - et take a hack
We can prove, on the con - tra - ry Ma - ry's lamb was just a ram.
So, to save his fangs, she fed him, Shred - ded wheat from Bat - tle Creek.
Had no paste with which to glue him So he passed be - yond re - call.
Get one shot at moth - er's men - u Turn a - round and hus - tle back.
CHORUS
Ta dum, ta dum, ta dum, tum Sad it was for Ma - ry
Ta dum, ta dum, ta dum, tum And her lamb con - tra - ry.

My Lover

Lyric by
DONAL H. HAINES

Music by
MERLE W. KANN '20

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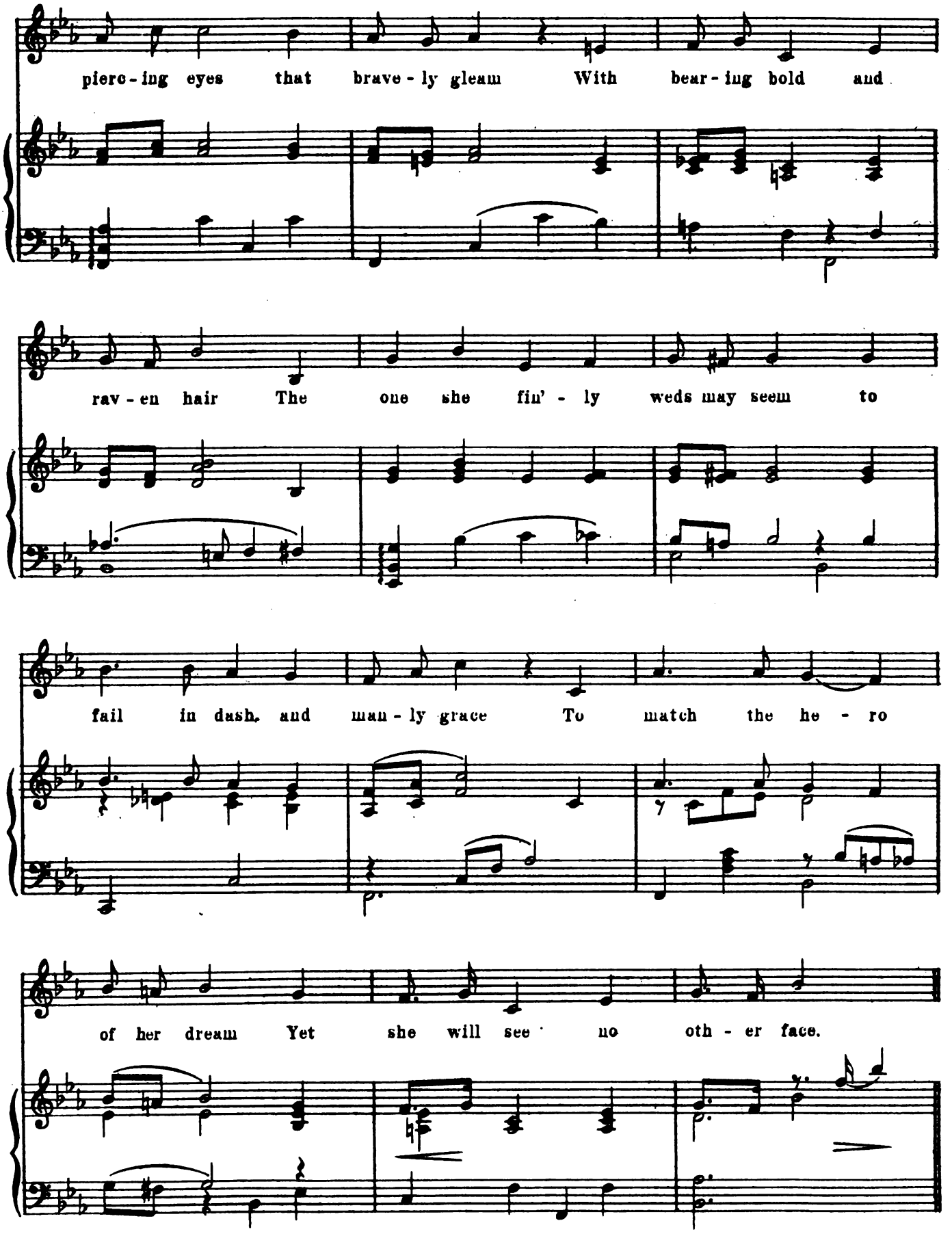
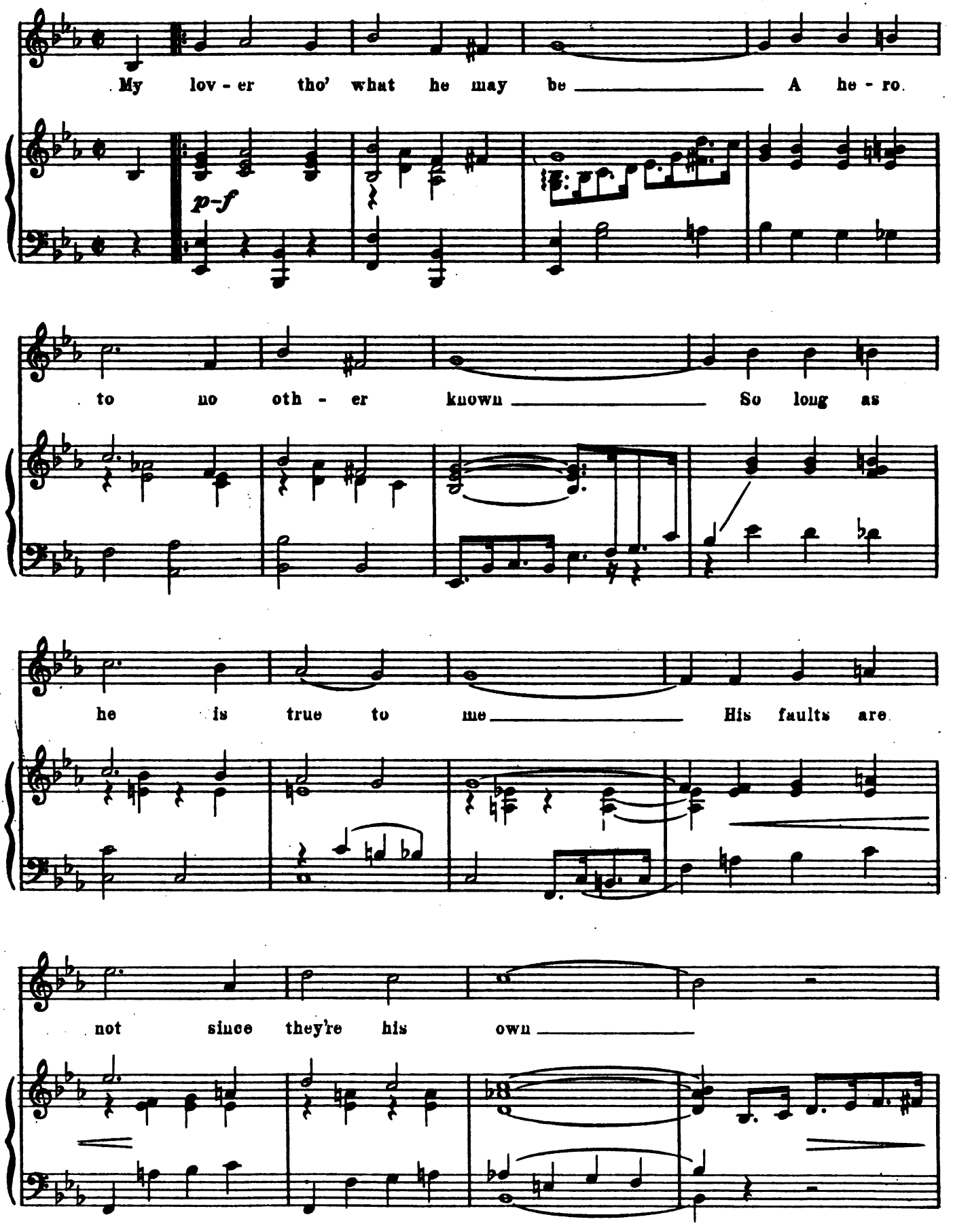
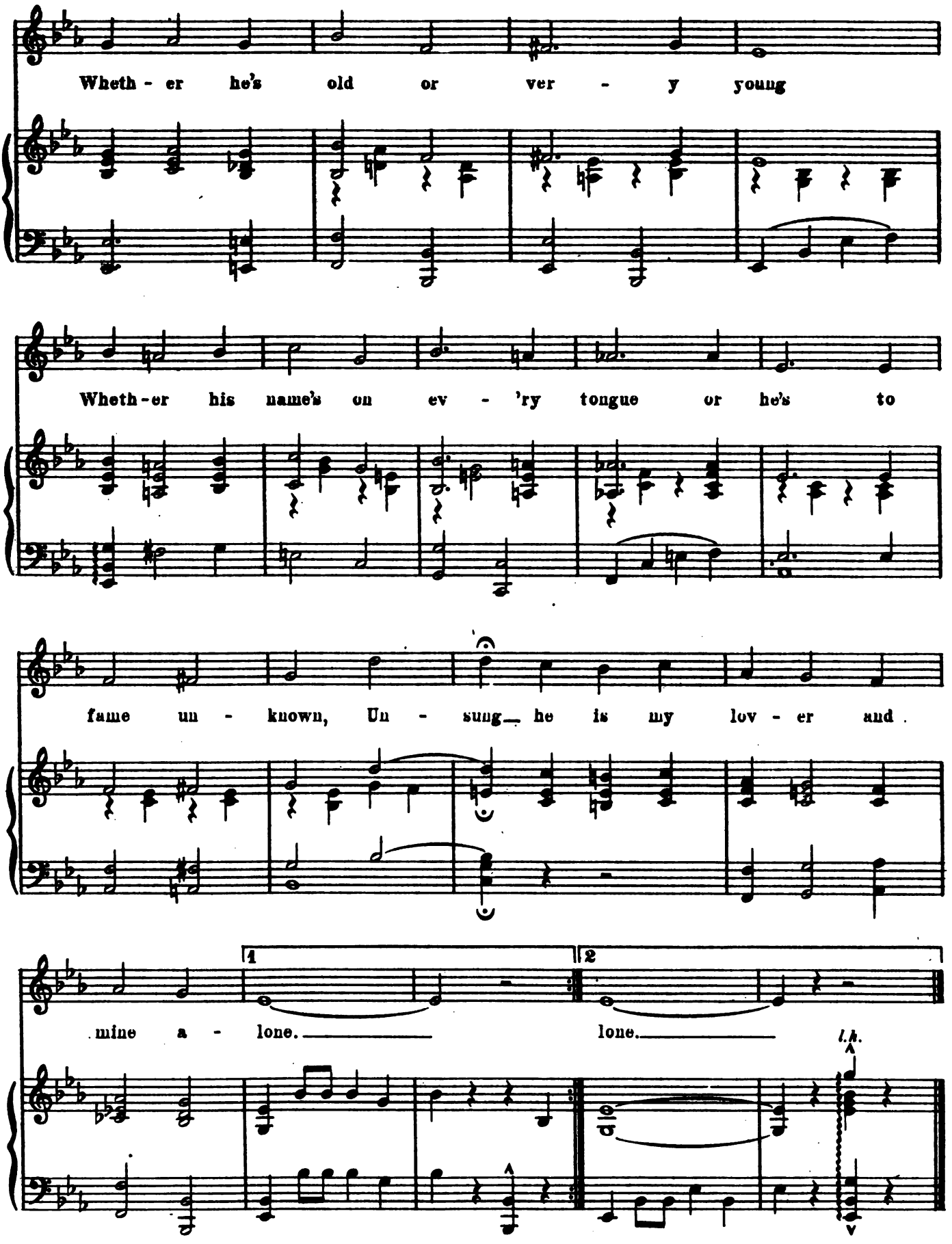
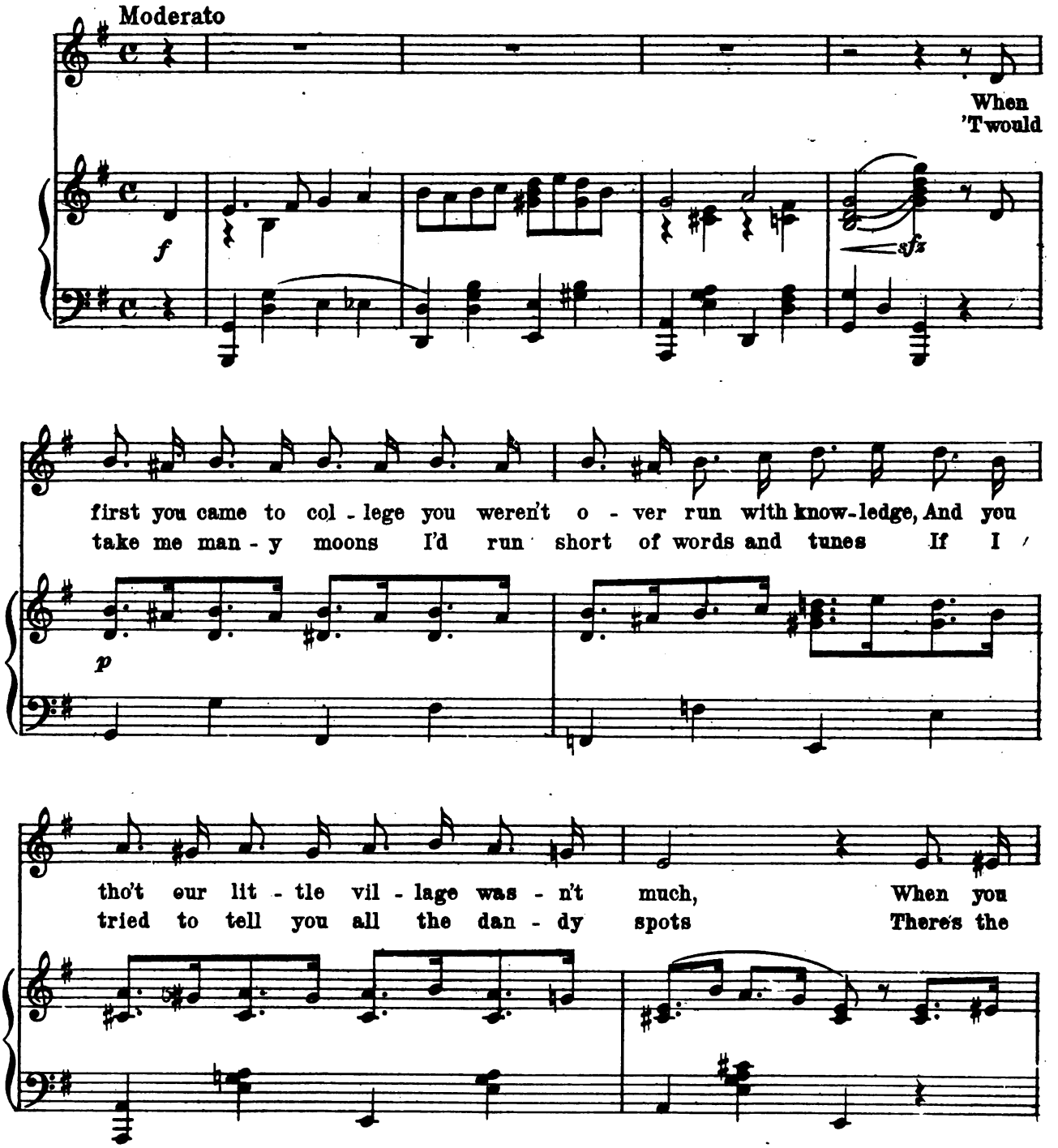

pierc - ing eyes that brave - ly gleam With bear - ing bold and
rav - en hair The one she fin' - ly weds may seem to
fail in dash, and man - ly grace To match the he - ro
of her dream Yet she will see no oth - er face.

CHORUS

My lov - er tho' what he may be A he - ro
p-f
to no oth - er known So long as
he is true to me His faults are
not since they're his own

Wheth - er he's old or ver - y young
Wheth-er his name's on ev - 'ry tongue or he's to
fame un - known, Un - sung he is my lov - er and
1
2
mine a - lone.
lone.
l.h.

I Kind O' Like Ann Arbor

JUNIOR GIRLS PLAY 1910

Lyric and Music by
ROBERT M. TOMS

Moderato
When
'Twould
f
sfz
first you came to col - lege you weren't o - ver run with know-ledge, And you
take me man - y moons I'd run short of words and tunes If I
p
tho't our lit - tle vil - lage was - n't much, When you
tried to tell you all the dan - dy spots There's the

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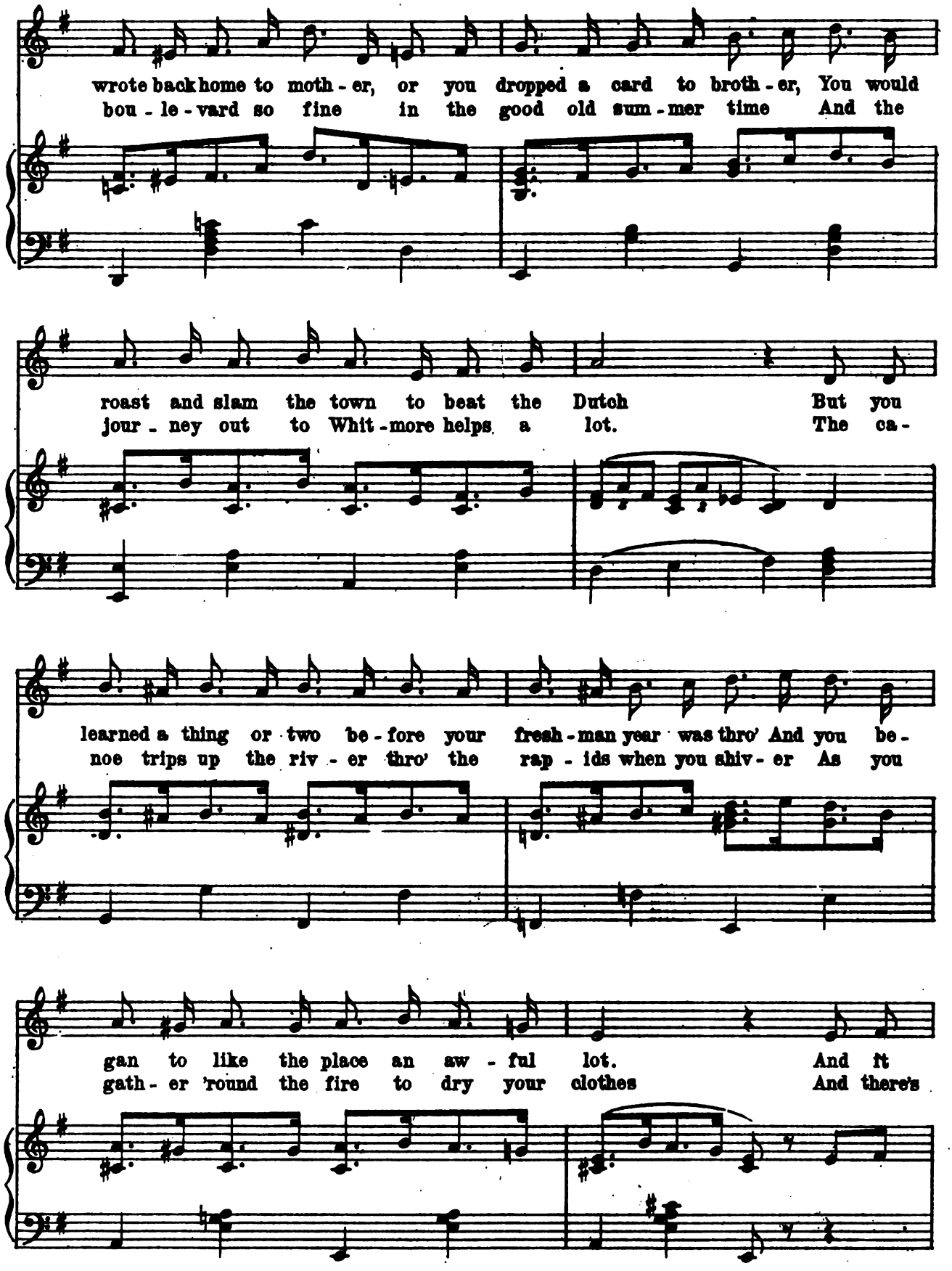
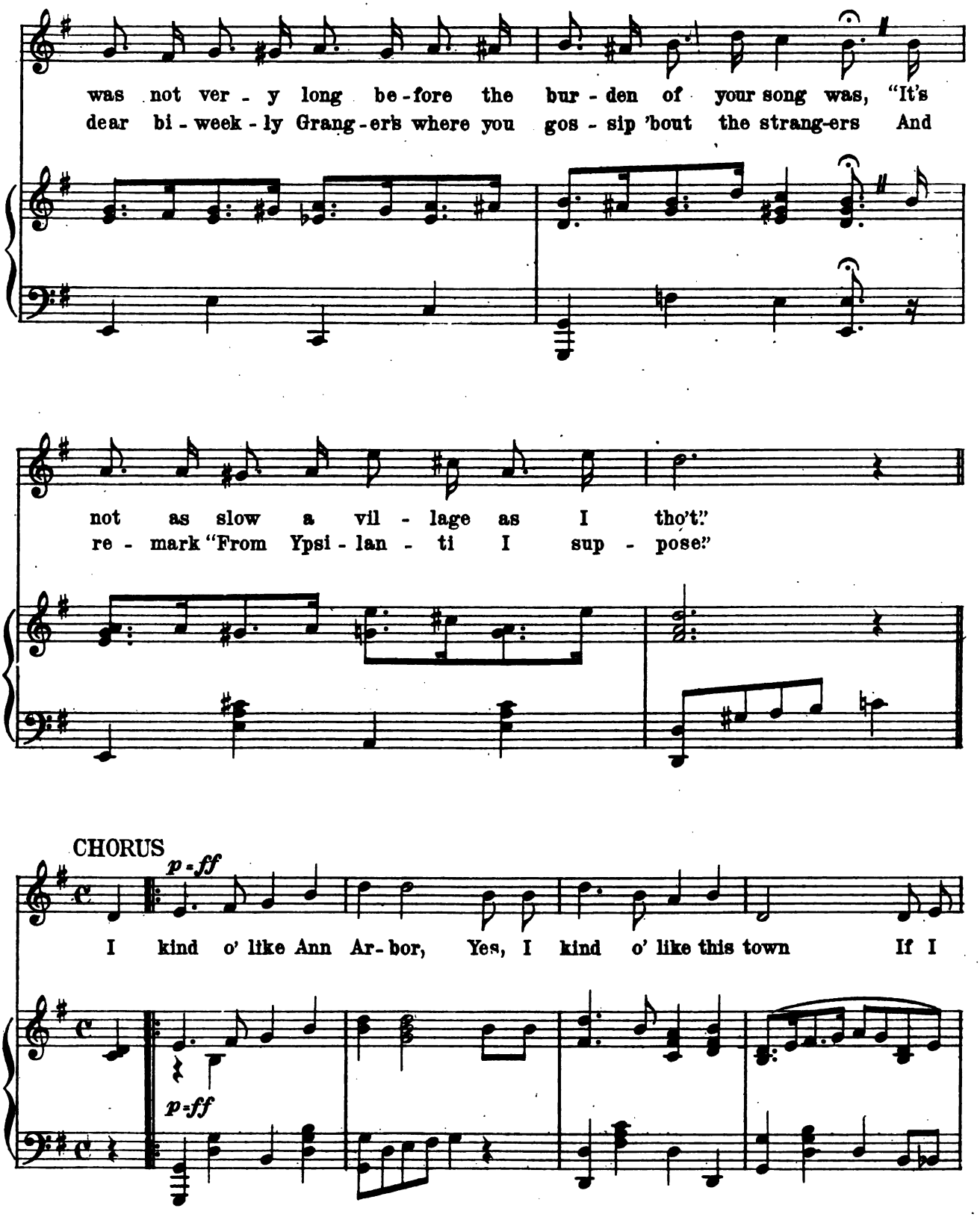
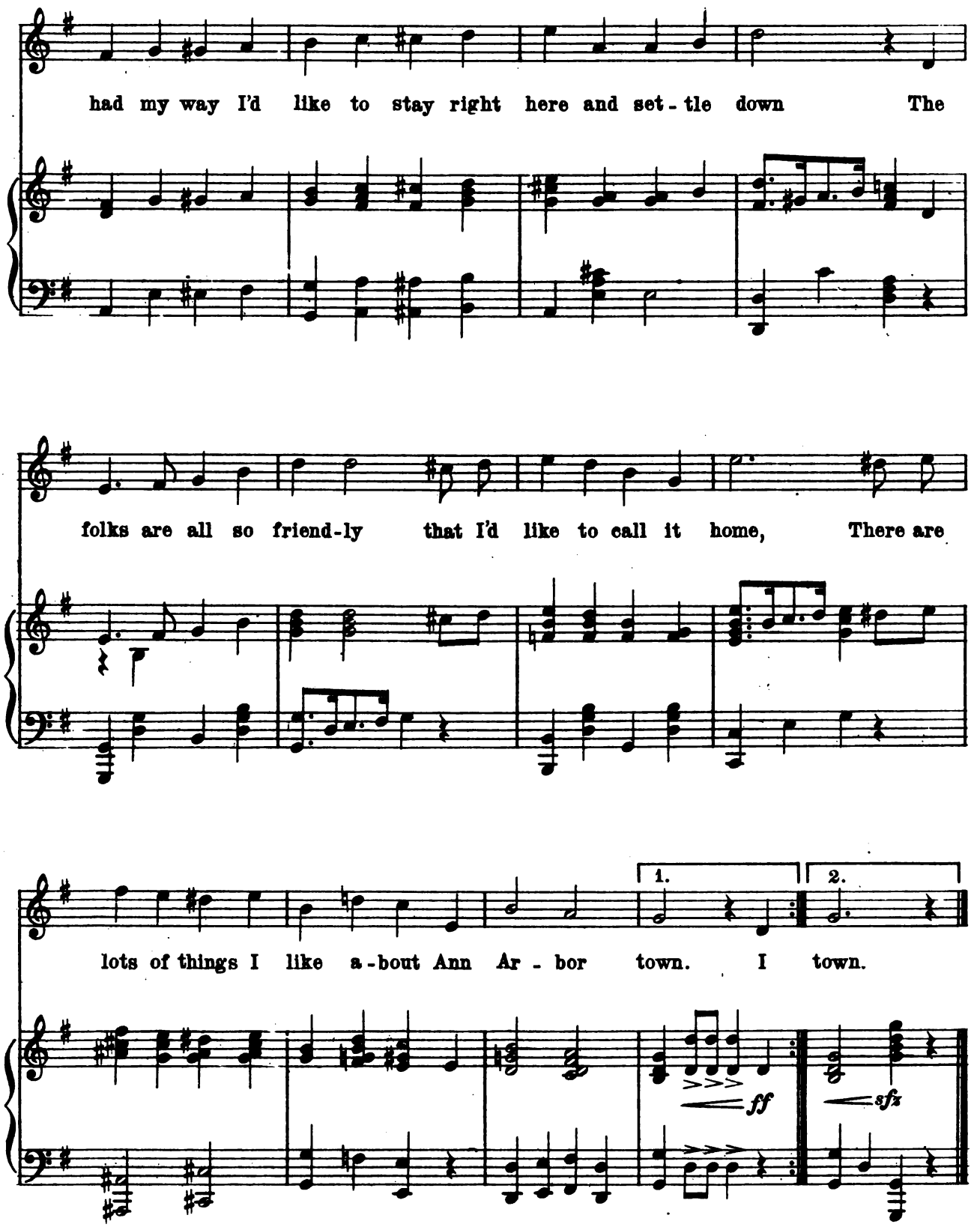
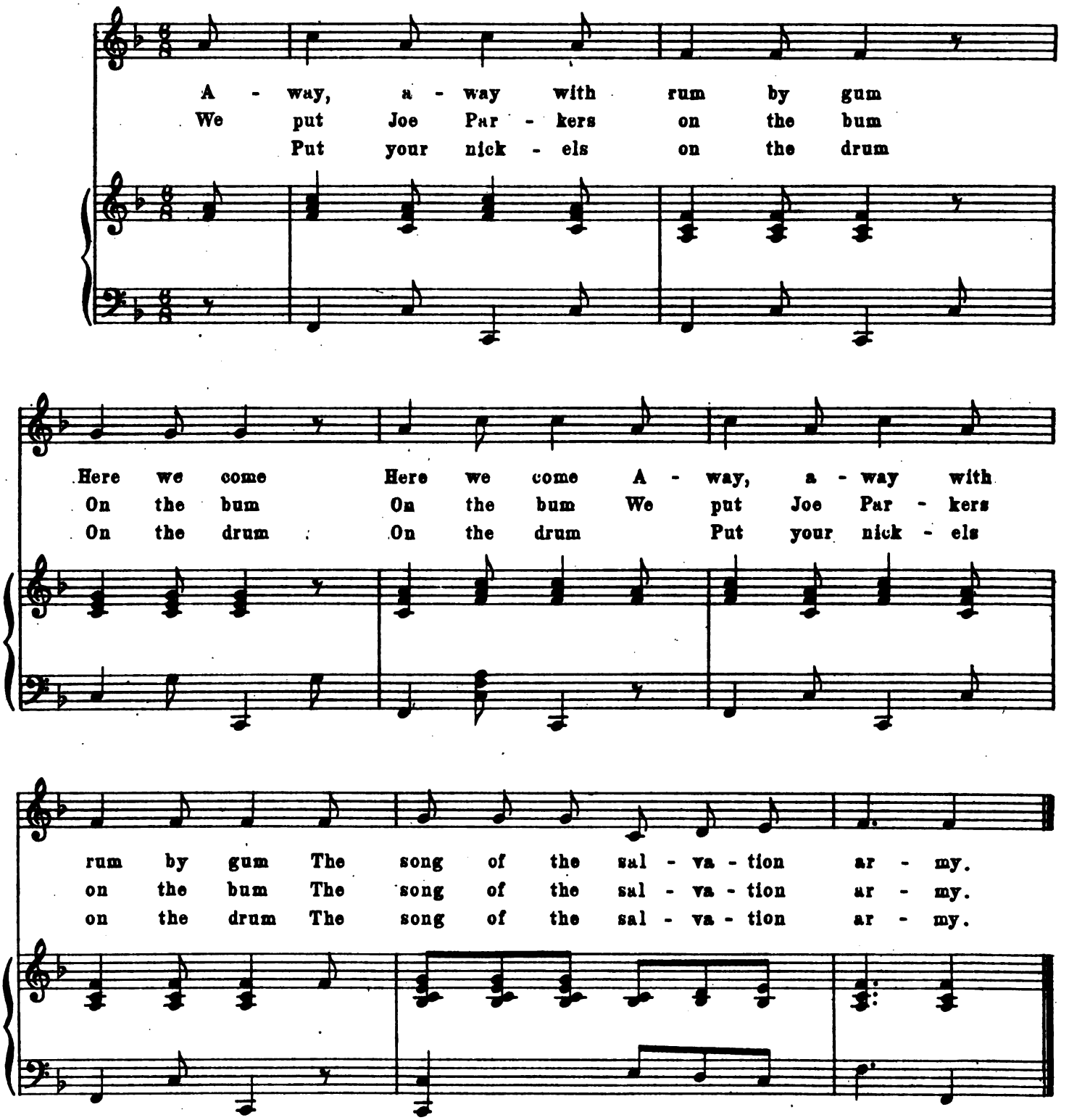

wrote back home to moth - er, or you dropped a card to broth - er, You would
bou - le - vard so fine in the good old sum - mer time And the
roast and slam the town to beat the Dutch But you
jour - ney out to Whit - more helps a lot. The ca -
learned a thing or two be - fore your fresh - man year was thro' And you be -
noe trips up the riv - er thro' the rap - ids when you shiv - er As you
gan to like the place an aw - ful lot. And ft
gath - er 'round the fire to dry your clothes And there's

was not ver - y long be - fore the bur - den of your song was, "It's
dear bi - week - ly Grang - er's where you gos - sip 'bout the strang-ers And
not as slow a vil - lage as I tho't."
re - mark "From Ypsi - lan - ti I sup - pose."
CHORUS
p - ff
I kind o' like Ann Ar - bor, Yes, I kind o' like this town If I
p - ff

had my way I'd like to stay right here and set - tle down The
folks are all so friend-ly that I'd like to call it home, There are
1.
2.
lots of things I like a - bout Ann Ar - bor town. I town.
ff
sfz

Away With Rum

Arr by RUTH SMITH


A - way, a - way with rum by gum
We put Joe Par - kers on the bum
Put your nick - els on the drum
Here we come Here we come A - way, a - way with
On the bum On the bum We put Joe Par - kers
On the drum On the drum Put your nick - els
rum by gum The song of the sal - va - tion ar - my.
on the bum The song of the sal - va - tion ar - my.
on the drum The song of the sal - va - tion ar - my.

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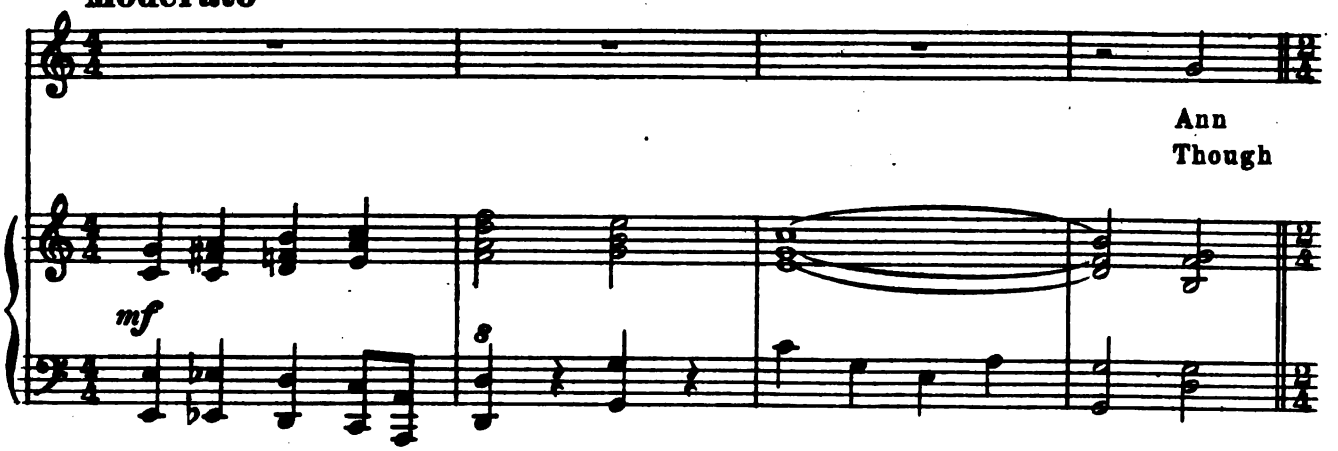
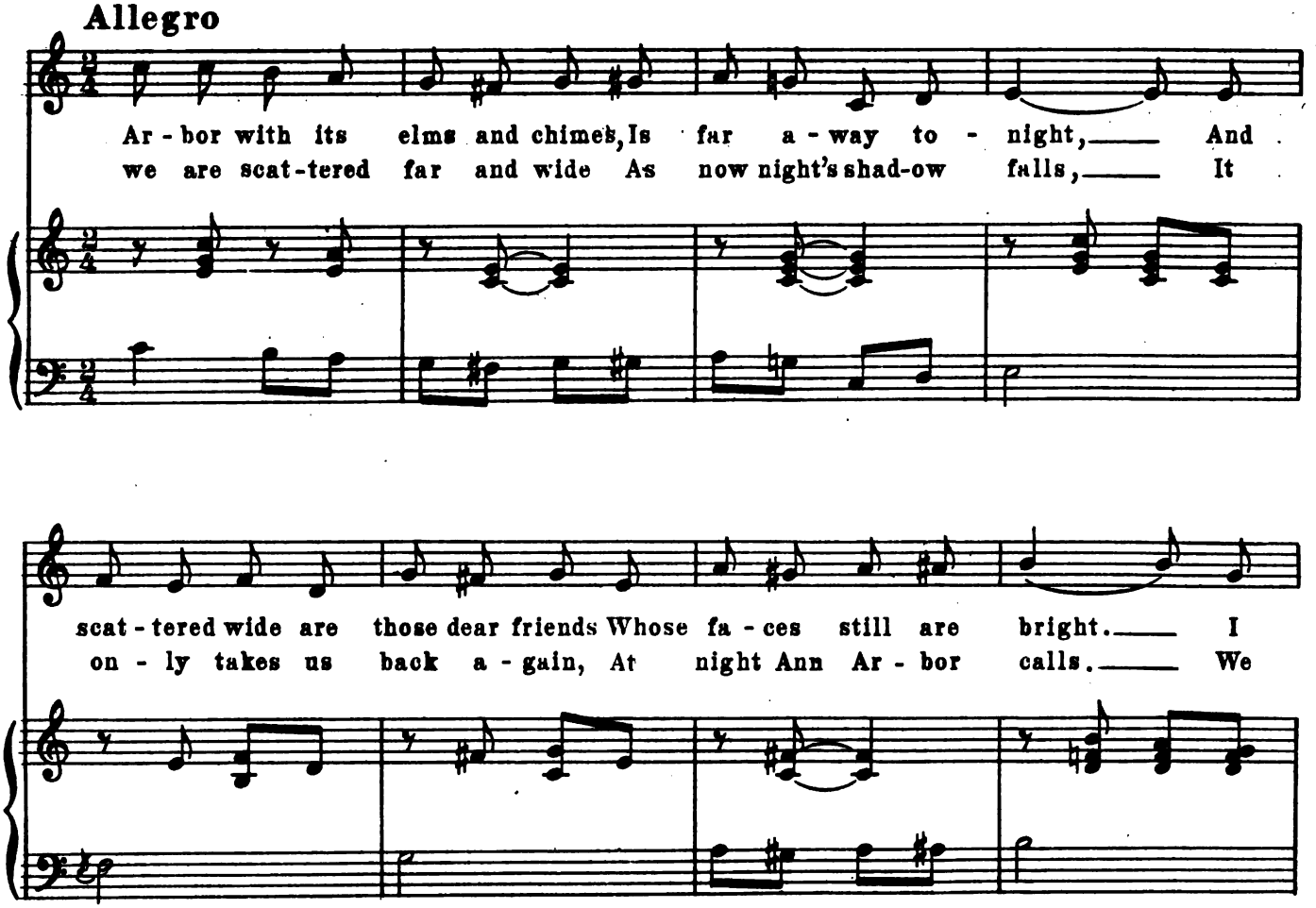
Ann Arbor Days

Words by
RUSSELL BARNES

Music by
GEORGE H. RODERICK

Moderato

Allegro

Ar - bor with its elms and chimes, Is far a - way to - night, And
we are scat - tered far and wide As now night's shad-ow falls, It
scat - tered wide are those dear friends Whose fa - ces still are bright. I
on - ly takes us back a - gain, At night Ann Ar - bor calls. We

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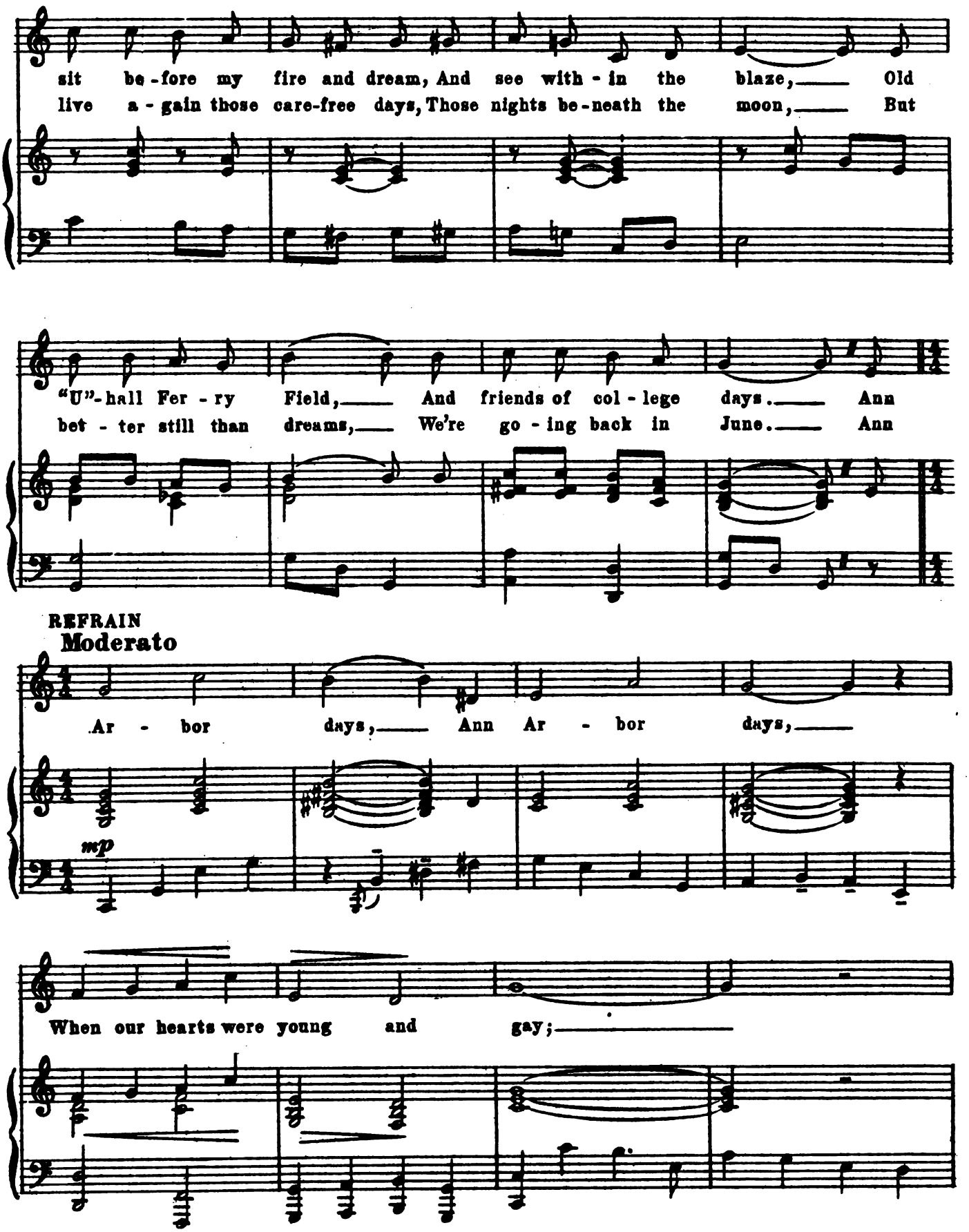
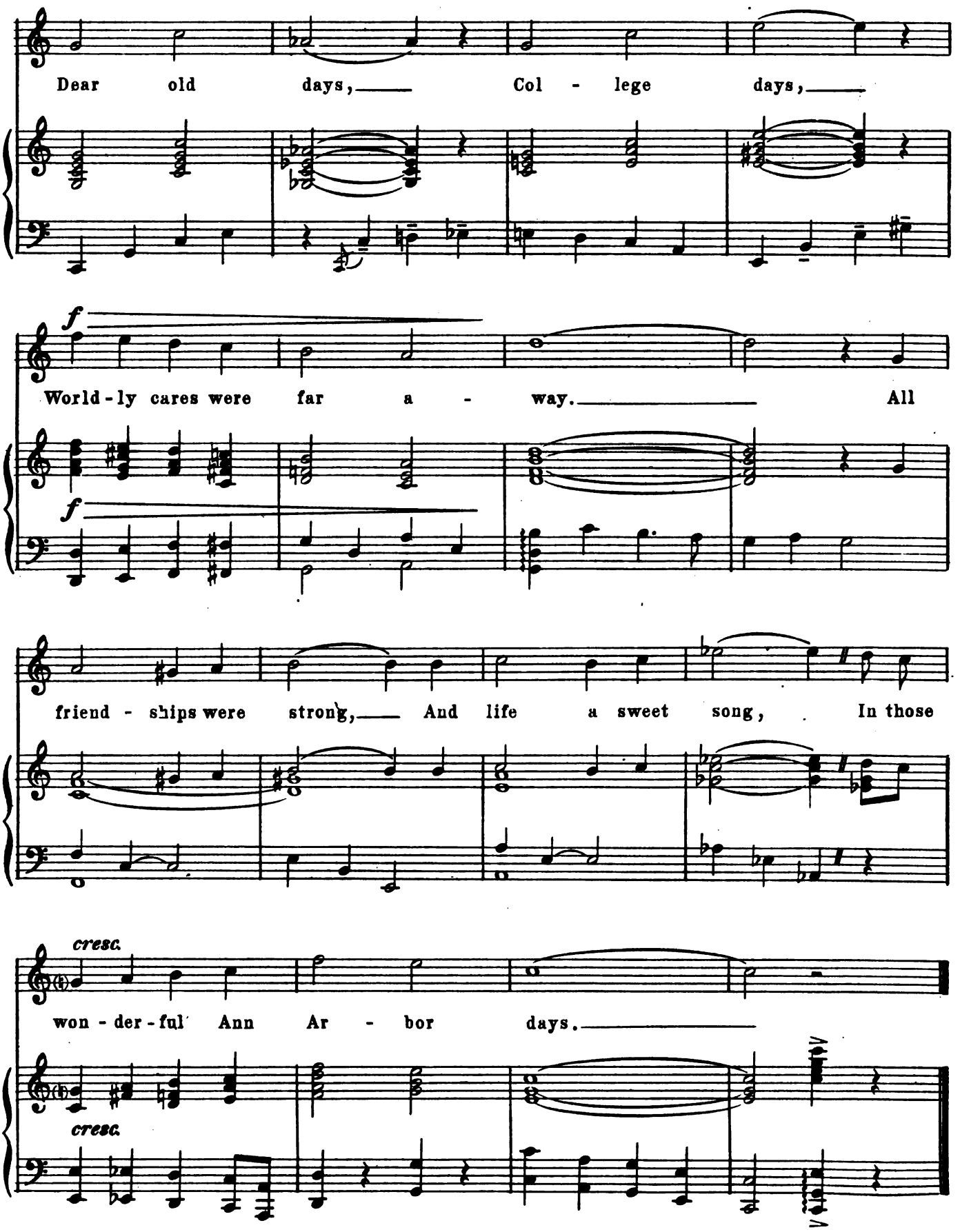
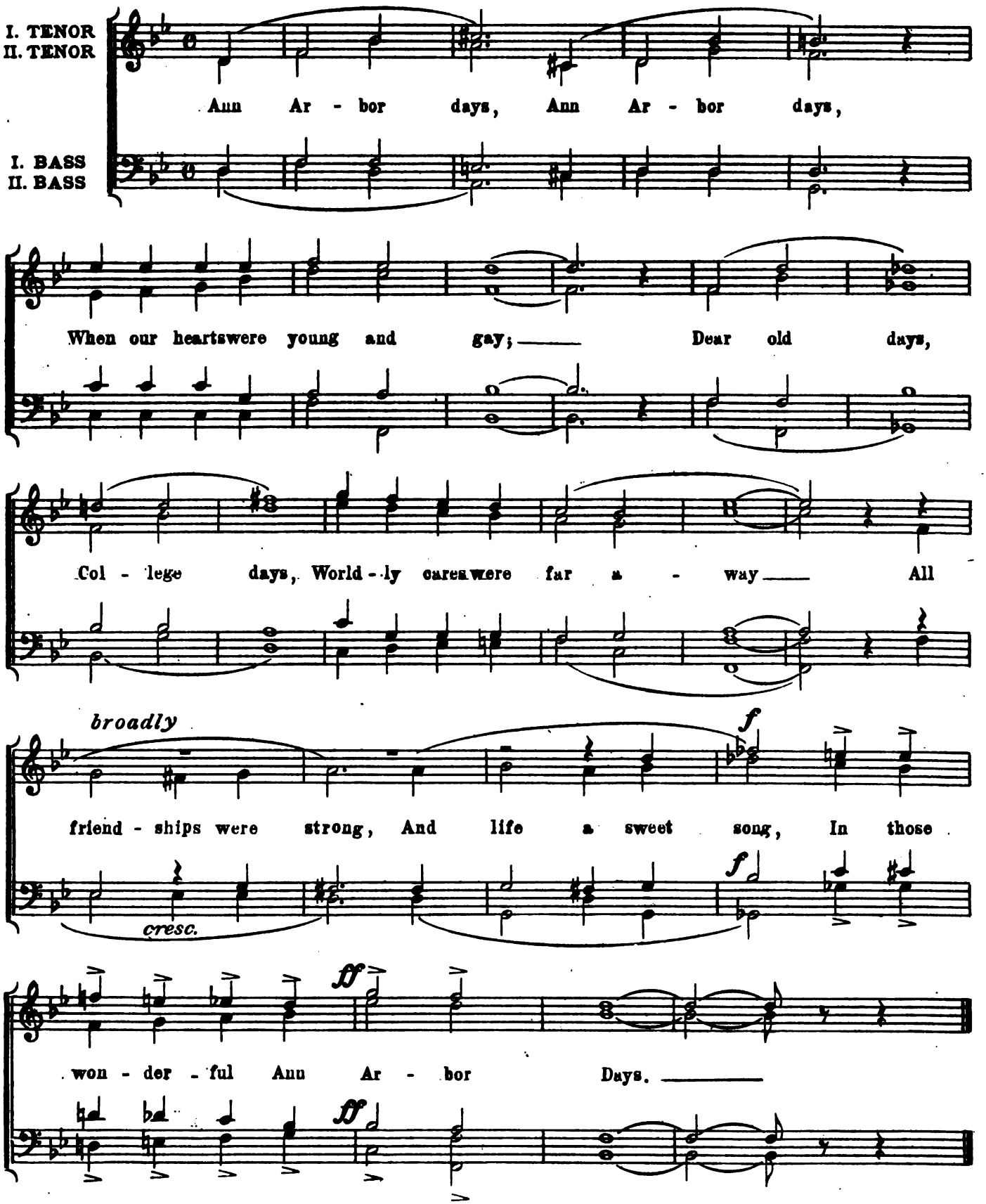

sit be-fore my fire and dream, And see with-in the blaze, Old
live a-gain those care-free days, Those nights be-neath the moon, But
"U"-hall Fer-ry Field, And friends of col-lege days. Ann
bet-ter still than dreams, We're go-ing back in June. Ann
REFRAIN
Moderato
Ar-bor days, Ann Ar-bor days,
mp
When our hearts were young and gay;

Dear old days, Col - lege days,
f
World - ly cares were far a - way. All
f
friend - ships were strong, And life a sweet song, In those
cresc.
won - der - ful Ann Ar - bor days.
cresc.

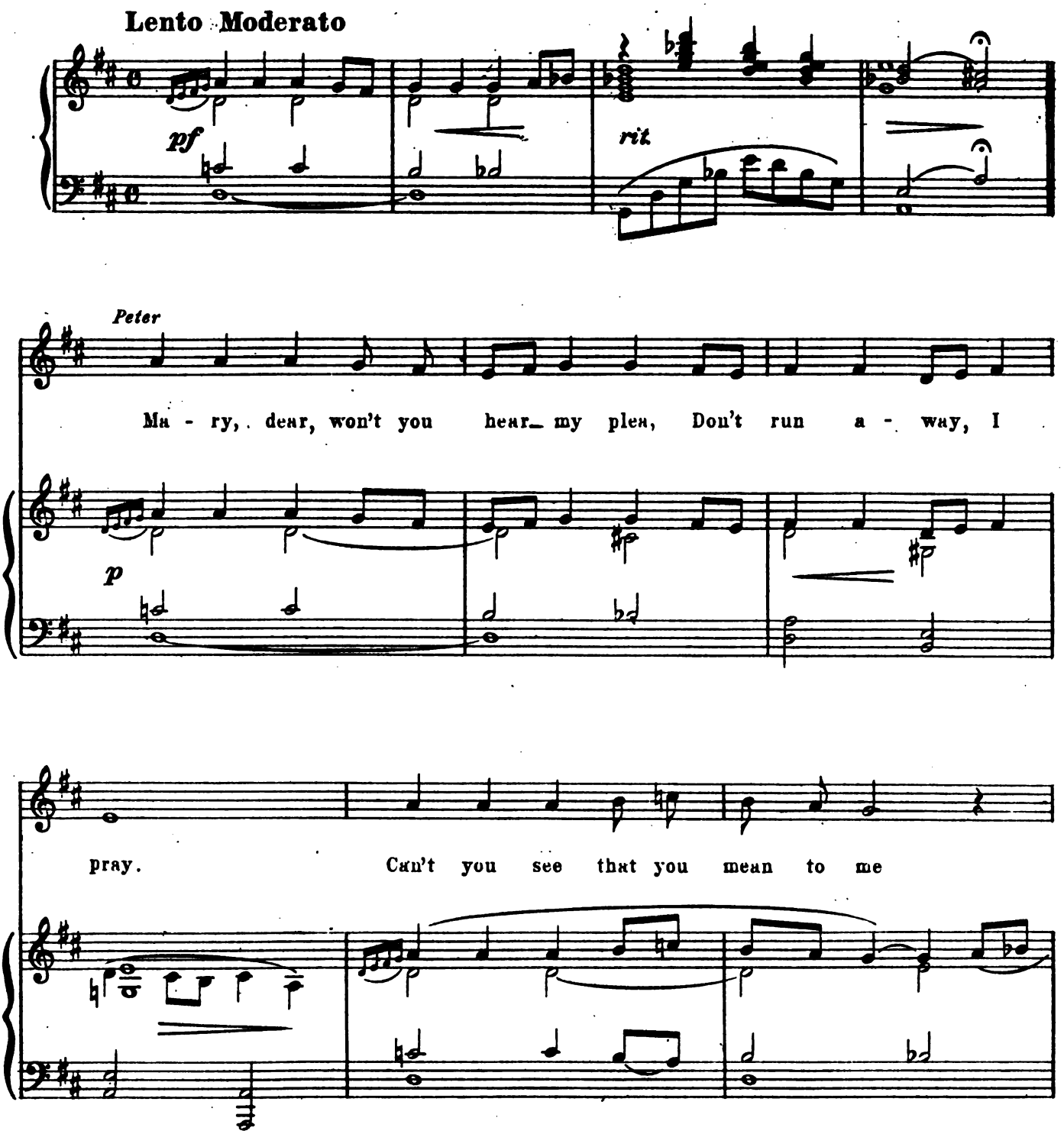
Ann Arbor Days

RUSSELL BARNES

GEORGE RODERICK
Arr. by E.V.M.

I. TENOR
II. TENOR
Ann Ar - bor days, Ann Ar - bor days,
I. BASS
II. BASS
When our heartswere young and gay; Dear old days,
Col - lege days, World - ly carewere far a - way All
broadly
f
friend - ships were strong, And life a sweet song, In those
cresc.
f
ff
won - der - ful Ann Ar - bor Days.
ff

Marry Me, Mary

Lyric by
MILTON MARX

Music by
A. J. GORNETZKY '17-'19L

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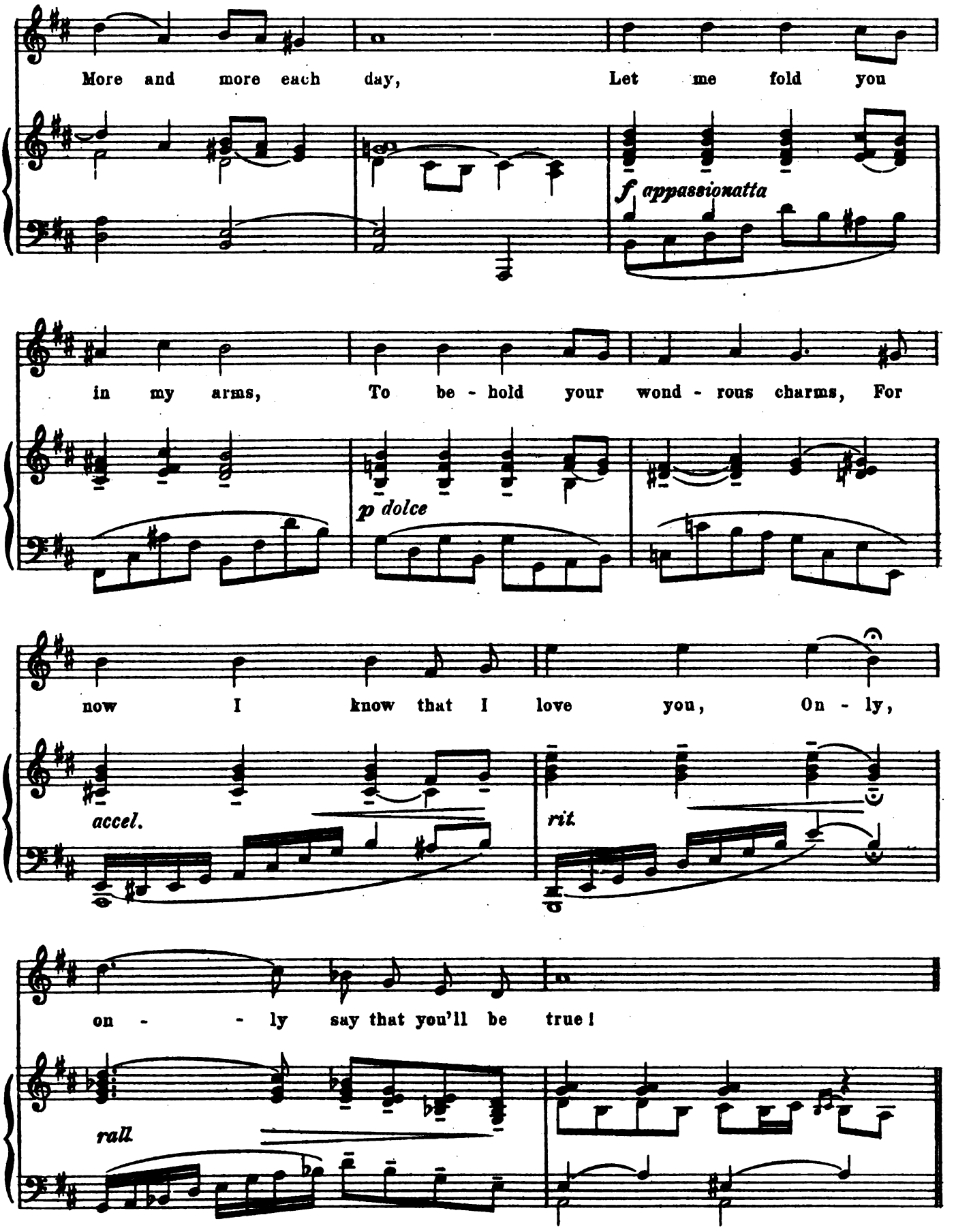
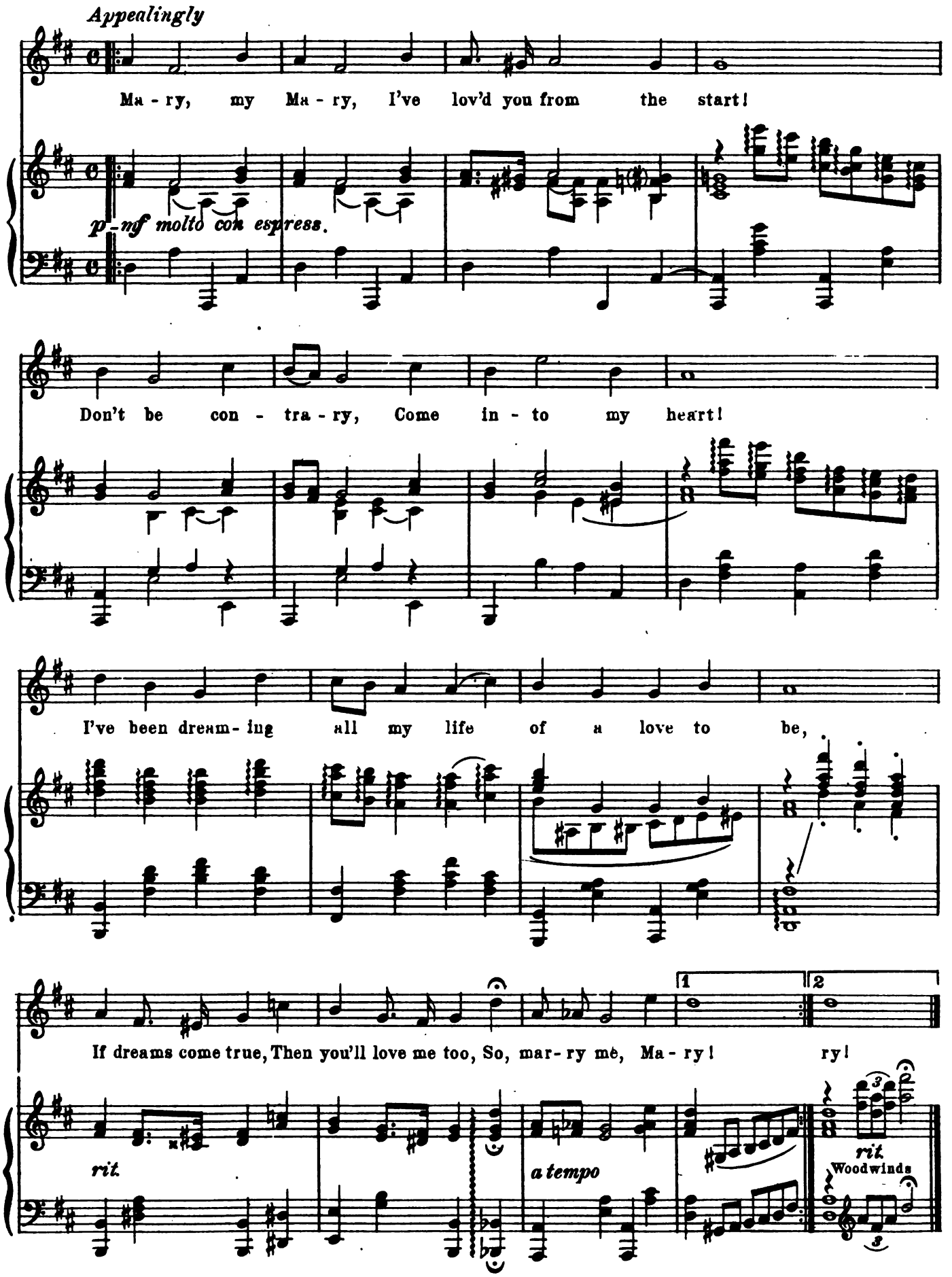

More and more each day, Let me fold you
f appassionatta
in my arms, To be - hold your wond - rous charms, For
p dolce
now I know that I love you, On - ly,
accel.
rit.
on - - ly say that you'll be true!
rall.

Appealingly
Ma - ry, my Ma - ry, I've lov'd you from the start!
p - mf molto con espress.
Don't be con - tra - ry, Come in - to my heart!
I've been dream - ing all my life of a love to be,
If dreams come true, Then you'll love me too, So, mar - ry me, Ma - ry!
ry!
1
2
rit.
a tempo
rit.
Woodwinds

Where O Where

Where O where are the ver - dant Fresh-man Where O where are the
Where O where are the gay young Soph-mores Where O where are the
Where O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors Where O where are the
Where O where are the grand old Sen - iors Where O where are the

ver - dant Fresh-man Where O where are the ver - dant Fresh-man Safe now in the
gay young Soph-mores Where O where are the gay young Soph-mores Safe now in the
jol - ly Jun - iors Where O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors Safe now in the
grand old Sen - iors Where O where are the grand old Sen - iors Safe now in the

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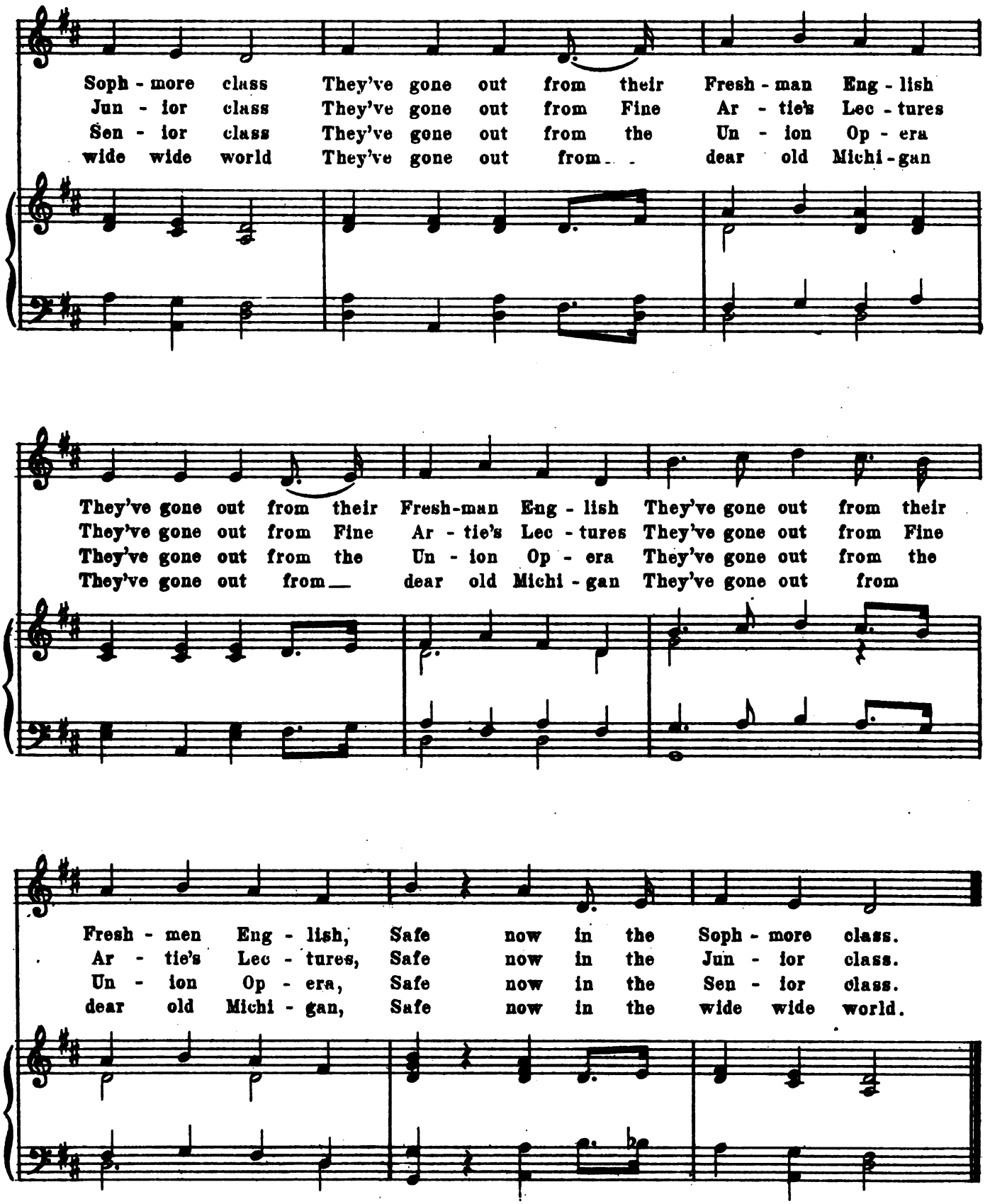
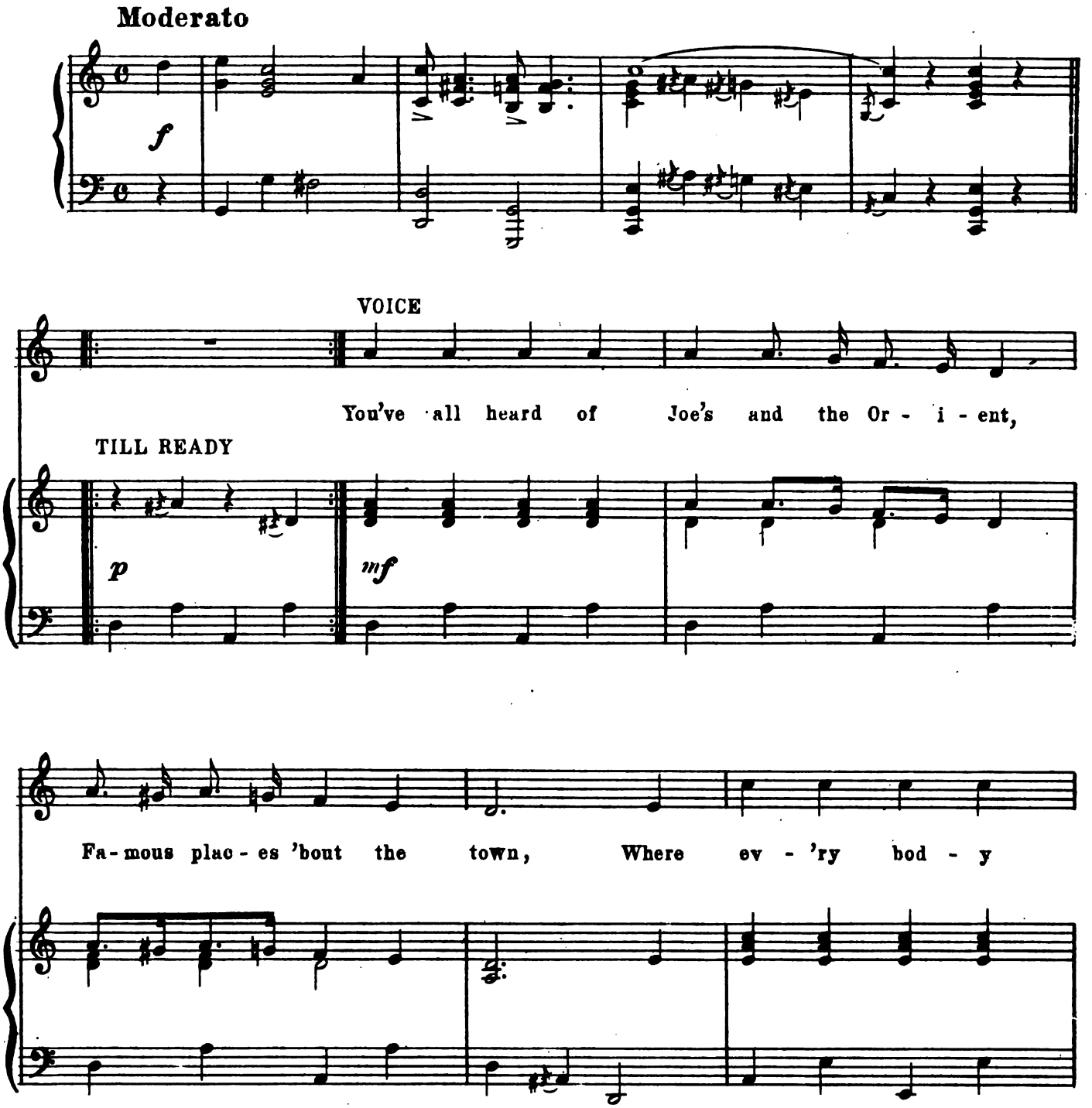

Soph - more class They've gone out from their Fresh - man Eng - lish
Jun - ior class They've gone out from Fine Ar - tie's Lec - tures
Sen - ior class They've gone out from the Un - ion Op - era
wide wide world They've gone out from dear old Michi - gan
They've gone out from their Fresh-man Eng - lish They've gone out from their
They've gone out from Fine Ar - tie's Lec - tures They've gone out from Fine
They've gone out from the Un - ion Op - era They've gone out from the
They've gone out from dear old Michi - gan They've gone out from
Fresh - men Eng - lish, Safe now in the Soph - more class.
Ar - tie's Lec - tures, Safe now in the Jun - ior class.
Un - ion Op - era, Safe now in the Sen - ior class.
dear old Michi - gan, Safe now in the wide wide world.

Ann Arbor Will Never Be The Same

Lyric and Music by
GEO. H. RODERICK

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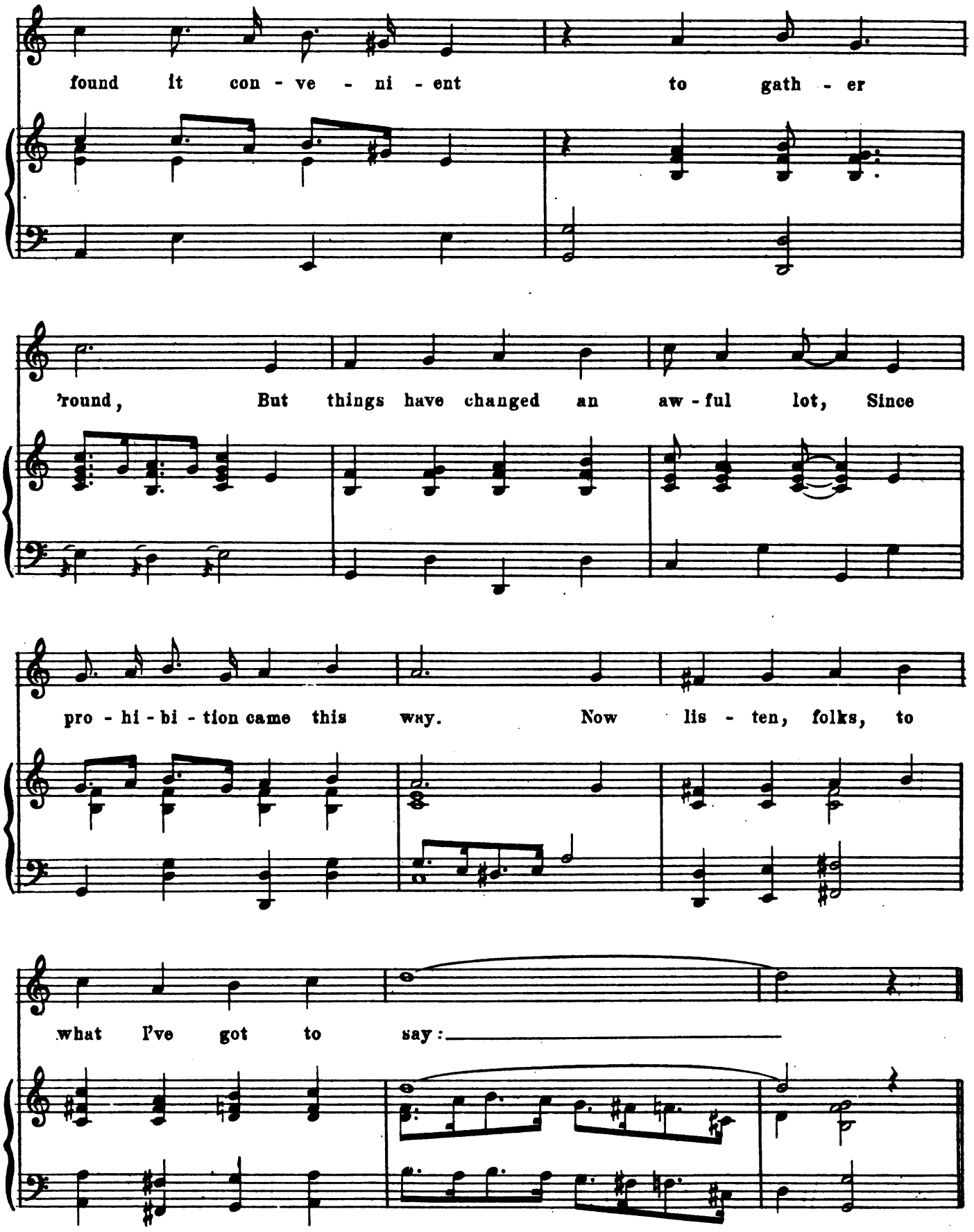
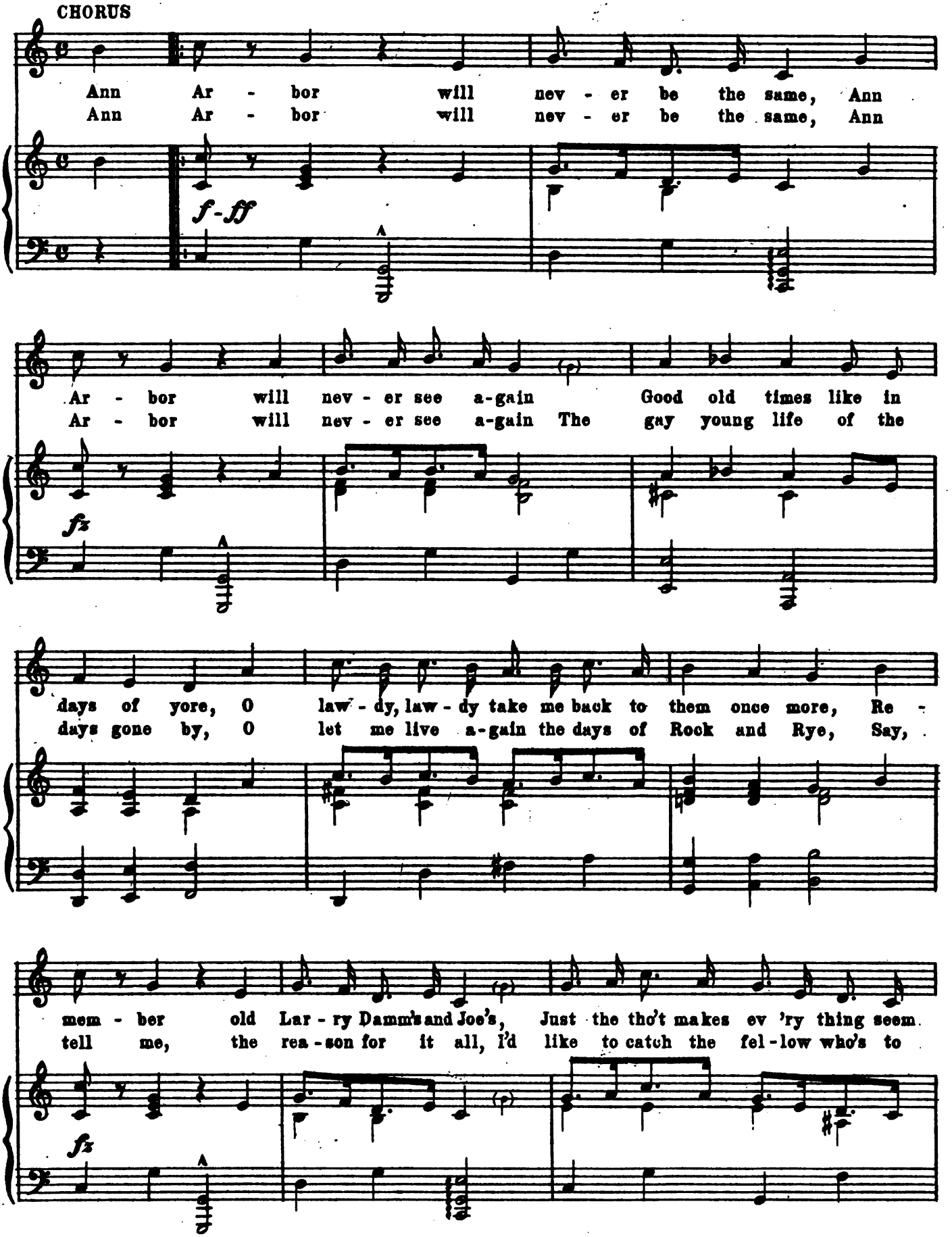
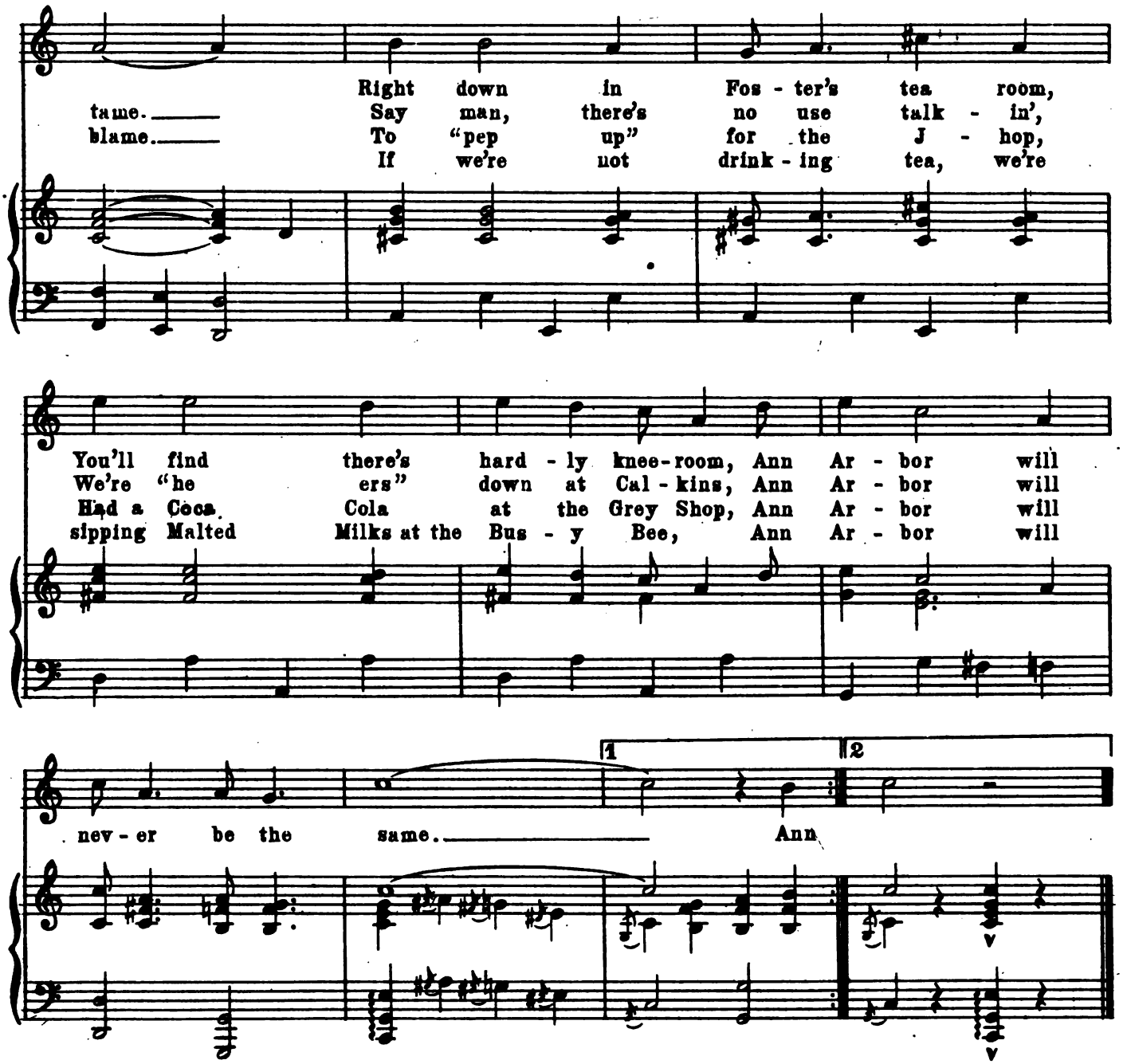

found it con - ve - ni - ent to gath - er
'round, But things have changed an aw - ful lot, Since
pro - hi - bi - tion came this way. Now lis - ten, folks, to
what I've got to say:

CHORUS
Ann Ar - bor will nev - er be the same, Ann
Ann Ar - bor will nev - er be the same, Ann
f-ff
Ar - bor will nev - er see a-gain Good old times like in
Ar - bor will nev - er see a-gain The gay young life of the
fz
days of yore, O law - dy, law - dy take me back to them once more, Re -
days gone by, O let me live a-gain the days of Rock and Rye, Say,
mem - ber old Lar - ry Damm's and Joe's, Just the tho't makes ev 'ry thing seem
tell me, the rea - son for it all, I'd like to catch the fel - low who's to
fz

Right down in Fos - ter's tea room,
tame. Say man, there's no use talk - in',
blame. To "pep up" for the J - hop,
If we're not drink - ing tea, we're
You'll find there's hard - ly knee-room, Ann Ar - bor will
We're "he ers" down at Cal - kins, Ann Ar - bor will
Had a Coca Cola at the Grey Shop, Ann Ar - bor will
sipping Malted Milks at the Bus - y Bee, Ann Ar - bor will
nev - er be the same. Ann
1
2

Extra Patter

Instead of Bourbon dandy,
You try to get a jag on a bag of candy.

When daddy comes across,
Say we all "cut loose" at the Betsy Ross.

Now a-days when you've got a roll,
You "knock 'em dead" at the Sugar Bowl.

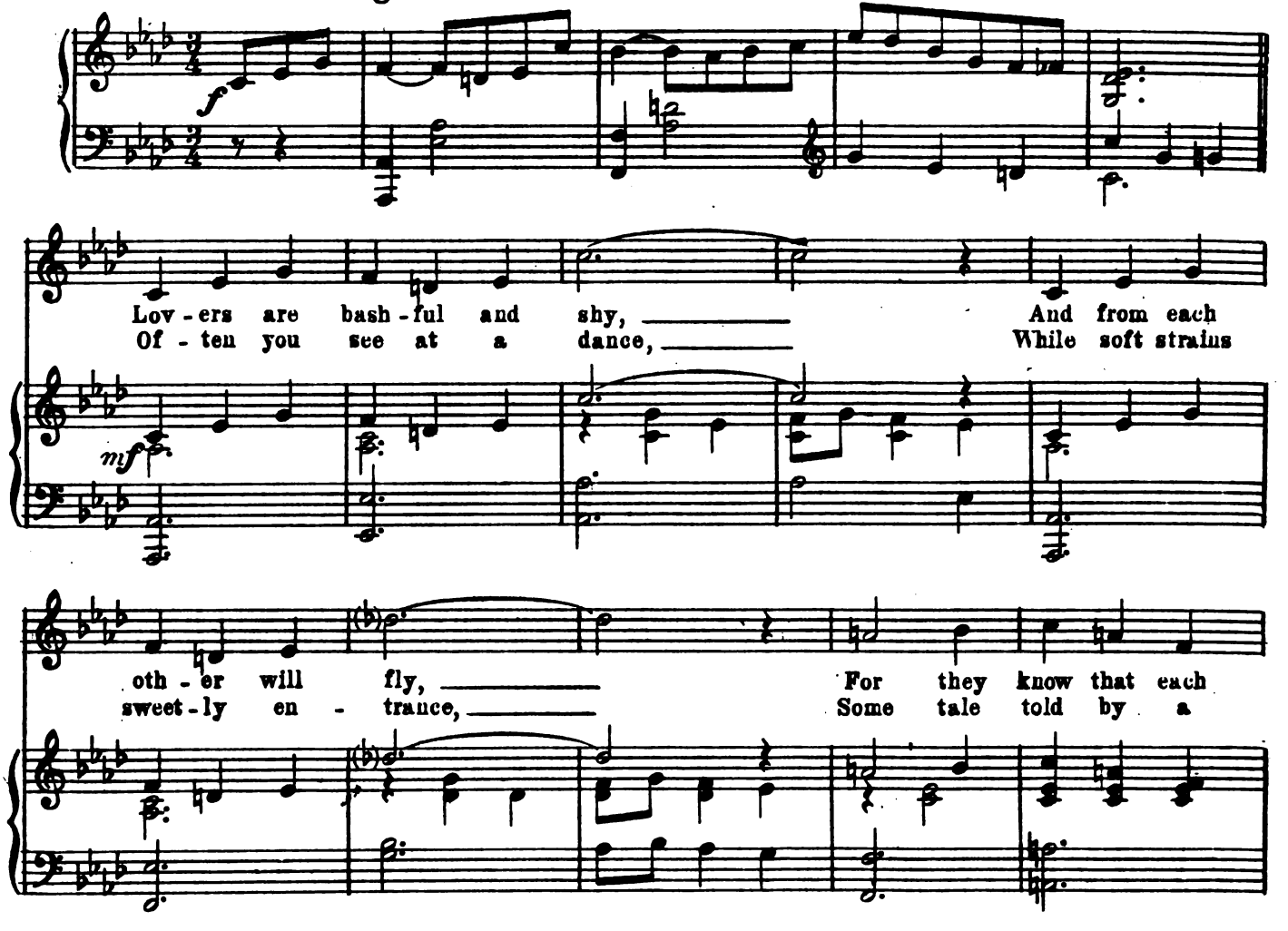
If you have some friends and want to see 'em,
Just go skating at the Coliseum.

If now you're fussing co-ed's nifty,
What's it goin' to be in 1950?

The Light In Your Eyes

Lyric by
RUSSELL BARNES

Music by
GEORGE RODERICK

Valse Allegretto

f
Lov - ers are bash - ful and shy, And from each
Of - ten you see at a dance, While soft strains
mf
oth - er will fly, For they know that each
sweet - ly en - trance, Some tale told by a

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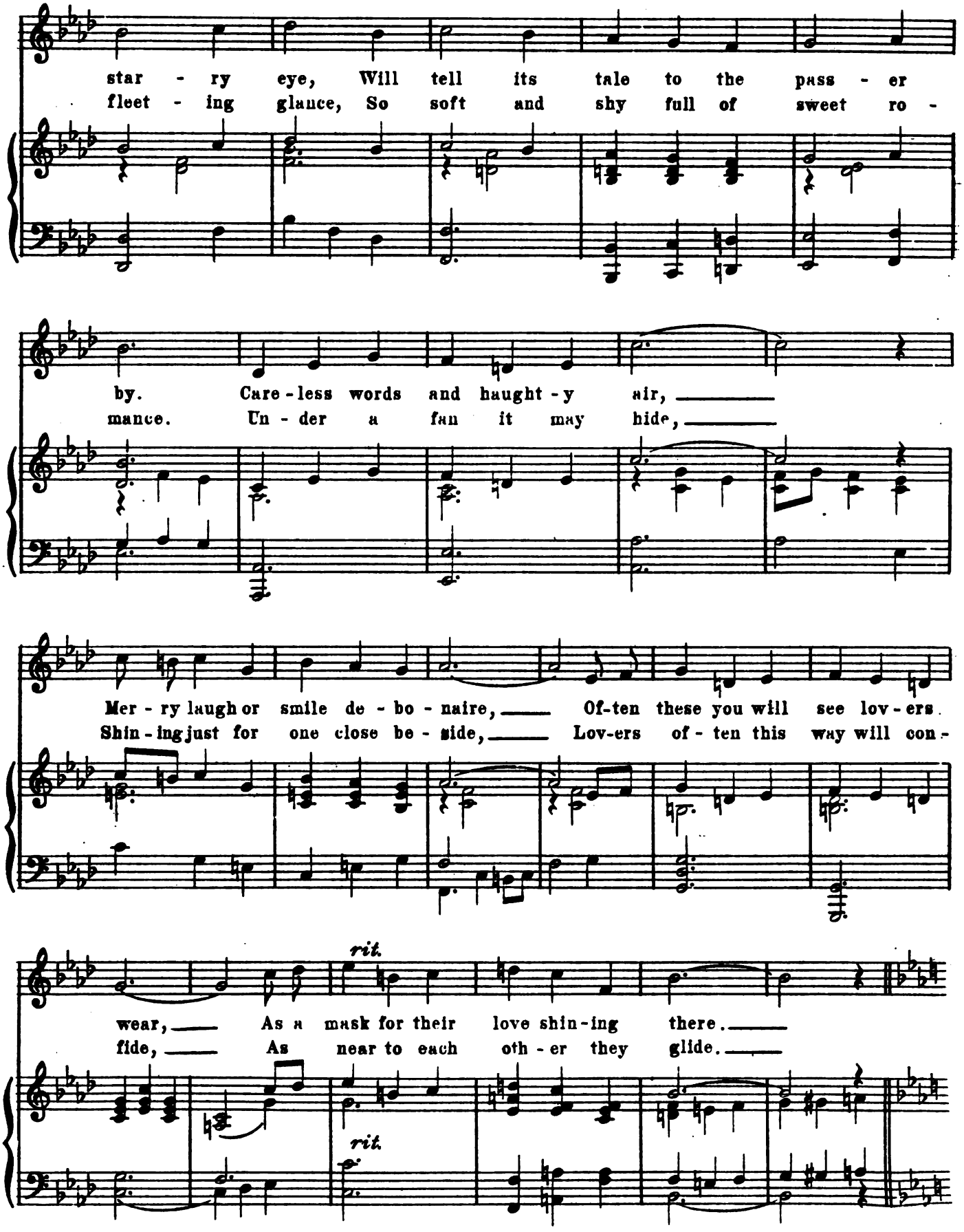
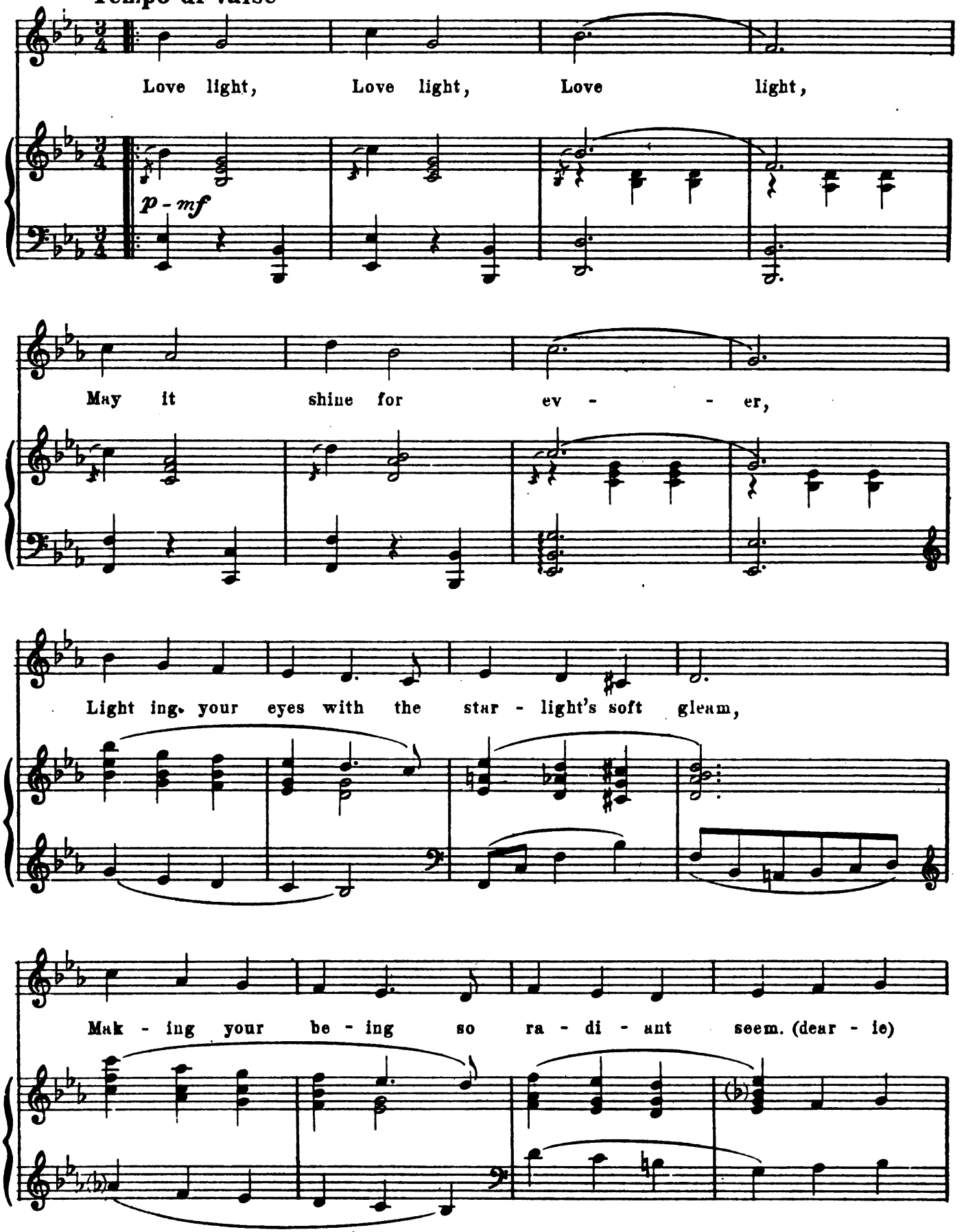
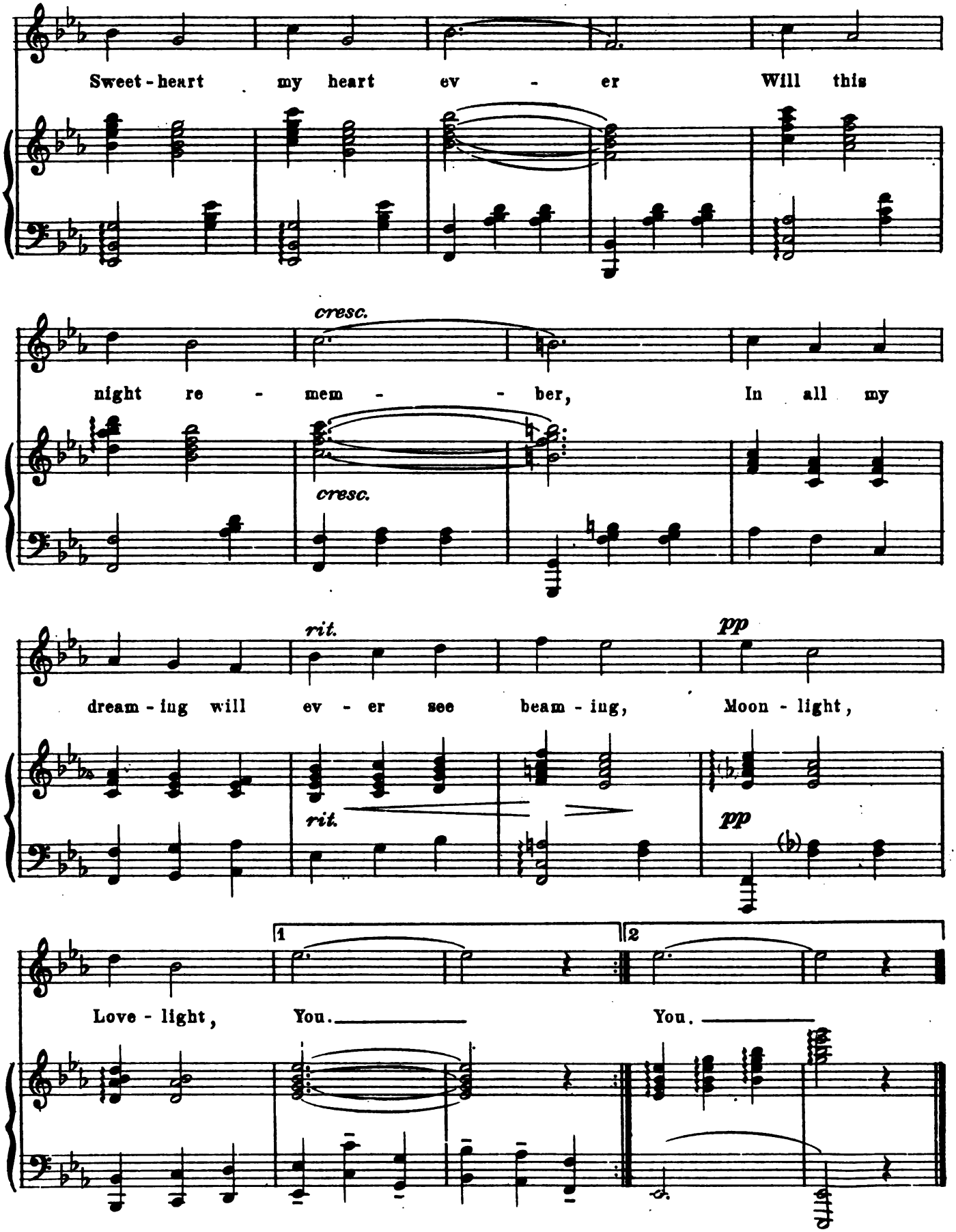
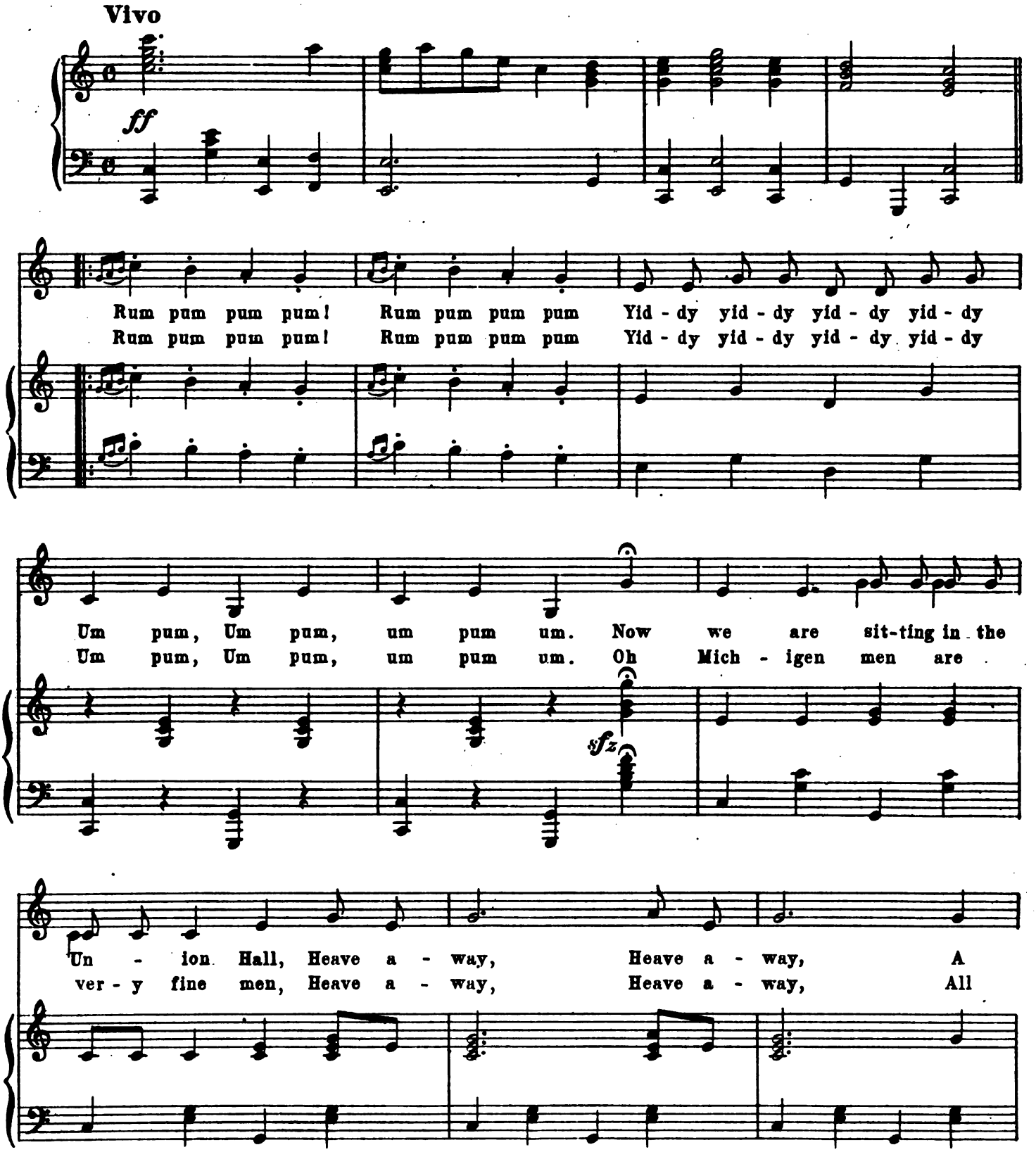

star - ry eye, Will tell its tale to the pass - er
fleet - ing glance, So soft and shy full of sweet ro -
by. Care - less words and haught - y air,
mance. Un - der a fan it may hide,
Mer - ry laugh or smile de - bo - naire, Of-ten these you will see lov - ers.
Shin - ing just for one close be - side, Lov-ers of - ten this way will con -
rit.
wear, As a mask for their love shin - ing there.
fide, As near to each oth - er they glide.
rit.

REFRAIN

Tempo di Valse

Love light, Love light, Love light,
p - mf
May it shine for ev - - er,
Light ing your eyes with the star - light's soft gleam,
Mak - ing your be - ing so ra - di - ant seem. (dear - ie)

Sweet - heart my heart ev - er Will this
cresc.
night re - mem - - ber, In all my
cresc.
rit.
pp
dream - ing will ev - er see beam - ing, Moon - light,
rit.
pp
1
2
Love - light, You. You.

Michigan Men

Arr. by E. V. M.

Vivo
ff
Rum pum pum pum! Rum pum pum pum Yid - dy yid - dy yid - dy yid - dy
Rum pum pum pum! Rum pum pum pum Yid - dy yid - dy yid - dy yid - dy
Um pum, Um pum, um pum um. Now we are sit-ting in the
Um pum, Um pum, um pum um. Oh Mich - igen men are
sfz
Un - ion Hall, Heave a - way, Heave a - way, A
ver - y fine men, Heave a - way, Heave a - way, All

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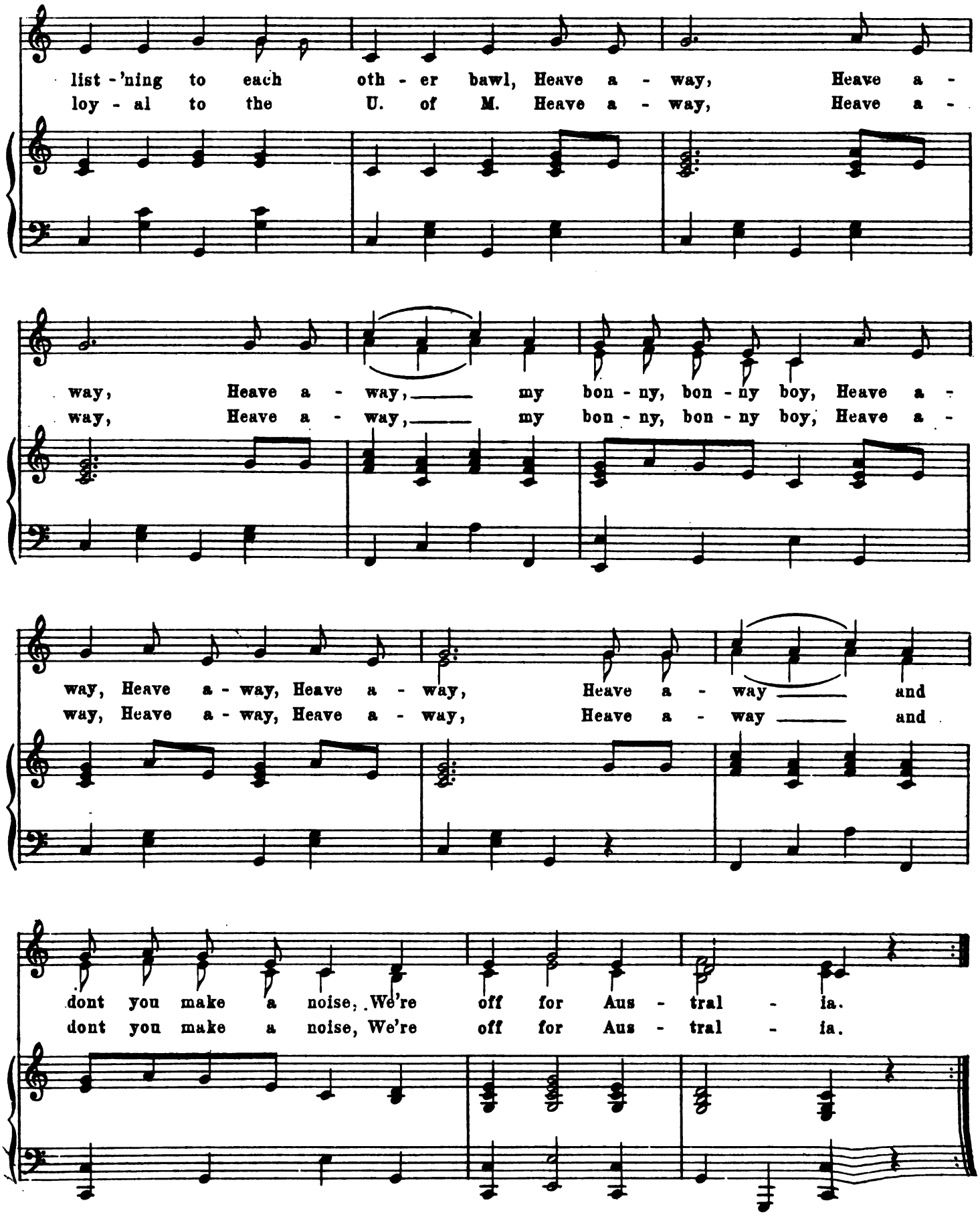
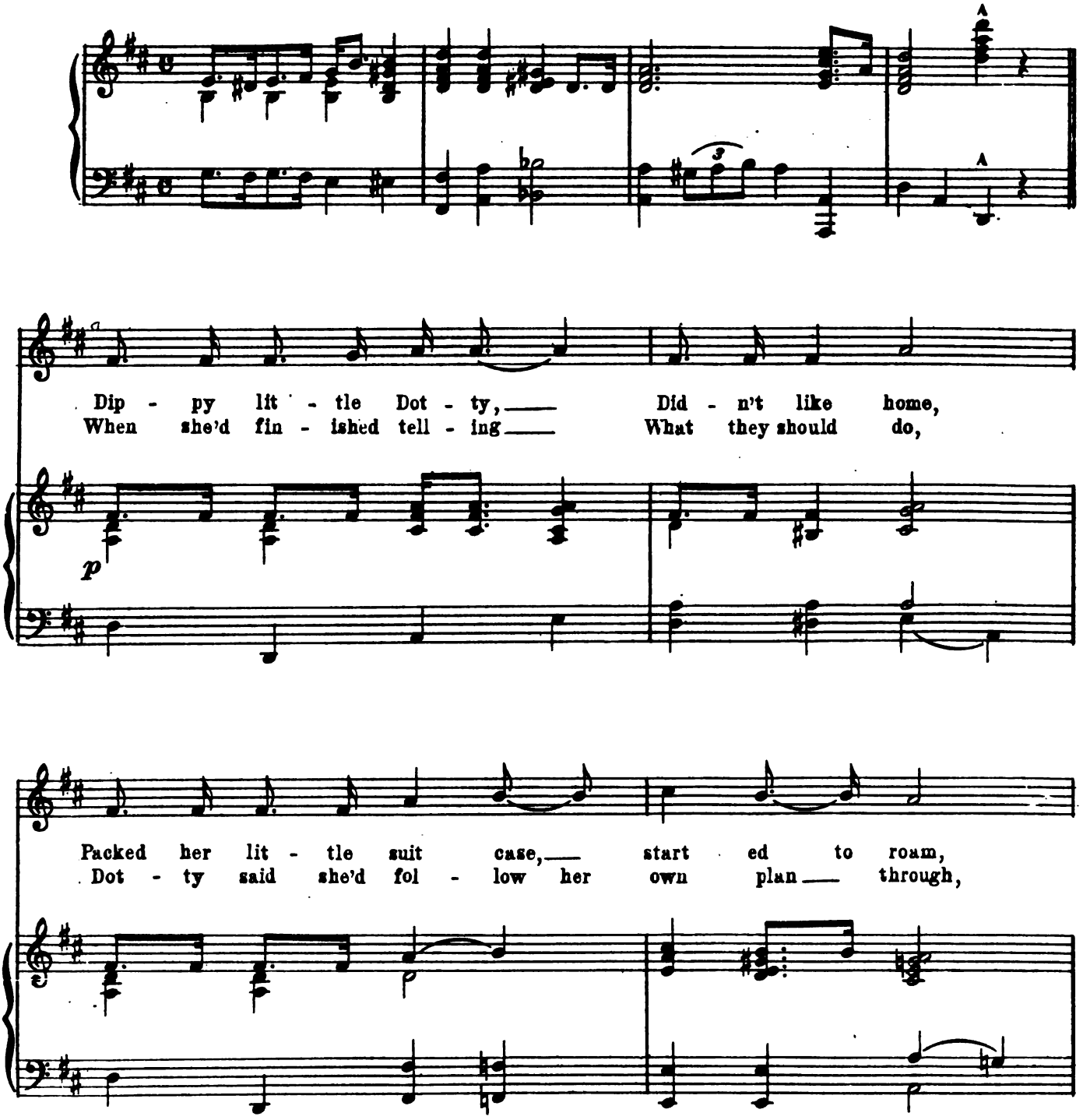

list - 'ning to each oth - er bawl, Heave a - way, Heave a -
loy - al to the U. of M. Heave a - way, Heave a -
way, Heave a - way, my bon - ny, bon - ny boy, Heave a -
way, Heave a - way, my bon - ny, bon - ny boy, Heave a -
way, Heave a - way, Heave a - way, Heave a - way and
way, Heave a - way, Heave a - way, Heave a - way and
dont you make a noise, We're off for Aus - tral - ia.
dont you make a noise, We're off for Aus - tral - ia.

I'm A Nut

Words & Music by
WILLIS A. DIEKEMA

A
A
Dip - py lit - tle Dot - ty, Did - n't like home,
When she'd fin - ished tell - ing What they should do,
p
Packed her lit - tle suit case, start ed to roam,
Dot - ty said she'd fol - low her own plan through,
p

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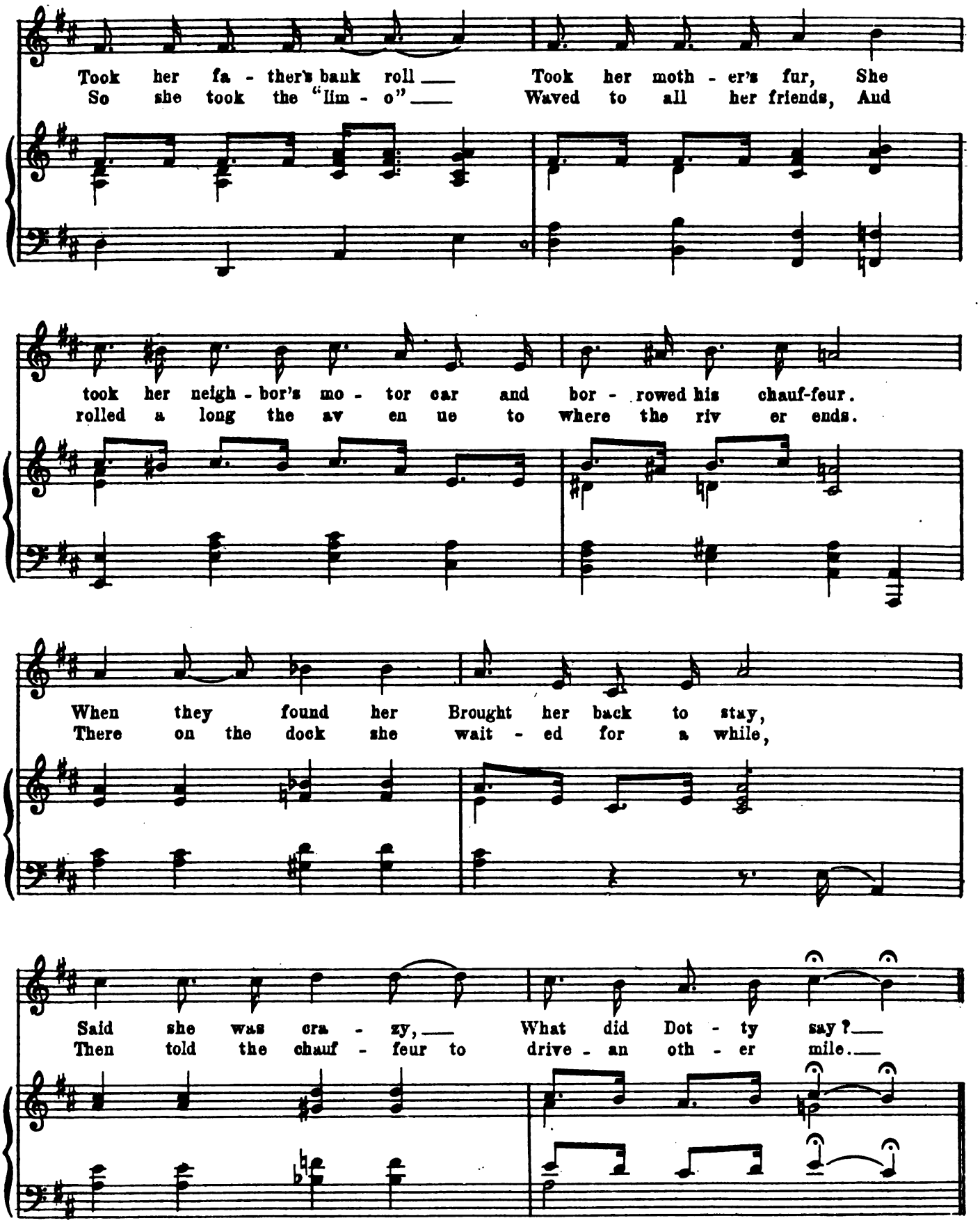
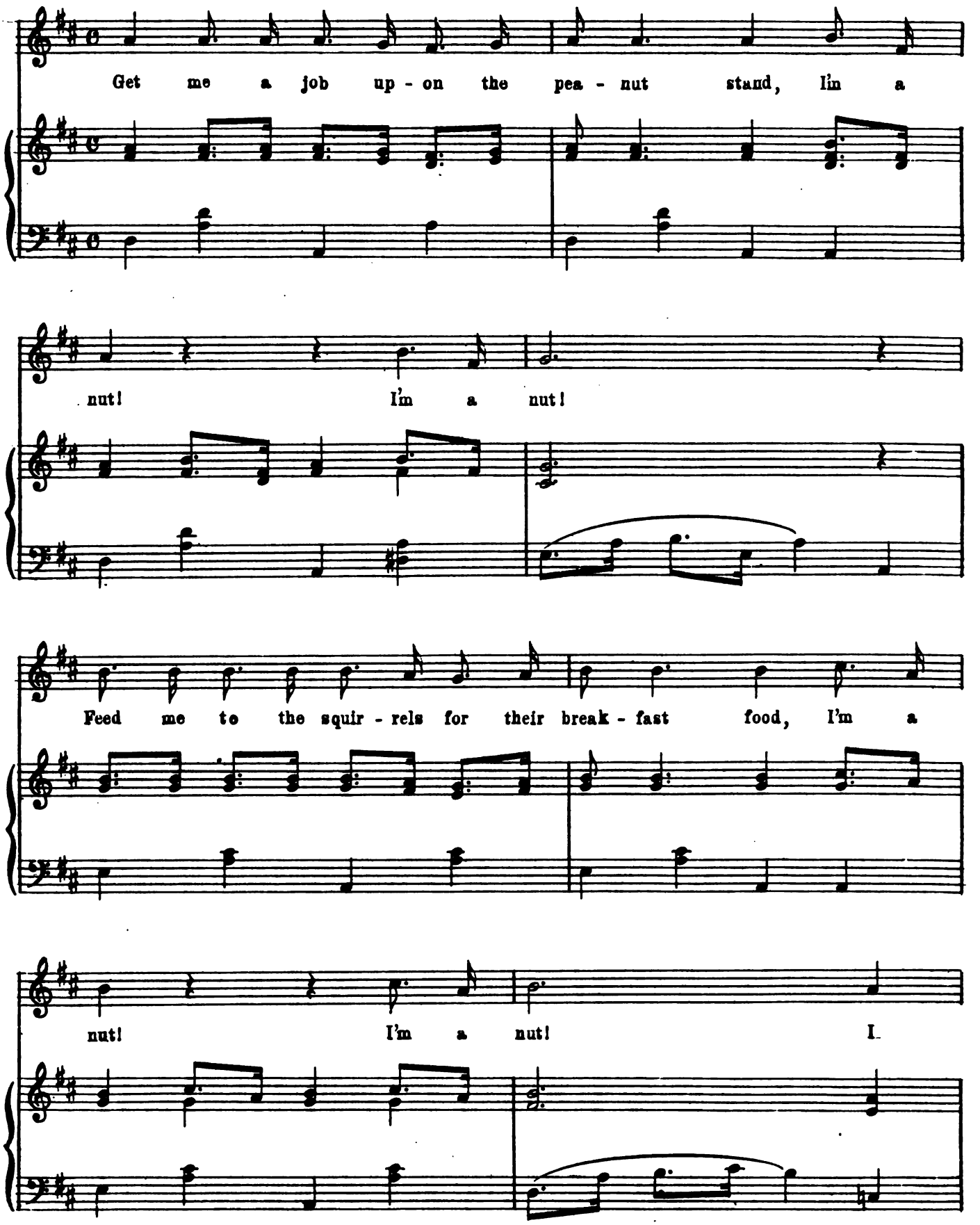
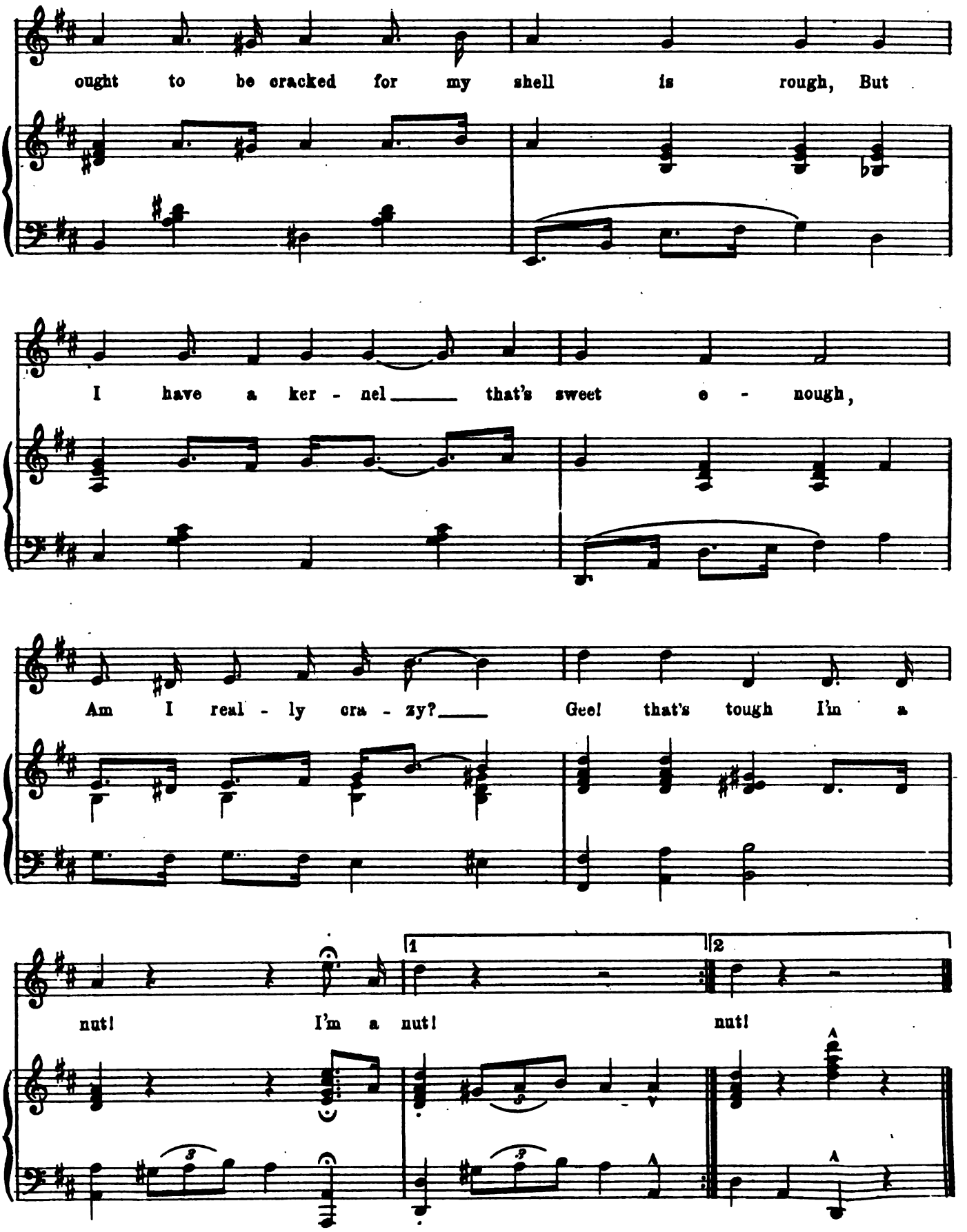
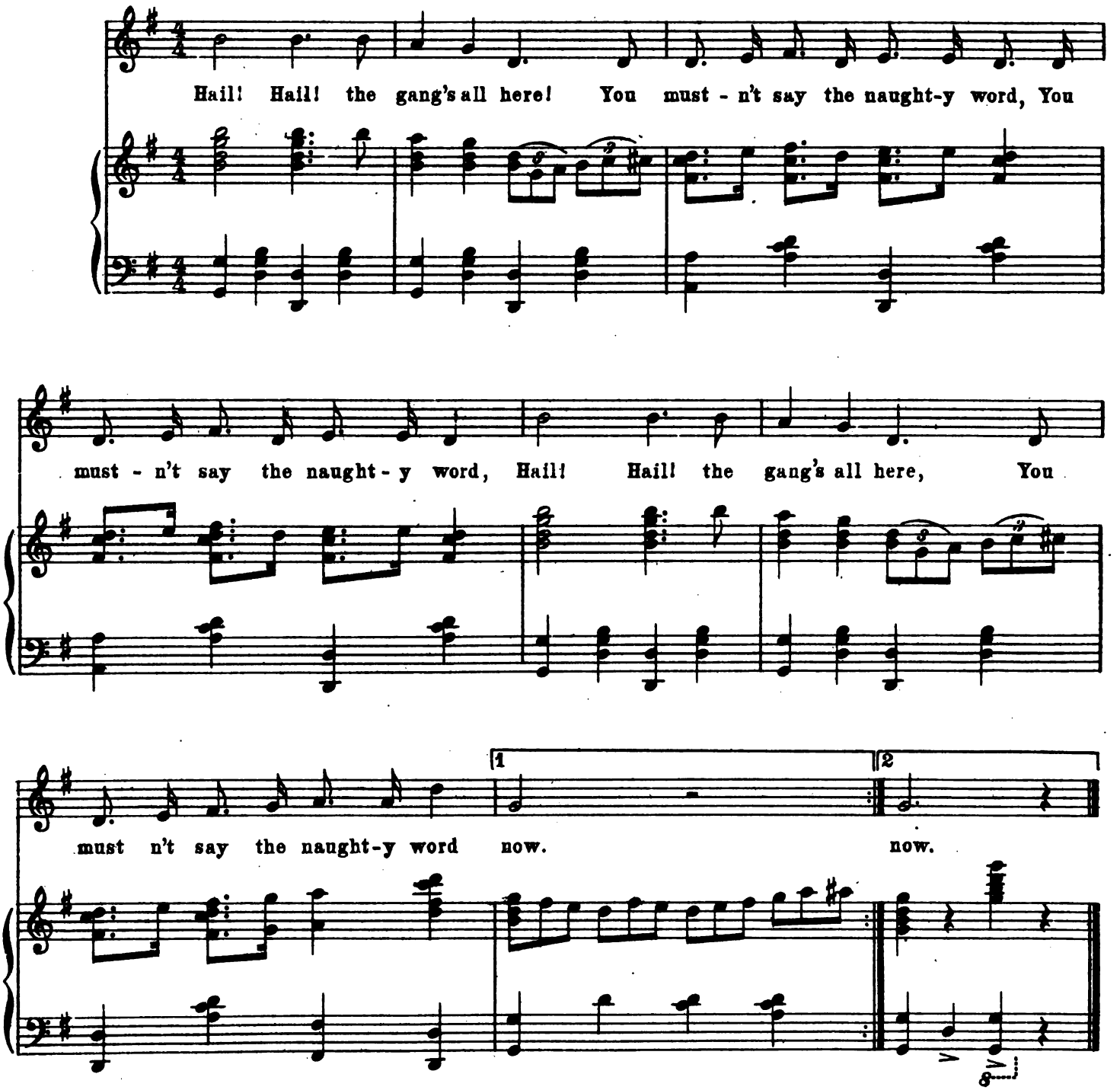

Took her fa - ther's bank roll ___ Took her moth - er's fur, She
So she took the "lim - o" ___ Waved to all her friends, And
took her neigh - bor's mo - tor car and bor - rowed his chauf-feur.
rolled a long the av en ue to where the riv er ends.
When they found her Brought her back to stay,
There on the dock she wait - ed for a while,
Said she was cra - zy, ___ What did Dot - ty say? ___
Then told the chauf - feur to drive - an oth - er mile. ___

Get me a job up - on the pea - nut stand, I'm a
nut! I'm a nut!
Feed me to the squir - rels for their break - fast food, I'm a
nut! I'm a nut! I

ought to be cracked for my shell is rough, But
I have a ker - nel that's sweet e - nough,
Am I real - ly cra - zy? Gee! that's tough I'm a
nut! I'm a nut! nut!
1
2

The Gang's All Here!

Arr. by RUTH SMITH

Hail! Hail! the gang's all here! You must - n't say the naught-y word, You
must - n't say the naught - y word, Hail! Hail! the gang's all here, You
1
2
must n't say the naught-y word now. now.

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Michigan, Goodbye

"KOANZALAND"

DONALD A. KAHN
J. FRED LAWTON

EARL V. MOORE

Moderato

f

dim. *rit.*

p

Fare thee well dear old Al - ma Ma - ter, Fare thee

p

well old home of mirth and cheer, We will

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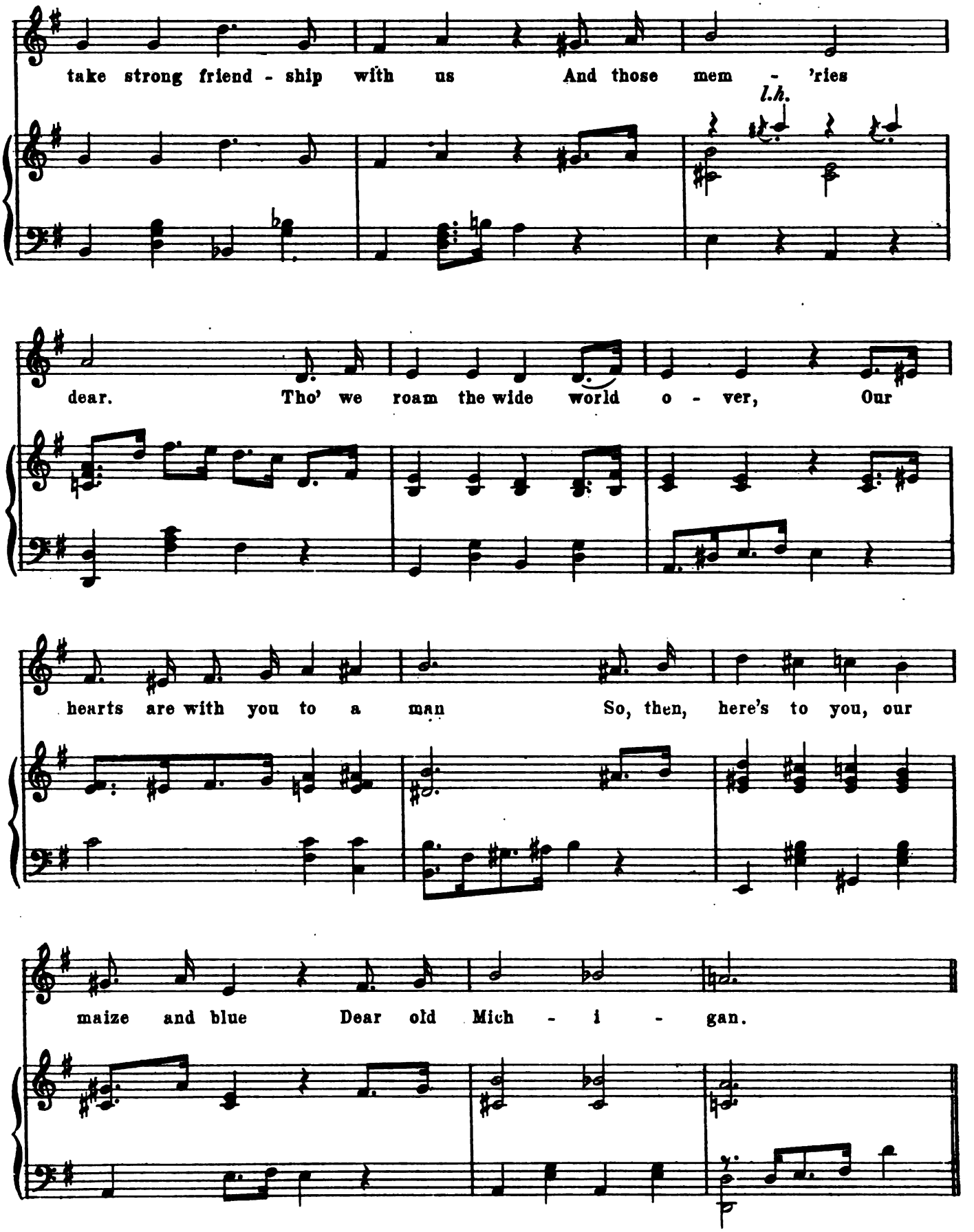
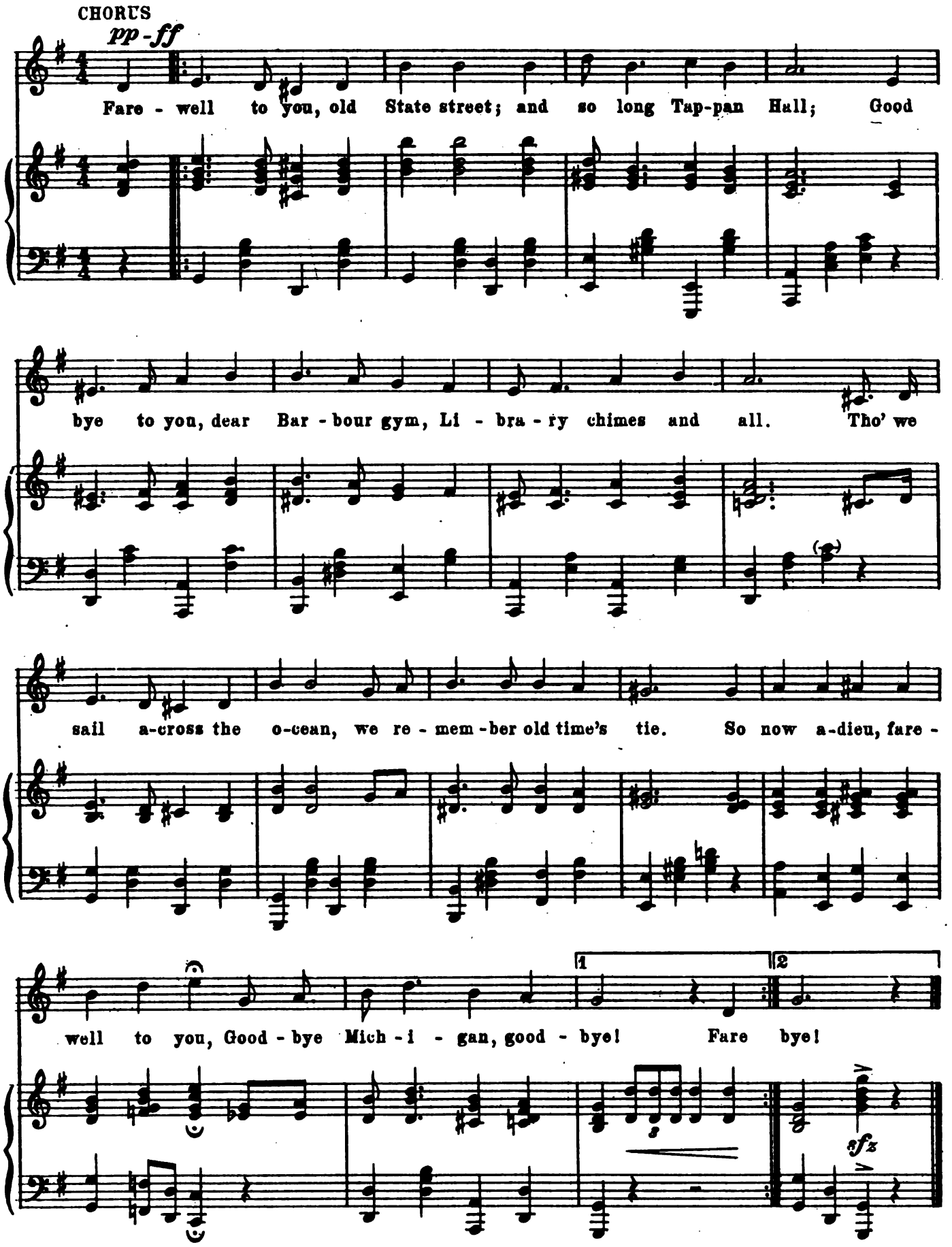
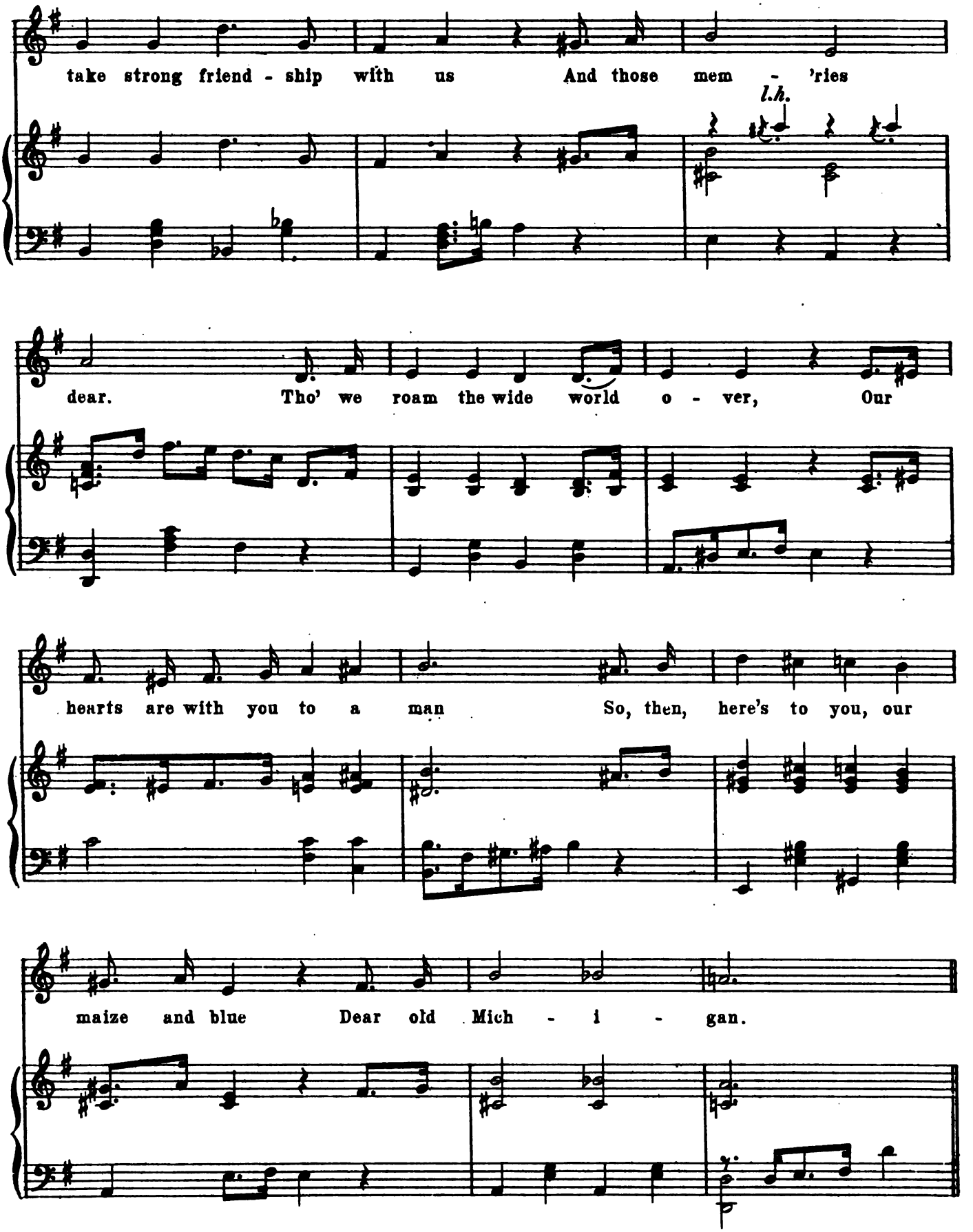

take strong friend - ship with us And those mem - 'ries
l.h.
dear. Tho' we roam the wide world o - ver, Our
hearts are with you to a man So, then, here's to you, our
maize and blue Dear old Mich - i - gan.

CHORUS
pp - ff
Fare - well to you, old State street; and so long Tap-pan Hall; Good
bye to you, dear Bar - bour gym, Li - bra - ry chimes and all. Tho' we
sail a-cross the o-cean, we re - mem - ber old time's tie. So now a-dieu, fare -
well to you, Good - bye Mich - i - gan, good - bye! Fare bye!
1
2
sfz

take strong friend - ship with us And those mem - 'ries
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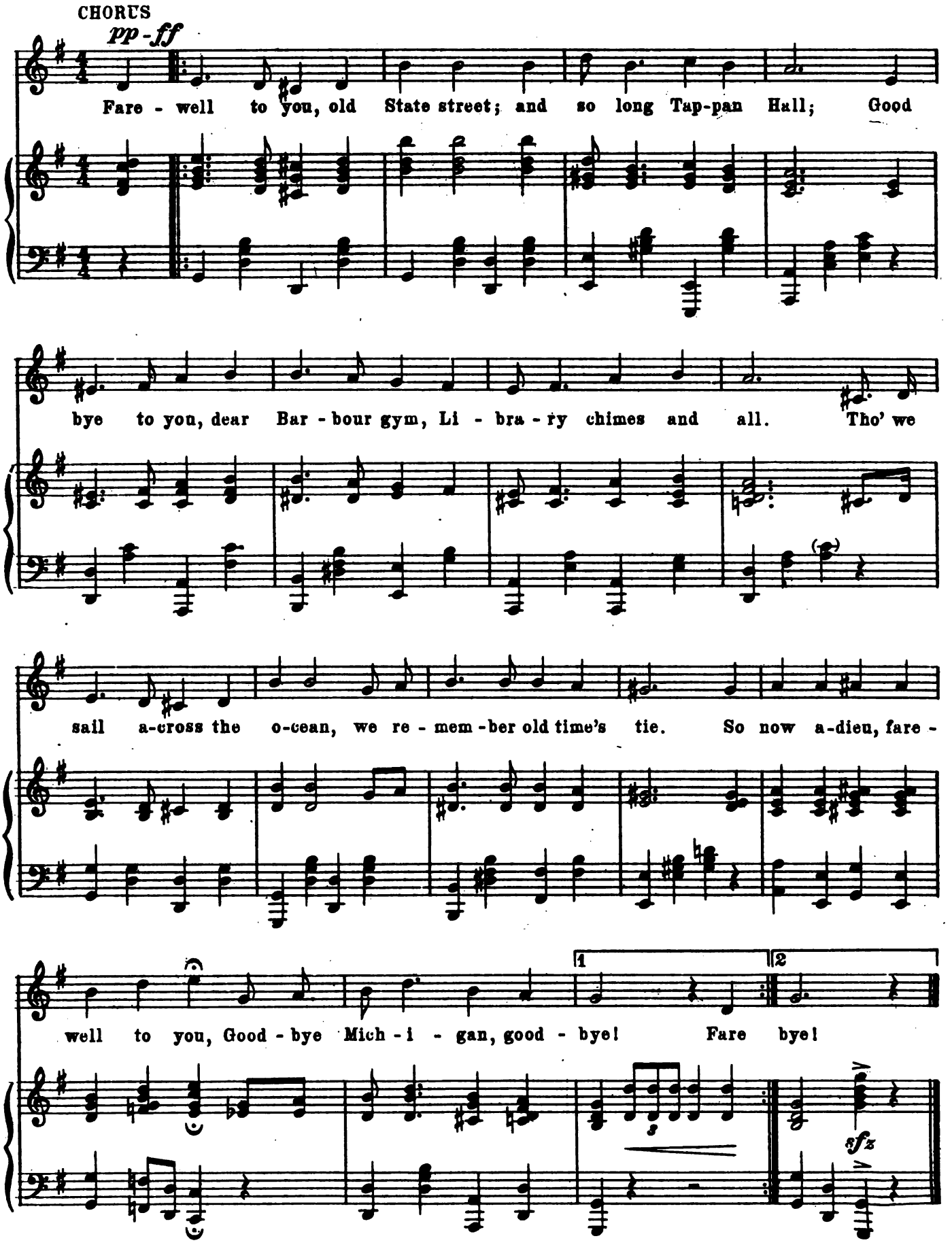
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well to you, Good - bye Mich - i - gan, good - bye! Fare bye!
1
2
sfz

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